

Alton Don Taylor
Dwitt Mich
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Alton Taylor
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From the painting by Jean François Millet.

THE GLEANERS.

(See page 104.)

FIVE-BOOK SERIES

BROOKS'S READERS

SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND EIGHTH YEARS

BY

STRATTON D. BROOKS

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON. MASSACHUSETTS



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E - P 12

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Learners	<i>M. J. Savage</i> 11
An Italian Schoolboy	<i>Edmondo de Amicis</i> 11
A Song of Autumn	<i>James Buckham</i> 22
The Windmill	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 23
In School Days	<i>John G. Whittier</i> 24
The Blind Man and the Milk	<i>Lyof N. Tolstoi</i> 26
The Bat, the Birds, and the Beasts	<i>Joseph Jacobs</i> 27
The Ship of Fancy	<i>Gabriel Setoun</i> 28
The Squirrel and the Wolf	<i>Lyof N. Tolstoi</i> 29
The Brook that would not Wait	<i>Charlotte M. Vaile</i> 30
The Gold and Silver Shield 34
The Wounded Curlew	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 37
The Taxgatherer	<i>John B. Tabb</i> 38
Beautiful Joe	<i>Marshall Saunders</i> 39
To my Dog Blanco	<i>J. G. Holland</i> 47
Fern Song	<i>John B. Tabb</i> 49
Jackanapes	<i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i> 50
The Faultfinding Fairy	<i>Jean Ingelow</i> 60
Thankfulness	<i>From "Success"</i> 66
An Indian Princess	<i>Henrietta C. Wright</i> 67
Pocahontas	<i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> 73
The Home of George Washington	<i>Gussie P. Du Bois</i> 74
Franklin and the Kite	<i>Elbridge S. Brooks</i> 79
A Cup of Coffee	<i>William Swinton</i> 84
Travel	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 90

	PAGE
The Good Saxon King	Charles Dickens 92
Jean François Millet	Kathrine L. Scobey 98
Doctor Johnson and his Father	James Baldwin 106
My Childhood on the Island	Celia Thaxter 113
The Sandpiper's Nest	Celia Thaxter 117
The Sandpiper	Celia Thaxter 118
Christmas in Other Lands	Alice W. Cooley 120
"While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night"	Margaret Deland 125
Tracks in the Snow	John Barlow 127
The Flight of the Birds	Edmund C. Stedman 131
The Frost	Hannah F. Gould 132
Winter Birds	George Cooper 134
Sandy, the Good Samaritan	William E. Curtis 134
My Little Farm	Katherine Tynan 138
Black Beauty	Anna Sewell 139
Dying in Harness	John Boyle O'Reilly 147
Alice in Wonderland	Lewis Carroll 149
The Young Artist	Nathaniel Hawthorne 157
The Old Oaken Bucket	Samuel Woodworth 167
The Flower of Liberty	Oliver W. Holmes 168
How Sleep the Brave	William Collins 170
The Clocks of Rondaine	Frank R. Stockton 171
The Miraculous Pitcher	Nathaniel Hawthorne 182
The Child of Urbino	Louise de la Ramée 193
Horatius at the Bridge	Alfred J. Church 204
Keeping the Bridge	T. B. Macaulay 207
The Gods of Ancient Greece	Grace H. Kupfer 213
Procrustes and his Bed	Charles Kingsley 218
The Sower	From "St. Matthew" 225
Daybreak	Henry W. Longfellow 226
The First Day of Spring	W. G. Sinms 227

	PAGE
The Secrets of Spring	<i>Nora Perry</i> 227
Sir Robin	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 228
Sky-born Music	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 230
Jaikie's Flower Garden	<i>S. R. Crockett</i> 230
A Life of Fear	<i>John Burroughs</i> 236
The Apple Blossoms	<i>William Wesley Martin</i> 240
Spring	<i>Henry Timrod</i> 241
A Song	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 243
The Heart of the Tree	<i>H. C. Bunner</i> 244
My Babes in the Wood	<i>Dinah M. Craik</i> 245
Hymns of Nature	<i>From "The Book of Psalms"</i> 252
The Spacious Firmament	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 254
May Morning	<i>John Milton</i> 255
The Gladness of Nature	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> 256
To-day	<i>Thomas Carlyle</i> 257
The Lame Boy and his Friends	<i>B. L. Farjeon</i> 257
Song of the Sea	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 268
The Tiger, the Brahman, and the Jackal	<i>Joseph Jacobs</i> 271
The Camel's Nose	<i>Lydia H. Sigourney</i> 275
The Adventures of a Shilling	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 276
The Oak Tree and the Ivy	<i>Eugene Field</i> 280
A Good Practical Joke	<i>Charles Reade</i> 285
Davy's First Visit to Yarmouth	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 289
My Indian Boyhood	<i>Charles A. Eastman</i> 297
Harvest Song	<i>James Montgomery</i> 306
A Soldier of the Revolution	<i>John Esten Cooke</i> 307
The Great Discovery	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 313
Pluck	<i>Floyd D. Raze</i> 318
The American Flag	<i>J. Rodman Drake</i> 320
The Thirteen Colonies	<i>T. W. Higginson</i> 322
An Appeal to Arms	<i>Patrick Henry</i> 324

	PAGE
The Rising in 1776	<i>T. B. Read</i> 329
How Rome was Founded 332
The Little Postboy	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 339
The First Printers	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 350
Sir Isaac Newton	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 355
A Christmas Carol	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 364
Going Home for Christmas	<i>Washington Irving</i> 365
Ring out, Wild Bells	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 370
A Wonderful City	<i>Arabella B. Buckley</i> 371
Farmyard Song	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 377
Rabbit Ways	<i>Dallas Lore Sharp</i> 379
The Song Sparrow	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i> 386
My Brute Neighbors	<i>H. D. Thoreau</i> 388
A Little Heroine	<i>Charlotte M. Yonge</i> 395
Solomon and the Bees	<i>John G. Saxe</i> 402
The Sea Voyage	<i>Charles Lamb</i> 405
The Lesson of the Fern	<i>Mary L. B. Branch</i> 412
The High Court of Inquiry	<i>J. G. Holland</i> 414
Moses goes to the Fair	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 421
Liberty and Union	<i>Daniel Webster</i> 426
Patriotism	<i>George William Curtis</i> 428
Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 430
The Blue and the Gray	<i>Francis M. Finch</i> 431
The Bells	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> 433
Finale	<i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> 436
APPENDIX 437

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"LEARNERS ARE WE ALL AT SCHOOL."

LEARNERS

LEARNERS are we all at school,
Eager youth and weary age,
Governed by the selfsame rule,
Poring o'er the selfsame page.

Life the lesson that we learn
As the days and years go by ;
Wondrous are the leaves we turn
On the earth and in the sky.

— M. J. SAVAGE.

AN ITALIAN SCHOOLBOY

I. THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

TO-DAY is the first day of school. My three months of vacation in the country have passed like a dream. This morning my mother took me to the schoolhouse to have me entered for the third elementary grade. I was thinking of the country and went unwillingly. The streets were crowded with boys; the bookshops were filled with parents buying bags, portfolios, and copybooks; and so many people had collected in front of the school that the policeman could scarcely keep the entrance clear.

Near the door, some one touched my shoulder; it

was my teacher of the second grade. Cheerful, as always, he said to me, "Well, Enrico, are we to part forever?" I knew it too well, and his words made me sad.

We pushed our way through the crowd with difficulty. Ladies, gentlemen, workingmen, officers, and servants, each leading a boy with one hand and holding the promotion books in the other, filled the entrance and the stairway. I was glad to see once more the large hall on the ground floor with the doors leading to the seven class rooms where I had spent nearly every day for three years. The teachers were coming and going. The schoolmistress who had taught me in the first class greeted me from the door of her class room, and said:—

"Enrico, you are going to the floor above this year. I shall not even see you pass." And she looked at me sadly.

At ten o'clock we were all in our classes: fifty-four of us.

The schoolroom seemed small and dark to me when I thought of the woods and mountains where I had spent the summer. I thought too of my teacher of the second class. He was always smiling and seemed like one of us. I was sorry that I should see him no more.

Our teacher this year is tall; his hair is long and

gray; and he has a straight wrinkle across his forehead. He has a deep voice, and he looks at us intently as if he would read all our thoughts. I think he never smiles.

I said to myself: "This is the first day. There are nine months more. What work, what monthly examinations, how tired I shall be!" I longed to see my mother, and when I came out, I ran to kiss her hand. She said to me:—

"Courage, Enrico, we will study together." And I returned home with her content.

II. MY CLASSMATES

The boy I like the best in our school is called Garrone. He is the tallest boy in the class and is about fourteen years old. He has a large head and his shoulders are broad. One can see he is good when he smiles, and it seems to me that he thinks like a man.

I already know several of my schoolmates. There is another one I like, named Coretti. He is always jolly, and is the son of a wood merchant who was a soldier in the war of 1866.

On the bench near me is a boy who is called "The Little Mason," because his father is a mason. His face is as round as an apple and his nose is like a

little ball. He wears a ragged cap which he rolls up like a handkerchief and carries in his pocket.

Next to the Little Mason sits Garoffi, a tall thin boy with a hooked nose and small eyes that seem to examine everything. He is always trading marbles, pictures, pens, and stamps. He counts the coins in his pockets continually and can add them up on his fingers very quickly.

Everything he finds, he saves. For more than two years he has been collecting postage stamps, and has hundreds of them from every country. He pastes them in a large album which he will sell to the stationer when it is filled. This album is his treasure, and he always speaks of it as if he expected to make his fortune out of it. The boys call him a miser, but I like him. He teaches me a great many things. One of the boys says that Garoffi would not give up his postage stamps to save his mother's life. My father does not believe that.

"Wait a little, before you judge him," he said to me. "This is a passion with him, but he has a heart as well."

I also like Precossi, the son of the blacksmith. He wears a long cloak and looks delicate. He is very timid, and when he speaks to any one, he says, "Excuse me," and looks up with his sad, tender eyes.

But Garrone is the best of them all.



III. THE FIRST SNOWSTORM

Here comes the beautiful friend of the children! Here is the first snow! Ever since yesterday evening it has been falling in flakes as large as daisies. It was a pleasure this morning at school to see it beat against the windows and pile up on the window sills. Even the teacher watched it, and rubbed his hands. We were all glad when we thought of making snowballs, and of the ice which would come later, and of the hearth at home.

How beautiful! What a fine time we had when we came out of school! All danced down the streets,

shouting and waving their arms, snatching up handfuls of snow, and dashing about in it, like poodles in the water.

Outside the schoolhouse the parents were waiting with umbrellas which were white with snow. The policeman's helmet was white. All our satchels became white in a few moments. Every one seemed wild with joy. Even the teachers were laughing as they ran out of the school.

Meanwhile hundreds of girls from the neighboring schoolhouse passed by, screaming and frolicking on that white carpet. And the masters and the policemen shouted, "Home! home!" But they, too, laughed at this wild revelry of the scholars who were enjoying the first snow.

IV. A SNOWBALL

The snow is everywhere. A sad accident happened this morning, because of the snow. As we came out of school a crowd of boys just entering the street began to throw balls made of wet snow which were as hard and heavy as stones. Many persons were passing along the sidewalks, and a gentleman called out, "Stop that, you little rogues." Just at that moment a sharp cry was heard from the other side of the street, and we saw an old man who had lost his hat and was staggering about, covering his

face with his hands. A boy near him cried, "Help! help!" Immediately people ran to him from all directions. He had been struck in the eye with a snowball. Instantly all the boys scattered, fleeing like arrows. I was standing in front of the bookseller's shop into which my father had gone, and I saw several of my classmates mingling with the others near me, and pretending to be looking at the show cases.

There was Garrone with his penny roll in his pocket as usual, Corretti, the Little Mason, and Garoffi, the stamp collector.

In the meantime a crowd had gathered around the old man, and a policeman and others were running to and fro, threatening and demanding, "Who was it? Who did it? Was it you? Tell me who did it?" and they looked at the hands of the boys to see whether they were wet with snow.

Garoffi was standing beside me. I noticed that he was trembling like a leaf, and that his face was deathly white. "Who was it? Who did it?" the crowd continued to cry.

Then I heard Garrone saying softly to Garoffi, "Go and give yourself up; it would be cowardly to allow some one else to be arrested."

"But I did not do it on purpose," replied Garoffi, still trembling violently.

"It matters not, do your duty," repeated Garrone.

"But I have not the courage."

"Take courage then. I will go with you."

And the policeman and the other people cried louder than ever, "Who was it? Who did it? One of his glasses has been driven into his eye! They have blinded him! The ruffians!"

I thought that Garoffi would fall to the ground. "Go," said Garrone, resolutely. "I will defend you;" and grasping him by the arm, he pushed him forward, supporting him as though he were sick. The people saw, and immediately understood, and several persons made a dash at him, with their fists raised. But Garrone thrust himself between them and Garoffi, crying: —

"Do ten men of you set on one child?"

Then they ceased, and a policeman took Garoffi by the hand and led him through the crowd to a baker's shop where the wounded man had been carried. He was leaning back on a chair, with a handkerchief over his eyes. As soon as I saw him, I recognized him as the old man who lives on the fourth floor of our house with his little nephew.

"I did not do it on purpose!" sobbed Garoffi, half dead with fright. "I did not do it on purpose!"

Two or three persons thrust him violently into the shop, crying, "Down on your knees! Beg his par-

don!" and they threw him to the ground. But all at once two strong arms set him on his feet again, and a stern voice said: —

"No, gentlemen!" It was our principal, who had seen it all. "Since he has had the courage to give himself up," he added, "no one has the right to humiliate him." All stood silent. "Ask his forgiveness," said the principal to Garoffi. Garoffi burst into tears and embraced the knees of the old man, who put his hand on the boy's head, and caressed his hair. Then all said: "Go home, child, go home."

My father drew me away from the crowd, and said to me as we passed along the street, "Enrico, would you have had the courage to do your duty as Garoffi did, to go and confess your guilt?"

I answered that I would.

And he said, "Then give me your word, as a boy of heart and of honor, that you would do so."

"I give you my word, father."

V. THE WOUNDED MAN

The little nephew of the old man who was struck by Garoffi's snowball belongs to the upper third grade. We visited him to-day at the home of his uncle who treats him like a son.

I had just finished writing out the story for the

coming week, which the teacher had given me to copy, when my father said to me : —

“ We will go up to the fourth floor and see how the old gentleman’s eye is.”

We entered a room which was almost dark. The old man was sitting up in bed. By his bedside sat his wife, and in one corner of the room the little nephew was playing with toys. The old man’s right eye was bandaged. He was much pleased to see my father ; he told us that his eye was not ruined, and that in two or three days it would be quite well again.

“ It was an accident,” he added. “ I am sorry for the fright which it must have caused that poor boy.” Just then the door-bell rang.

“ There is the doctor,” said his wife.

The door opened — and whom did I see ? Garoffi, standing on the threshold, with bowed head, afraid to enter the room.

“ Who is it ? ” asked the sick man.

“ It is the boy who threw the snowball,” answered my father. And then the old man said : —

“ Oh, my poor boy ! come in ; you have come to inquire after the wounded man, have you not ? But he is better ; he is almost well. Come here.”

Garoffi, who did not see us in his confusion, came toward the bed, trying not to cry. The old man caressed him, but the boy could not speak.

"Thank you," said the old man; "go and tell your father and mother that all is well with me; let them not worry any more on my account."

But Garoffi did not move. He seemed to have something to say which he dared not utter.

"What have you to tell me? What do you wish?"

"I? — Nothing."

"Well, farewell my boy, until we meet again. Go with your heart at peace."

Garoffi went as far as the door; but there he stopped and turned to look at the little nephew who was following him. All at once he pulled some object from beneath his cloak, put it in the little boy's hand, saying, hastily, to him, "This is for you," and away he went like a flash.

The boy carried the object to his uncle. They saw written upon it, "I give you this as a present." They looked inside, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was the famous album, containing his collection of postage stamps, which poor Garoffi had brought, the collection about which he was always talking and which had cost him so much labor. It was his treasure, poor lad! It was a part of his very life, which he had given the wounded man, in exchange for his pardon.

— EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

A SONG OF AUTUMN

Ho for the bending leaves,
 Ho for the crimson leaves,
 Flaming in splendor!
 Season of ripened gold,
 Plenty in crib and fold,
 Skies with depth untold,
 Liquid and tender.

Far, like the smile of God,
 See how the goldenrod
 Ripples and tosses!
 Yonder, a crimson vine
 Trails from a bearded pine.
 Thin as a thread of wine
 Staining the mosses.

Autumn is here again —
 Banners on hill and plain
 Blazing and flying.
 Hail to the amber morn,
 Hail to the heaped-up corn,
 Hail to the hunter's horn,
 Swelling and dying!

— JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD ! a giant am I
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands ;

For he knows who makes him thrive,
 Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;
 Church-going bells begin
 Their low, melodious din ;
 I cross my arms on my breast,
 And all is peace within.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN SCHOOL DAYS

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,
 A ragged beggar sleeping ;
 Around it still the sumacs grow,
 And blackberry vines are creeping.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official ;
 The warping floor, the battered seats,
 The jackknife's carved initial ;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun
 Shone over it at setting,
 Lit up its western window panes
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
 And brown eyes full of grieving,
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
 Her childish favor singled ;
 His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered,
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word ;
 I hate to go above you,
 Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
 "Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child face is showing,
 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, because they love him.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE MILK

ONE blind from birth asked a man who could see,
“What color is milk?”

The man who could see replied, “The color of
milk is like white paper.”

The blind man asked, “This color, then, rustles
in the hands like paper?”

The man who could see replied, “No, it is simply
white, like a rabbit.”

The blind man asked, “Then it is downy and
soft, like a rabbit, is it?”

The man who could see replied, “No, white is a
color exactly like snow.”

The blind man asked, “Then it is cold, like snow,
is it?”

And in spite of all the comparisons which the man
who could see made, still the blind man was wholly
unable to comprehend what the color of milk really
was.

—LYOF N. TOLSTOI.

THE BAT, THE BIRDS, AND THE BEASTS

A GREAT conflict was about to come off between the Birds and the Beasts. When the two armies were collected together, the Bat hesitated which to join.

The Birds that passed his perch said, "Come with us;" but he said, "I am a Beast."



Later on, some Beasts who were passing underneath him looked up, and said, "Come with us;" but he said, "I am a Bird."

Luckily, at the last moment, peace was made, and no battle took place, so the Bat came to the Birds and wished to join in the rejoicings, but they all turned against him, and he had to fly away.

He then went to the Beasts, but soon had to beat a retreat, or else they would have torn him to pieces.

"Ah," said the Bat, "he that is neither one thing nor the other has no friends."

THE SHIP OF FANCY

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.
And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.
Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.
And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
 A-sailing o'er the sea ;
 She dived beyond the setting sun,
 But never back came she ;
 For she found the lands of the golden sands,
 Where the pearls and diamonds be.

— GABRIEL SETOUN.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE WOLF

A SQUIRREL was leaping from limb to limb, and fell right upon a sleeping Wolf. The Wolf jumped up, and was going to devour him. But the Squirrel begged the Wolf to let him go.

The Wolf said, "All right, I will let you go on condition that you tell me why it is that you Squirrels are always so happy. I am always melancholy, but I see you playing and leaping all the time in the trees."

The Squirrel said, "Let me go first, and then I will tell you, but now I am afraid of you."

The Wolf let him go, and the Squirrel leaped up into a tree, and from there it said, "You are melancholy because you are bad. Wickedness consumes your heart. But we are happy because we are good, and do no one any harm."

— LYOF N. TOLSTOI.



THE BROOK THAT WOULD NOT WAIT

THERE was once a brook among the hills who fretted because she was such a tiny stream, and who said to herself as she ran along in her rocky bed,

“Oh, if I could only get away from these walls that hold me in, I would spread myself out and be a river.”

It was the birds who told her about the rivers, the birds who could fly with their light wings over the hills and see all the wonders of the world that lay beyond.

“Yes,” sighed the brook, “if it were not for the rocks that hold me in this narrow place, I could be a wide, strong river, and ships would go sailing up and down my waters, and people would build great cities on my banks.”

Day after day she said this to herself, and more and more she longed to slip away from the quiet hills, into the wide world where she could choose her own course and become great and famous. She could no longer be content to lie in shadowy little pools, where the speckled trout loved to swim and birds came for their morning bath.

She grew restless and unhappy, and at length, with a wild leap, she flung herself over the rock, where the hills gave a narrow opening, and had her way. Faster and faster she ran, until she had left her old haunts far behind her and had reached the level meadows where sunshine fell all day long.

Then, at last, she felt that she was free; but though the fields lay open around her, and the soft

earth yielded at the touch of her waves, she was only a tiny stream as she had been before.

"It must be because I have been shut up in the hills so long and have not learned the way of the great rivers," said the brook to herself. "But I will try, and soon I shall be as large as any."

Then she reached out on both sides with all her might, but she only grew feebler with reaching, while her tiny waves lost themselves among the grass and reeds.

"It is not so easy to be a great river," said the brook to herself. "Perhaps there is not enough of me for that. It might have been better if I had stayed among the hills."

Then she longed for the gray old rocks again and the places which had seemed to her so dull, but she knew that she could never go back. There was no way now but to go on and on.

By and by she came to a dreary place, where the sun fell fiercely upon her, as if he would drink up all her water, and the sand seemed to choke her as she crept along.

"It is of no use trying to go any farther," said the brook to herself. "I shall be lost in the sand. Oh, how foolish I was to think I could be a great river!"

Just as she said this she heard a rushing sound, and across the fields she caught the flashing of

silvery water, with a glimmer of white sails above it, like the wings of some great bird.

“Why, that must be a river,” said the brook to herself. “I will go a little nearer and ask him how he grew so strong.”

Then gathering all her strength, she crept on, until the broad blue current of the river spread out before her like the sky above. And she sent a ripple of sound across the sultry air, calling: —

“Oh, beautiful river, tell me how you grew so strong.”

And the river answered in his rushing voice: “I stayed among the hills until my time had come. Then they opened their gates and sent me out. The little brooks lent me their strength and every day I grew. That is all I know.”

The brook did not call again, but she sobbed to herself, “Perhaps if I had only waited, I might have grown great and strong, too.”

Then she remembered that the river had said the little brooks lent him their strength, and forgetting herself at last, only hoping that she might be of some use to the great river, she crept on, until at last she fell, a little trickling thread into his broad full stream.

And the river, never pausing, took the bright drops in his bosom and swept onward to the sea.

—CHARLOTTE M. VAILE.

From “Two and One.”

FIFTH READER — C

THE GOLD AND SILVER SHIELD

IN the olden times a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, at a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, and on each side was an inscription.

It happened one day that two knights—one in black armor, the other in white—arrived at the same time, but from opposite directions, at the statue. As neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to examine the beautiful workmanship and read the inscription.

“This golden shield,” said the Black Knight, after examining it for some time,—“this golden shield—”

“Golden shield!” cried the White Knight, who was as closely observing the other side; “why, if I have my eyes, it is silver.”

“Eyes you have, but they see not,” replied the Black Knight; “for if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one.”

“Oh, yes, it is so likely that any one would expose a golden shield on the public road!” said the White Knight, with a sarcastic smile. “For my part I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way.”



THE GOLD AND SILVER SHIELD.

The Black Knight could not bear the smile with which this was spoken, and the dispute grew so warm that it ended in a challenge.

The knights turned their horses, and rode back to have sufficient space; then fixing their lances in their rests, they charged at each other with the greatest fury. The shock was so violent, and the blows on each side were so heavy, that they both fell to the ground, bleeding and stunned.

In this condition a good Druid who was traveling that way found them. He was a skillful physician, and had with him a balsam of wonderful healing power. This he applied to their wounds, and when the knights had recovered their senses he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

“Why, this man,” cried the Black Knight, “will have it that yonder shield is silver!”

“And he will have it that it is gold!” cried the White Knight.

“Ah,” said the Druid, with a sigh, “you are both in the right, and both in the wrong. If either of you had taken time to look at both sides of the shield all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided.

“However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you. In the future, never enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question.”

THE WOUNDED CURLEW

By yonder sandy cove where, every day,
The tide flows in and out,
A lonely bird in sober brown and gray
Limps patiently about ; -
And round the basin's edge, o'er stones and sand,
And many a fringing weed,
He steals, or on the rocky ledge doth stand,
Crying, with none to heed.
But sometimes from the distance he can hear
His comrades' swift reply ;
Sometimes the air rings with their music clear,
Sounding from sea and sky.
And then, oh, then, his tender voice, so sweet,
Is shaken with his pain,
For broken are his pinions strong and fleet,
Never to soar again.
Wounded and lame and languishing he lives,
Once glad and blithe and free,
And in prison limits frets and strives
His ancient self to be.
The little sandpipers about him play,
The shining waves they skim,
Or round his feet they seek their food and stay
As if to comfort him.

My pity cannot help him, though his plaint
 Brings tears of wistfulness ;
 Still must he grieve and mourn, forlorn and faint,
 None may his wrong redress.

Oh, bright-eyed boy ! was there no better way
 A moment's joy to gain
 Than to make sorrow that must mar the day
 With such despairing pain ?

Oh, children ! drop the gun, the cruel stone !
 Oh, listen to my words,
 And hear with me the wounded curlew moan —
 Have mercy on the birds !

— CELIA THAXTER.

THE TAXGATHERER

“ AND pray, who are you ? ”
 Said the violet blue
 To the Bee, with surprise
 At his wonderful size,
 In her eyeglass of dew.
 “ I, madam,” quoth he,
 “ Am a publican Bee,
 Collecting the tax
 Of honey and wax.
 Have you nothing for me ? ”

— JOHN B. TABB.

BEAUTIFUL JOE

My name is Beautiful Joe, and I am a brown dog of medium size. I am not called Beautiful Joe because I am a beauty. I know that I am not beautiful, and that I am not a thoroughbred. I am only a cur.

I am an old dog now, and am writing, or rather getting a friend to write, the story of my life.

I love my dear mistress; I can say no more than that; I love her better than any one else in the world; and I think it will please her if I write the story of a dog's life.

She loves dumb animals, and it always grieves her to see them cruelly treated. I have heard her say that if all the boys and girls in the world were to rise up and say that there should be no more cruelty to animals, they could put a stop to it. Perhaps it will help a little if I tell a story. I am fond of boys and girls, and though I have seen many cruel men and women, I have seen few cruel children. I think the more stories there are written about dumb animals, the better it will be for us.

I was born in a stable on the outskirts of a small town. The first thing I remember was lying close to my mother and being very snug and warm. The next thing I remember was being always hungry.

I am very unwilling to say much about my early

life. I have lived so long in a family where there is never a harsh word spoken, and where no one thinks of illtreating anybody or anything, that it seems almost wrong even to think or speak of such a matter as hurting a poor dumb beast.

The man that owned my mother was a milkman. He kept one horse and three cows, and he had a shaky old cart that he used to put his milk cans in. I don't think there can be a worse man in the world than that milkman. It makes me shudder now to think of him.

He used to beat and starve my mother. I have seen him use his heavy whip to punish her. When I got older I asked her why she did not run away. She said she did not wish to; but I soon found out that the reason that she did not run away was because she loved her master. Cruel and savage as he was, she yet loved him, and I believe she would have laid down her life for him.

One reason for our master's cruelty was his idleness. After he went his rounds in the morning with his milk cans, he had nothing to do till late in the afternoon but take care of his stable and yard. If he had kept them clean, it would have taken up all his time; but he never did anything to make his home neat and pleasant.

My mother and I slept on a heap of straw in the

corner of the stable, and when she heard his step in the morning she always roused me, so that we could run out as soon as he opened the stable door. He always aimed a kick at us as we passed, but my mother taught me how to dodge him.

After our master put the horse in the cart, and took in the cans, he set out on his rounds. My mother always went with him. I used to ask her why she followed such a man, and she would say that sometimes she got a bone from the different houses they stopped at. But that was not the whole reason. She liked the master so much, that in spite of his cruelty she wanted to be with him.

I had not her sweet and patient disposition, and I would not go with her. I watched her out of sight, and then ran up to the house to see if the master's wife had any scraps for me. I nearly always got something, for she pitied me, and often gave me a kind word or look with the bits of food that she threw to me.

I had a number of brothers and sisters — six in all. One rainy day when we were eight weeks old the master, followed by two or three of his ragged, dirty children, came into the stable, and looked at us. Then he began to swear because we were so ugly, and said if we had been good looking, he might have sold some of us. Mother watched him anxiously.

fearing some danger to her puppies, and looked up at him pleadingly.

It only made him swear the more. He took one puppy after another, and right there, before his children and my poor distracted mother, put an end to their lives. It was very terrible. I lay weak and trembling, expecting every instant that my turn would come next. I don't know why he spared me. I was the only one left.

My mother never seemed the same after this. She was weak and miserable. And though she was only four years old, she seemed like an old dog. She could not run after the master, and she lay on our heap of straw, only turning over with her nose the scraps of food I brought her to eat. One day she licked me gently, wagged her tail, and died.

As I sat by her, feeling lonely and miserable, my master came into the stable. I could not bear to look at him. He had killed my mother. There she lay, a little gaunt, scarred creature, starved and worried to death by him. She would never again look kindly at me, or curl up to me at night to keep me warm. Oh, how I hated her murderer!

Still I kept quiet till he walked up to me and kicked at me. My heart was nearly broken, and I could stand no more. I flew at him and gave him a savage bite on the ankle.

“Oho!” he said. “So you are going to be a fighter, are you? I’ll fix you for that.” He seized me by the back of the neck and carried me out to the yard where a log lay on the ground. “Tom,” he called to one of his children, “bring me the hatchet!”

He laid my head on the log and pressed one hand on my struggling body. There was a quick, dreadful pain, and he had cut off my ear close to my head. Then he cut off the other ear, and turning me swiftly round, cut off my tail.

Then he let me go, and stood looking at me as I rolled on the ground and yelped in agony. He was in such a passion that he did not think that people passing on the street might hear me.

There was a young man going by. He heard my screams, and hurrying up the path stood among us before the master caught sight of him.

In the midst of my pain, I heard the young man say fiercely, “What have you been doing to that dog?”

“I’ve been cutting his ears, for fighting, my young gentleman,” said my master; “there is no law to prevent that, is there?”

“And there is no law to prevent me from taking a dog away from such a cruel owner, either,” cried the young man; and giving the master an angry look, he snatched me up in his arms, and walked down the path and out of the gate.

I was moaning with pain, but still I looked up occasionally to see which way we were going. We took the road to the town and stopped in front of a pleasant-looking home. Carrying me gently in his arms, the young man went up a walk leading to the back of the house.

There was a small stable there. He went into it and put me down on the floor. Some boys were playing about the stable, and I heard them say, in horrified tones, "Oh, Cousin Harry, what is the matter with that dog?"

"Hush," he said. "Don't say anything. You, Jack, go down to the kitchen and ask Mary for a basin of warm water and a sponge, and don't let your mother or Laura hear you."

A few minutes later the young man had bathed my ears and tail, and had rubbed something on them that was cool and pleasant, and had bandaged them firmly with strips of cotton. I felt much better and was able to look about me.

Presently one of the boys cried out, "Here is Laura." A young girl, holding up one hand to shade her eyes from the sun, was coming up the walk that led from the house to the stable. I thought then that I never had seen such a beautiful girl, and I think so still. She was tall and slender, and had lovely brown eyes and brown hair, and a sweet smile,

and just to look at her was enough to make one love her.

“Why, what a funny dog!” she said, and stopped short and looked at me. Up to this, I had not thought what a queer-looking sight I must be. Now I twisted round my head, saw the white bandage on my tail, and knowing I was not a fit spectacle for a pretty young lady like that, I slunk into a corner.

“Poor doggie, have I hurt your feelings?” she said. “What is the matter with your head, good dog?”

“Dear Laura,” said the young man, coming up, “he got hurt, and I have been bandaging him.”

“Who hurt him?”

“I would rather not tell you.”

“But I wish to know.” Her voice was as gentle as ever, but she spoke so decidedly that the young man was obliged to tell her everything. All the time he was speaking she kept touching me gently with her fingers. When he had finished his account of rescuing me from the master, she said quietly:—

“You will have the man punished?”

“What is the use? That won’t stop him from being cruel.”

“It will put a check on his cruelty.”

“I don’t think it would do any good,” said the young man.

“Cousin Harry!” and the young girl stood up very straight and tall, her brown eyes flashing, and one hand pointing at me; “that animal has been wronged, it looks to you to right it. The coward who has maimed it for life should be punished. A child has a voice to tell its wrong—a poor, dumb creature must suffer in silence; in bitter, bitter silence. And you are doing the man himself an injustice. If he is bad enough to illtreat his dog, he will illtreat his wife and children. If he is checked and punished now for his cruelty, he may reform. And even if his wicked heart is not changed, he will be obliged to treat them with outward kindness through fear of punishment. I want you to report that man immediately. I will go with you if you like.”

“Very well,” he said, and together they went off to the house.

The boys came and bent over me, as I lay on the floor in the corner. I wasn’t much used to boys, and I didn’t know how they would treat me. It seemed very strange to have them pat me, and call me “good dog.” No one had ever said that to me before to-day.

One of them said, “What did Cousin Harry say the dog’s name was?”

“Joe,” answered another boy.

"We might call him 'Ugly Joe,' then," said a lad with a round fat face and laughing eyes.

"I don't think Laura would like that," said Jack, coming up behind him. "You see," he went on, "if you call him 'Ugly Joe,' she will say that you are wounding the dog's feelings. 'Beautiful Joe,' would be more to her liking."

A shout went up from the boys. I don't wonder they laughed. Plain looking I naturally was; but I must have been hideous in those bandages.

"'Beautiful,' then, let it be," they cried. "Let us go and tell mother, and ask her to give us something for our beauty to eat," and they all trooped out of the stable.

—MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

From "Beautiful Joe."

TO MY DOG BLANCO

MY dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vassal at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street,

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine.

For all of good that I have found
 Within myself or human kind,
 Hath royally informed and crowned,
 Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around,
 For that one heart which leal and true,
 Bears friendship without end or bound,
 And find the prize in you!

I trust you as I trust the stars;
 Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
 Nor beggary, nor dungeon bars,
 Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
 As any Christian saint of old,
 As gentle as a lamb with me,
 But with your brothers, bold.

More playful than a frolic boy,
 More watchful than a sentinel;
 By day and night your constant joy
 To guard and please me well.

I clasp your head upon my breast —
 The while you whine and lick my hand —
 And thus our friendship is confessed,
 And thus we understand! *homon.*

Ah ! Blanco, did I worship God
 As truly as you worship me,
 Or follow where my Master trod
 With your humility: *12 Jan 7*

Did I sit fondly at His feet
 As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
 And watch Him with a love as sweet,
 My life would grow divine !

— J. G. HOLLAND.

FERN SONG

DANCE to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
 And spread out your palms again,
 And say, "Tho' the sun
 Hath my vesture spun,
 He hath labored, alas, in vain,
 But for the shade
 That the Cloud hath made,
 And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
 Then laugh and upturn
 All your fronds, little Fern, *it means h.*
 And rejoice in the beat of the rain !

— JOHN B. TABB.

JACKANAPES

Two donkeys and the geese lived on the Green, and all other residents of any social standing lived in houses round it. The houses had no names. Everybody's address was "The Green," but the postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived.

Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival. First of all, carts and caravans were rumbling up all along, day and night. Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed, and could hardly sleep for thinking what booths and whirligigs he should find when he and his dog Spitfire went out after breakfast.

The gray goose always ran away at the first approach of the caravans, and never came back to the Green until nothing was left of the Fair but footmarks and oyster shells.

Grass soon grows over footprints, and the village children took the oyster shells to trim their gardens with, but one year there lingered another relic of the Fair time in which Jackanapes was deeply interested.

"The Green" was only part of a straggling common where gypsies sometimes camped, especially after the annual Fair. And it was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked

over by the gypsy's son riding the gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the Common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse, except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the fine little gentleman, you rascal?" screamed the gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He *would* get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut." But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony, and oh! the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood.

Suddenly the gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round turned the pony so quickly that Jackanapes had to cling to his neck, and he did not recover himself until Lollo stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No, my father's." And the gypsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the Common. This time he saw the gypsy father.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He is a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again.

A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She was much agitated as she told him his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit.

"You are a good boy, Jackanapes," said Miss Jessamine, "I can tell your grandfather that; an obedient boy, an honorable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are—in short, you *are* a boy, Jackanapes, and I hope that the General knows that boys will be boys."

What mischief could be foreseen Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep his hair smooth, not to burst in at the parlor door, and not to talk at the top of his voice.

He must sit quiet during the Sunday sermon, be sure to say "Sir" to the General, and be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door mat.

The General arrived, and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes's hair was as wild as usual. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him as he did with the postman.

All that the General felt it would take too long to tell, but the result was the same. He was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"Pretty place this," he said, looking out of the window on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset, and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow hair, and leaning back in the armchair in which he sat.

"A fine time that?" said the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

Jackanapes shook his hair. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said, "I had so much money."

"It's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had you?"

"I had two shillings. A new shilling Auntie gave me, and eleven pence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman, — sir," added Jackanapes, with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And now I suppose you've not got a penny in your pocket?" said the General.

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes, "two pennies. They are saving up," and Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at Fair time, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his head.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't; borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen and — what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and ten pence is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"Bless my soul! what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse. But he's a racer, and the gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No — o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did, did you? Well, I'm fond of riding myself, and if the pony is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morn-

ing. Glad you mentioned it, grandson, glad you mentioned it."

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes, and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group. The General talked to the gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman —"

"I can make him go," said Jackanapes, and drawing from his pocket a trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes's hat. His golden hair blew out, and his cheeks shone red. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race,

and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the cocks, and the hens.



JACKANAPES AND LOLLO.

The gray goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the gypsy. "You were born to the saddle. You've the

flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light, caressing hand. All you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What is that fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the General.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in two arm-chairs, the General watching fondly every line of his grandson's face.

"You must love your Aunt very much, Jackanapes," said the General.

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your Aunt?"

Jackanapes answered quite readily:—

"The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up, I want to be a soldier, too."

"So you shall, my boy. So you shall."

"Thank you, grandfather. Auntie doesn't want me to be a soldier for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she want you to get into a feather bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt if you were a butter merchant!"

“So I might. I shall tell her so. Do you think my father knew the gypsy’s secret? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare.”

“Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! Love me a little, too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can.”

“I do love you,” said Jackanapes. “Before you came I was frightened. I had no notion you were so nice.”

“Love me always, boy, whatever I do or leave undone; and whatever you do or leave undone, I’ll love you. There shall never be a cloud between us for a day; no, sir, not for an hour. We’re imperfect enough, all of us; we needn’t be bitter: and life is uncertain enough at its safest; we needn’t waste its opportunities.”

“I will love you very much,” said Jackanapes, “and I will try to be very good. But I should like to be a soldier.”

“You shall, my boy, you shall. If you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die for your country — it can but break for you.” And the old man got up and strode out on the Green.

— JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

From “Jackanapes.”

THE FAULTFINDING FAIRY

THERE was once a Fairy who had a bad habit of finding fault with other people. One day, as she was flying about in a meadow, she saw a fine young

Skylark sitting in the long grass and looking very unhappy.



“What is the matter with you?” asked the Fairy.

“I want to build a nest,” replied the bird, “and I am unhappy because I have no mate.”

“Why don’t you look for a mate, then?” asked the

Fairy. “Fly up and sing a beautiful song in the air, and then perhaps some pretty brown bird will hear you, and consent to be your mate.”

“I am ashamed of my long claws,” answered the Skylark. “My spurs are long enough to frighten any one, and yet I am not a cruel bird. Can you not help me, Fairy?” he asked, as he lifted one of his feet.

"Your claws do look very fierce," said the Fairy. "Are you sure you never use them to fight with?"

"No, never," said the Skylark, earnestly; "I never fought a battle in my life, yet these claws grow longer and longer."

"I am sorry for you," observed the Fairy. "But I am sure you must be a very quarrelsome bird, or you would not have such long spurs. Appearances are very much against you. No, I cannot help you. Good morning," and the unkind Fairy flew away.

A Grasshopper, who had heard what the Fairy said, came chirping up to comfort the Skylark.

"I have known you for a long time," she said, "and I have never seen you quarrel or fight. I will tell every one that you are a good-natured bird. At the same time," she continued, "I wish you would tell me the use of those long claws."

"Dear Grasshopper, I cannot imagine what they are for—that is the real truth."

"Perhaps time will show," answered the kind Grasshopper.

The Skylark, delighted with the Grasshopper's promise to speak well of him, flew up into the air, and the higher he went the sweeter and louder he sang. He poured forth such delightful notes, that a pretty brown Lark peeped out from the tall grass

and exclaimed, "I never heard such a beautiful song in my life — never!"

"It was sung by my friend the Skylark," said the Grasshopper, who happened to be near by. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he is seeking for a mate."

"Hush!" said the brown Lark. "I want to hear all of that wonderful song." For just then the Skylark, far up in the blue heaven, burst forth in song, and sang so well that every creature in the field sat still to listen.

At length the Skylark came down with tired wing, and the Grasshopper and the Lark told him how much his song had pleased them. The Skylark thought he had never before seen such a pretty bird as the little brown Lark, and he asked her to forget his long spurs and be his mate.

"I do not mind your spurs," the brown Lark said.

"I am very glad of that," answered the Skylark. "I was afraid you would dislike them."

"Not at all," she replied. "On the contrary, I should not wish you to have short claws like other birds, but I cannot say why, as they seem to be of no use to you."

This was very pleasing to the Skylark, and he sang such delightful songs that he soon won her for his mate. They built a charming little nest in the

grass, and the Skylark was so happy, that he almost forgot about his long spurs.

The Fairy, meanwhile, flew about from field to field, but she seldom went anywhere without saying something unkind or ill-natured. One afternoon she came back to the meadow, and there she saw the Skylark's friend again.

"How do you do, Grasshopper?" asked the Fairy.

"Thank you, I am very well and very happy," said the Grasshopper, "people are always kind to me."

"Indeed," replied the Fairy. "I wish that they were always kind to me. How is the quarrelsome Skylark, who found such a pretty mate the other day?"

"He is not a quarrelsome bird," replied the Grasshopper.

"We need not dispute about that," said the Fairy. "I have seen the world, Grasshopper, and I know that your friend does not wear those long spurs for nothing."

"Suppose you come and see the eggs that our Skylark's mate has in her nest," said the Grasshopper, not wishing to quarrel with the Fairy. "I am sure she will show them to you with pleasure."

Off they went together, but what was their surprise to find the poor little brown Lark sitting on her nest with rumpled feathers and drooping head.

"Ah, my pretty eggs!" said the Lark, "I am so unhappy about them — they surely will be trodden on; they will certainly be found."

"What is the matter?" asked the Grasshopper. "Perhaps we can help you."

"Dear Grasshopper," said the Lark, "I have just heard the farmer say to his son that to-morrow he will begin to cut the grass in the meadow."

"That is a great pity!" exclaimed the Grasshopper. "Oh, why did you lay your eggs on the ground?"

"Larks always do," said the poor bird. "Oh, my pretty eggs! I shall never hear my nestlings chirp."

Thus the poor Lark moaned and neither the Grasshopper nor the Fairy could do anything to help her. At last the Skylark dropped down from the cloud where he had been singing, and when he saw his sorrowing mate he asked in great fright why she was so distressed.

She told him and he was very much grieved, but presently he lifted first one of his feet and then the other and examined his long spurs.

"He does not seem to be very sorry for his poor mate," whispered the Fairy to the Grasshopper.

"Oh, if I had only laid my eggs in the wheat beyond the hedge," said the brown Lark, "there would have been time to rear my young birds before harvest."

"My dear," answered her mate, "don't be unhappy." With these words he hopped to the nest, and laying his foot upon the prettiest egg, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange as it may seem the egg exactly fitted them.

"My clever mate," cried the poor little mother, "do you think you can carry them away?"

"To be sure I can," replied the Skylark, hopping carefully along with one of the eggs clasped in his foot. He hopped gently to the hedge, and soon passed through into the wheat field. There he laid down the egg in a hollow and then came back for another.

"Hurrah!" cried the Grasshopper, "Larkspurs forever!"

When the happy Skylark had carried all of his eggs to a safe place, he soared up into the sky again, exulting and rejoicing because he had learned that his long spurs were of some use.

The Fairy felt heartily ashamed of herself and stole gently away, saying, "Well, I could not have believed such a thing. I thought he must be a quarrelsome bird as his spurs are so long; but I was wrong, after all."

—JEAN INGELOW.

From "Stories for Children."

THANKFULNESS

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

I THANK thee, Father, for this sky,
 Wherein thy little sparrows fly ;
 2 For unseen hands that build and break
 The cloud pavilions for my sake, —
 This fleeting beauty, high and wild,
 Toward which I wonder as a child.

I thank thee for the strengthening hills,
 That give bright spirit to the rills ;
 For blue peaks soaring up apart,
 To send down music on the heart ;
 For tree tops wavering soft and high,
 Writing their peace against the sky ;
 1 For forest farings that have been ;
 For this fall rain that shuts me in,
 Giving to my low little roof
 The sense of home, secure, aloof.

And thanks for morning's stir and light,
 And for the folding hush of night ;
 For those high deities that spread
 The star-filled chasm overhead ;
 For elfin chemistries that yield *east*
 The green fires of the April field ;

13 For all the foam and surge of bloom ; *st. 7*
 14 For leaves gone glorious to their doom, —
 All the wild loveliness that can
 Touch the immortal in a man.

15 Father of life I thank thee, too,
 16 For old acquaintance, near and true, — *st. 8*
 17 For friends who came into my day
 And took the loneliness away ;
 18 For faith that held on to the last ;
 19 For all sweet memories of the past, —
 Dear memories of my dead that send
 Long thoughts of life, and of life's end, —
 That make me know the light conceals
 A deeper world than it reveals.

From "Success."

AN INDIAN PRINCESS

POCAHONTAS was a very beautiful child, and was loved by all the tribe over which her father ruled. Her home was in Virginia, and a very happy life she led in the sunny woods, with the birds and squirrels for her companions. In after years when she went to live far away across the sea, the memory of her childhood home seemed the sweetest thing in the world to her. It brought to her mind the songs of the birds, the beautiful flowers, the waving trees,

the bright rivers, and the fair skies that were so dear to her when she was a happy child.

Pocahontas grew up in her pleasant home, and learned to embroider her dresses and moccasins with shells and beads, and to weave mats and to cook, and to do all the things that Indian maidens were accustomed to do. *Tell them in story*

One day when she was about twelve years old, an Indian came into the village and told the people a story about a wonderful white man that had been captured some time before. He could talk to his friends many miles away by putting down words on a piece of paper and sending it to them. He had a queer little instrument by which he talked with the stars, and he told the Indians that the earth was round, and that the sun chased the nights around it continually.

They had never heard of such curious things before, and they decided that this strange being was something more than a mere man, and that perhaps it was in his power to bring evil upon them. So all the Indian priests and magicians met together and decided to take the prisoner to the great chief Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas. This man was Captain John Smith, who had already won much fame as a soldier.

With a company of men he had sailed from Eng-

land to Virginia, and had there founded the colony Jamestown. While exploring the country he had been captured by the Indians. His companions were put to death, but he saved his life by his presence of mind. When the Indians captured him he did not show any signs of fear, but began talking to them about his friends in Jamestown, and wrote a letter which he asked them to send there. Then he took out a pocket compass and showed them how to use it, and also talked to them about the shape of the earth, and its motion around the sun.

All this surprised the Indians very much. They had never seen a written letter before, and they thought that if Smith was guided through the forest by means of the compass, it was because he could talk to the stars and the sun. And then, had they not always been taught that the sun came up from the east in the morning, and went down in the west at night, never to return? They believed that a new sun came each day to light the world. So they listened to these wonderful things with great awe, and Powhatan and his council decided that it was not safe to let such a man live.

When Pocahontas heard that Captain Smith was to be put to death, she felt very sad indeed. During the time that he had been a prisoner in the village she had grown very fond of him, and it seemed a

dreadful thing that such a brave and good man should die.

Many a story had he told her of the land beyond the sea, where lived the little English boys and girls whom he had left behind him. Pocahontas was



never tired of listening to the tales of that fair England which Captain Smith loved so well. How different it was from her home, and how she would like to see those blue-eyed, fair-haired children whose lives were so unlike her own.

At length the time came when Smith was to die. After his hands and feet were bound he was stretched on the ground with his head resting upon a great stone. Beside him stood an Indian with a huge club in his hand. The weapon was lifted in the air, and in another moment it would have fallen upon Smith's head, had not Pocahontas rushed up to them. Clasp- ing the captive's head in her arms, she begged her father with tears in her eyes to spare his life. Pow- hatan was touched by his daughter's sorrow and listened to her pleading. He ordered Smith's bonds taken off and said that he would spare his life. So Smith rose from the ground a free man, and was sent back to Jamestown.

You can well imagine that Captain Smith would never forget this brave Indian maid who had saved his life. And many times after that he had reason to be grateful to Pocahontas. The Jamestown settlement was in constant fear of attacks from the Indians, and more than once Pocahontas came through the forest at night to warn the English of danger. Captain Smith said that had it not been for her help, the colony would have died of starvation.

Jamestown soon became as familiar to Pocahontas as her own father's home. She often went there to offer help and counsel to the colonists, and always showed the same fondness for Captain Smith that

she had shown in early childhood. Smith was obliged to go back to England, and after he went away Pocahontas did not visit the colony any more. The English told her that he was dead, and she could not bear to go there without seeing him. But he was not dead, and the two friends were to meet once more — not in Jamestown, it is true, but in England, where Pocahontas went as the bride of the young Englishman, John Rolfe.

Pocahontas was taken by her husband to England, where she was received with great delight by the English Court. The king and queen grew very fond of her and showed her every kindness; and all the great English lords and ladies wished to see the Indian girl who had been so helpful to their countrymen in Jamestown. Every one was surprised that a girl who had been brought up among savages should have such gentle manners.

Pocahontas did not stay long in England, although she grew to love that country dearly. She and her husband decided to return to Jamestown, but just as they were about to sail Pocahontas was taken ill and died. And so Rolfe and his little son went back to America alone, and the beautiful princess was buried in England, far from her own land.

— HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

*From "Children's Stories in American History," published
by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

POCAHONTAS

WEARIED arm and broken sword,
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde;
He is but a single knight.

Hark! A cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'Tis hard to die of fire!

Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight,
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring,
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
 Lifted ax and thirsty knife;
 Fondly to his heart she clings
 And her bosom guards his life!
 In the woods of Powhatan,
 Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
 How a daughter of their sires
 Saved the captive Englishman.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE home life of George Washington is one of the most pleasant aspects of this great man's career. When he married Mrs. Martha Custis, her little son and daughter went with her to live at Mount Vernon. Washington was like a father to them, loving them dearly, sharing their troubles and joys, their study and play.

John Custis was six years old, and Washington soon taught him to love outdoor life. They rode miles together on horseback over the Virginia hills. The little boy learned to sit his horse well, for his stepfather was a splendid horseman. There were long canters or gallops, when they rode away to attend to some important business. Then there were the duties of a soldier to be learned, how to ride in



line, wheel his horse and keep in place, ride erect, and halt or advance instantly at a word, as if horse and rider were one.

All this John enjoyed, but he liked best the long hunting trips, when the stately General was as good company as another boy would have been. General Washington taught his young companion how to set traps and snares, how to come up to the game softly that he might not frighten it away, and many other things that are of real interest to a boy.

In his pictures, the Father of our Country always seems to us very grand and solemn; and so we love to think of him enjoying the company of this little

boy. We feel better acquainted with him than we do when we read only of his great deeds as general or as President.

Washington always kept a diary, and one day he wrote in it : "Went a-hunting with Jackey Custis, and caught a fox after three hours' chase. Found it in the creek."

Martha Custis was only four years old when her mother married General Washington. She was a very quiet, ladylike child, dressed like a little woman, her hair done up in rolls and trimmed with ornaments and feathers or ribbons. At that time, all the fine clothes had to be brought from England, and in a long list which General Washington ordered for Martha when she was six years old, we find frocks of lawn and of fine cambric, satin shoes, silver shoe-buckles, and a coat made of fashionable silk. We are glad to know that in the same list are two dolls, and a box of gingerbread, toys, and sugar images.

In those days little girls were not given much education ; so Martha never went to school, but studied with her mother, worked on her sampler, and practiced on the harpsichord.

Mount Vernon was a grand old plantation. There were wide grounds like great parks, planted with fruit trees and flowers. The house was filled with fine furniture and curiosities new to the children.

There was a long gallery to play in on rainy days, and a high hill running down to the river, where they could race and run, or play in the water.

When the Washington family traveled, they went in a huge chariot drawn by four horses, and with postilions in livery. Little Martha was dressed in satins, and John wore silver shoe-buckles and a colored coat, and his hair was tied with a ribbon. On Sundays when they went to church, as they always did, they rode in a chaise. In those old days the sexton showed people to their seats, and locked them in, for there were doors to the pews. During the service he walked up and down the aisle to see that the children sat quietly and that their elders kept awake.

Martha died when she was sixteen, and not only her family mourned for her, but all the servants on the plantation used to weep when they spoke of her, for she was loved by all.

John was sent to Annapolis to be educated, and afterwards to King's College — now Columbia. He remained in college only three months, then he came home and was married. He still spent much time at Mount Vernon with his wife and the little children who came to them. He became of great use to Washington as aid-de-camp, and died of a fever just as the news of the victory of Yorktown was being carried through the country. His stepfather was

heartbroken at his loss, and when he saw his "dear Jackey" breathe his last, he threw himself on a couch and wept like a child.

Mount Vernon was very lonely now, and General Washington begged Mrs. John Custis for two of her four children to bring up as his own. She finally consented, and two more children, a girl and a boy, came to Mount Vernon to live. These were Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis. The latter was familiarly called Washington.

Eleanor was two and a half years old, and not at all like the quiet little girl Martha had been. She did not like to have her hair dressed with ribbons and feathers. She did not like to sew or practice, though her grandfather, as she called him, bought her a new harpsichord, costing a thousand dollars. She was General Washington's favorite companion, and loved to go with him on long rides and walks. Little Washington came in for his share of lessons, but his grandmother tried to make them as light as possible. And so between study and play, these two children whom Washington loved grew up strong and happy, and each lived to be more than three score and ten.

We often read of the first President of the United States as the busy planter, looking after his plantation, the grave general, the wise statesman, or the

man of society ; but we love sometimes to remember what a kind, loving father he was to those four children who knew no other father, and how he loved them, and cared for them, sharing their troubles and their joys.

— GUSSIE PACKARD DUBOIS.

FRANKLIN AND THE KITE

IN the very heart of the great city of Philadelphia there stood, one hundred and fifty years ago, a humble cow shed. To this shed there came, one June day, a stout middle-aged gentleman of forty-six, and a fine-looking young fellow of twenty-two. The younger man carried under his arm something that looked like a bottle or a glass jar, and the older man bore a good-sized kite.

There was thunder in the air ; the clouds were gathering fast and a shower was coming up, — rather an odd time to go kite flying for fun ! But these two gentlemen did not look as if they were about to fly a kite for fun. Indeed the younger man seemed troubled lest he might be seen engaging in what appeared to be childish sport. Even the older man glanced around as they neared the cow shed with the bottle and the kite, as if fearing that some one might make fun of him and his toys.

But if there had been such a person about and he

had looked at the kite the stout gentleman held so carefully, he would have seen that it was no common kite. It was made of a large silk handkerchief, and from the end of the central upright stick there extended a piece of iron wire, sharpened at the end.

The wind was strong and the silken kite sailed firmly upward, while the young man, stepping into the cow shed, set down the bottle and then stood watching his father's kite, for the two were father and son.

The storm came just as they expected, and the two stood within the shelter of the shed, anxiously watching the kite and the flying thunderclouds. The kite had been raised on a strong hempen cord, but if you had been there, too, you would have noticed that the young man's father held in his hand, attached to the hempen cord, a silken string from which hung a big door key.

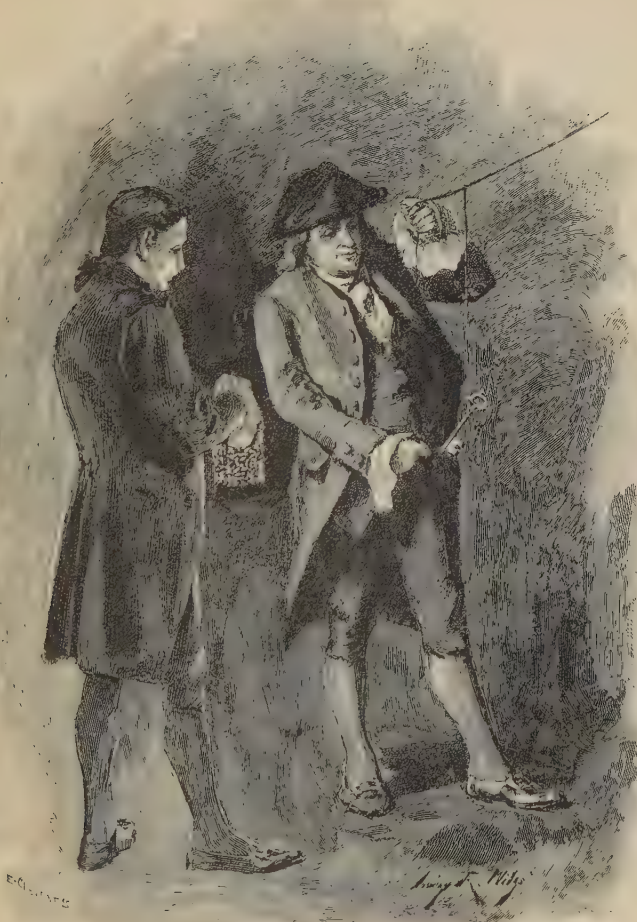
A heavy cloud came sailing directly over the kite.

"No lightning in that, father," the young man observed.

"None yet, Billy," replied his father. "But wait a little; it may come."

The rain came pouring down, and the young man looked around uneasily.

"People will think that we are crazy, — flying



FRANKLIN AND THE KITE

FIFTH READER — F

kites in the rain," he said. But his father smiled serenely.

"There are crazier folks than we are, Billy," he answered, anxiously scanning the dark cloud. "You know what Poor Richard says, 'Let thy discontents be thy secrets.' Don't fret, my boy, I am watching for the lightning. If it doesn't come, we are beaten — for to-day."

It seemed for a while as if they were beaten, for there appeared to be no electricity astir in that black cloud. But they waited patiently. Then suddenly, just as the kite flyer had given a sigh of disappointment, his face brightened.

"Look, Billy!" he cried. "See the string! The fibers are rising. It's there, my boy, it's there, sure enough, and I've caught it."

Something was there, certainly. One by one the fibers of the hempen cord began to rise.

"Quick, Billy!" cried the father, as he held his knuckle to the key. "Have the jar ready. Hurrah! Did you see that? A spark, a spark, and a good one, too. Take the string and try it yourself. There! Did you feel the shock? I've proved it, boy! I've proved it! Charge the jar."

Spark after spark was drawn from the key by the knuckles of the excited pair. Then the prepared jar that Billy had brought along was held close to the

key and charged with the lightning from the thunder-cloud.

Both father and son felt an electric shock that well-nigh knocked them over. But neither of them thought of danger or knew that they were risking their lives. The philosopher had proved his theory. He had drawn down the lightning from heaven. He had demonstrated the fact that electricity exists in the clouds and can be captured from them.

At last the clouds broke. The wet kite was hauled in, and father and son went back to their pleasant home on Chestnut Street, drenched but happy. They had successfully performed a very dangerous experiment.

The kite flyer was Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia, one of the most remarkable men that has ever lived. Indeed, there have been but very few men who knew quite so much about so many things and knew how to turn their knowledge to such good account.

Throughout his long life Franklin was always busy over something that would lighten the labors or improve the condition of his fellow-men. What he knew he had learned for himself through long, and sometimes hard, experience; but failure never discouraged him.

— ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

A CUP OF COFFEE

ALICE and Ralph sat one morning at breakfast with their parents and their Uncle John. Uncle John was captain of a merchant ship and for many years had followed the sea. The children loved to hear him tell stories; for he had been all round the world, and had seen many strange sights.

"Here's this cup of coffee your mother has just poured out for me," said Captain John. "Where do you think it came from?"

"From the kitchen," replied Alice.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the sailor; "there's a matter-of-fact little housekeeper for you! The cook knows that the coffee came from the grocer's and that is all *she* knows about it; but you, Alice, ought to know something more about these common things."

"Oh, Uncle!" cried Ralph, "I have seen bags of coffee at the store marked 'Old Java'; and I know there is an island called Java near the coast of Asia; that's where it comes from!"

"Perhaps it did come from Java," replied the captain; "but labels do not always tell the truth, and most likely it was Rio coffee, because almost all our coffee comes from Rio."

"You don't know where Rio is?" he asked.
"Why, Rio Janeiro is the capital city of Brazil,

in South America. See here," said the captain, taking his fork and marking on the tablecloth as if he were tracing a map; "here is the great seaport of New York. Three years ago we sailed from here to Rio for a cargo of coffee, taking out calicoes and hardware in exchange. This is the course we held,—a southerly course down the Atlantic, past these islands where oranges and bananas grow—"

"That's the West Indies," interrupted Ralph.

"Yes; and across the line—"

"The line! What line?" inquired Alice.

"Why, the equator," replied the captain. "Not that there is any real line on the sea or on the land, either; but when ships pass the equator, we call it crossing the line. The sailors have a great deal of fun when they cross the line. Some of them dress up oddly and get into a boat, and then pretend to hail the ship. They give a little present to the captain, and dance on the deck, and have very rough sports.

"Perhaps you know that for a long distance on each side of the equator the weather is always very hot. Well, we were at last off the coast of Brazil, and soon dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro. It took us several days to make the voyage from New York—a distance, as we reckoned it, of about five thousand miles."

"And it was there you visited the coffee plantation we have heard you speak of, was it not?" inquired the children's father.

"Yes; while our ship was loading, I accepted the invitation of a friend of mine to go to his plantation. It was in February, the coffee berry was ripe, and the gathering had begun."

"Oh, Uncle! February!" exclaimed Alice. "Why, the snow is on the ground in February!"

"You will have to begin to study geography, Alice, and then you will learn that in the countries south of the equator the seasons are just the opposite of ours. Our winter is their summer, and their summer is our winter.

"Well, as I was saying, the coffee bushes, — and handsome bushes they are, about as large as small plum trees, with leaves of dark, shining green, and white flowers, — the coffee bushes were full of ripened fruit. Get me a coffee bean, Ralph. You see this kernel; it has a flat side. Now, there was a twin grain that fitted this one, and the two, as they grew on the bush, were shut up in a soft red pulp like a cherry. The negroes gather these berries in deep baskets, and lay them on large flat stones, where the grains are spread out to dry after the red juicy part is rubbed off. In Brazil there are thousands of these plantations, where great quantities of the dried coffee

are put up in bags and sent to Rio Janeiro to be shipped to all parts of the world."

"Well, Uncle, you returned to New York with your cargo. What did you do with it then?"

"Yes; it was taken by merchants who sold it to the people; and if this coffee," said Uncle John, taking a sip, "if this coffee did not come in my ship, it came in the same way in some other ship."

"Now, Uncle," said Ralph, "as you have been all over the world, and know where everything grows, please tell me where the sugar we put into our coffee comes from."

"With pleasure, my lad. Many plants contain sugar. Millions of pounds of sugar are made from the common sugar beet; but much of our sugar is made from the sugar cane."

"I have seen a picture of a field of sugar cane, and the negroes working in it, Uncle," said Alice.

"Probably it was a scene in the island of Cuba, one of the West Indies. A great deal of the sugar used in the world comes from Cuba. Or the picture may have been a scene in Louisiana. But wherever it was, a field of sugar cane in blossom is one of the prettiest sights I ever saw."

"What is the difference, Uncle," asked Ralph, "between brown sugar and white sugar? Do they come from different kinds of cane?"

"Not at all; let me tell you. When the cane is right for cutting down, it is stripped of its tops and leaves, cut up into short pieces, tied into bundles, and taken to the mill. Here the canes are crushed between iron rollers, somewhat as apples are in making cider; and the juice is then boiled into sirup in large shallow pans. Next it is stirred in coolers until it turns to grains. Then it is put into hogsheads having holes bored in the bottom, and these are placed endwise over a large cistern and left to drain. In this state it is brown sugar, and the drainings are molasses. Now, white sugar is merely brown sugar refined, or boiled over again, and worked white."

"Why doesn't the sugar cane grow here?" asked Alice.

"For the simple reason," replied the captain, "that the sugar cane is a very tender plant, and will grow only where there is little or no frost. The sugar cane thrives only within the tropics, or on their borders."

The captain now lifted his silver spoon, and, looking at it, said: "As you have set me talking, I may as well tell you that this spoon with which we stir our coffee has a history. We get the spoon from the jeweler's, to be sure, as we get our coffee from the grocer's; but what of the metal before the silver-smith wrought it into this useful shape? I think

one was a silver spoon, the other a silver spoon.

that it came from some place in the western part of our country. In the mountains of that region are the richest silver mines in the world. And sometime I will describe to you how the ore is taken out from mines deep down in the earth, — how it is crushed by the giant force of machines, called stamp mills, — and how it is molded into bars, and made ready for coining into money or for making into silverware.”

“Can’t you tell the children about the cups we are drinking from?” said the captain’s sister, a little proudly. “You gave me this set of cups and saucers ten years ago, when you came back from a voyage to China, and the children have often asked me about them.”

“Well,” continued the captain, “these did come from China, though most of the ware called China ware has nothing Chinese about it except the name. Nor indeed is there any need of our going to that far-off land for our crockery, when such excellent ware is made in our own country. Still, the name reminds us that the Chinese first taught us the art of making cups and saucers, which, as you know, are made of a fine white clay, ornamented and baked; but they require great skill in making.”

“Now, children,” said the father, “you see your uncle has shown you that for this single cup of coffee we have drawn on a large part of the world.”

“Yes,” continued the captain, “if we could at one view see all the hands that have been at work in getting this cup of coffee ready for us, we should see a great multitude. The farmer, the sailor, the miner, the artisan, the merchant, as well as the cook, have all had a part in the work. Wouldn’t it be a sight indeed to see them all at work at one time? What a panorama it would be !”

—WILLIAM SWINTON.

TRAVEL

I SHOULD like to rise and go
 Where the golden apples grow ; —
 Where below another sky
 Parrot islands anchored lie,
 And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
 Lonely Crusoes building boats ; —
 Where in sunshine reaching out
 Eastern cities, miles about,
 Are with mosque and minaret
 Among sandy gardens set,
 And the rich goods from near and far
 Hang for sale in the bazaar ; —
 Where the Great Wall round China goes,
 And on one side the desert blows,
 And with bell and voice and drum,
 Cities on the other hum ; —

Where are forests hot as fire,
 Wide as England, tall as a spire,
 Full of apes and coconuts
 And the negro hunters' huts ; —
 Where the knotty crocodile
 Lies and blinks in the Nile,
 And the red flamingo flies
 Hunting fish before his eyes ; —
 Where in jungles near and far,
 Man-devouring tigers are,
 Lying close and giving ear
 Lest the hunt be drawing near,
 Or a comer-by be seen
 Swinging in a palanquin ; —
 Where among the desert sands
 Some deserted city stands,
 All its children, sweep and prince,
 Grown to manhood ages since,
 Not a foot in street or house,
 Not a stir of child or mouse,
 And when kindly falls the night,
 In all the town no spark of light.
 There I'll come when I'm a man,
 With a camel caravan ;
 Light a fire in the gloom
 Of some dusty dining room ;
 See the pictures on the walls,

Heroes, fights, and festivals ;
 And in a corner find the toys
 Of the old Egyptian boys.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses."

THE GOOD SAXON KING

ALFRED THE GREAT was a young man three and twenty years of age when he became king of England. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on pilgrimages, and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for in those days that at twelve years of age he had not been taught to read, although he was the favorite son of King Ethelwulf.

But like most men who grew up to be great and good, he had an excellent mother. One day this lady, whose name was Osburga, happened, as she sat among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long after that period. The book, which was written, was illuminated with beautiful, bright letters, richly painted.

The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you who first learns to read."

Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them, too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended that they had taken a very solemn oath, but they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties, too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and of coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn.

One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, the Danes spread themselves in great numbers over England. They so dispersed the king's soldiers, that Alfred was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds, who did not know him.

Here King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left alone one day by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But the king was at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come. He was thinking deeply, too, of his poor, unhappy subjects, whom the Danes chased through the land. And so his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burnt.

“What!” said the cowherd’s wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king. “You will be ready enough to eat them by and by; and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!”

At length the Devonshire men made head against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast. They killed the Danish chief, and captured the famous flag, on which was the likeness of a raven. The loss of this standard troubled the Danes greatly. They believed it to be enchanted, for it had been woven by the three daughters of their king in a single afternoon. And they had a story among themselves, that when they were victorious in battle, the raven would stretch his wings and seem to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop.

It was important to know how numerous the Danes were, and how they were fortified. And so King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a minstrel, and went with his harp to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they feasted. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, — everything that he desired to know.

Right soon did this great king entertain them to

a different tune. Summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes, and besieged them fourteen days to prevent their escape.



But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace,—on condition that they should all depart from that western part of England, and settle in the eastern. Guthrum was an honorable chief, and forever afterward he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful, too. They plundered

and burned no more, but plowed and sowed and reaped, and led good honest lives. And the children of those Danes played many a time with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and their elders, Danes and Saxons, sat by the red fire in winter, talking of King Alfred the Great.

But all the Danes were not like these under Guthrum. After some years, more of them came over in the old plundering, burning way. Among them was a fierce pirate named Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames with eighty ships.

For three years there was war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, upon both human creatures and beasts.

But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea. He encouraged his soldiers by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last he drove them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English. And now one of his labors was to trans-

late Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be improved by reading them.

He made just laws that his people might live more happily and freely. He turned away all partial judges that no wrong might be done. He punished robbers so severely that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets and no man would have touched them. He founded schools. He patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. The great desires of his heart were, to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, and happier in all ways than he had found it.

His industry was astonishing. Every day he divided into portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, all of the same size and notched across at regular distances. These candles were always kept burning, and as they burned down he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock.

But it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, caused the candles to burn unequally. To prevent this the king had them put into cases formed

of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

King Alfred died in the year 901; but as long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

From "A Child's History of England."

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

I

It is early morning in a small village in France. The flowers lift their dewy faces to the sunshine. In an old orchard the birds are warbling as if to waken the people in the little cottage near by.

The older members of the family have been up since daybreak, and the father and mother are already at work in the fields. The grandmother is preparing a simple breakfast for the children, who are still sleeping.

When it is almost ready she goes to waken them. Her eldest grandson half opens his sleepy eyes and sees his grandmother in her linen cap and white apron bending over him. He hears her say: "Wake up, my little François. The birds have long been singing."

✓ The village where Jean François Millet lived was

built on the cliffs near the sea. Looking outward, only rough waves dashing against the rocky coast could be seen. Looking inland, the country was pleasant and fruitful. Low houses clustered among woods and apple orchards. Quaint old churches stood on hilltops, and in the sheltered valleys the grass grew fresh and green.

While the father and mother worked in the fields, the good grandmother kept the house and cared for the children. She repeated for them many stories from the Bible, and often told them of the life of good Saint Francis for whom little François had been named.

During his early childhood François spent much time with his uncle, who was a priest. This good man often helped in the work of the farm. He plowed, and sowed, and reaped, mowed grass, and made hay, singing as he worked. How the children loved to be with their uncle in the fields! They trudged along after him in the broad furrows as he plowed, and in the evening, standing at his side, they learned to read.

When Jean François was only seven years old, this uncle died. The good man had owned a few books, and these the little boy read again and again. Best of all he liked the pictures in the books, and many a rainy day he spent in his room copying the

prints in the old Bible which had belonged to his uncle.

At school he filled his copy book with pictures. The walls and floor of his home were covered with his sketches, and even his little wooden shoes were ornamented with landscapes and with figures of men and animals.

Once his father asked his children what they would do when they grew up. "I mean to make pictures of men," answered François.

But Jean François was the eldest boy in the family, and his help was needed by his father in the field. How tired he was as he raked the hay in the hot sun, and he wished that the long day would come to a close!

Sometimes François and his father ate their lunch in the shade of a big tree, and talked together of the beauties around them. The father taught his son to notice the fineness of the grass blades and the strength and beauty of the great trees.

One afternoon the lad stood at his father's side watching the setting sun sink into the ocean. The western sky was all aglow with purple and crimson, and great bars of golden light stretched across the horizon. The father bowed his head, saying, "My son, it is God." The boy never forgot the glory of the scene nor his father's words.

One Sunday afternoon, when Jean François was almost a young man, he saw an old peasant slowly walking with the aid of a staff. François took a piece of charcoal from his pocket and in a few minutes drew an exact likeness of the old man on a stone wall by the wayside.

The neighbors gathered around and all had words of praise for the picture. The father alone looked on in silence, and a few days later he called the lad to him.

"My son," he said, "I see that thou wouldst like to be a painter. Well, I know that it is a fine trade. I would gladly have sent thee long ago to study painting, but I could not. Thou art the eldest of my boys, and I have much need of thee. But I will no longer keep thee at home. We will visit an artist in the town, and he will tell us if thou hast talent enough to be a painter of pictures."

II

How happy François was as he set off for the town with his father. Never before had the sunlight seemed so bright or the birds sung so sweetly. He turned again and again to wave his hand to his mother, but he did not see the tears in her eyes as she watched him leave the old home.

On reaching the town, François went with his

father to the studio of an artist. The artist was amazed at the excellence of the boy's drawings, and he was glad to take François into his studio as a pupil.

Two happy months passed, and then François was called home by the death of his father. And now the boy felt that he must give up his lessons. He decided that it was his duty, as the eldest son, to remain at home and manage the farm. But the good grandmother would not allow this. "My François," she said, "your father wished you to be a painter. Obey him and go back to your lessons." And so once more the boy bade his mother and grandmother good-by and returned to his work.

For two years he studied in the town near his home. His mother and grandmother gave him all their savings and sent him to Paris to study, for they dreamed that their boy might become a great artist.

For some days after reaching the great city François wandered about the streets, but he was not long in finding the place he most wished to visit. It was a great picture gallery. There he studied the pictures of the master painters, and then in the libraries he read about their lives.

After a time he painted and studied all day long in his teacher's studio. His fellow-students laughed

at his rough clothes and his bushy hair. But he went on diligently with his work, and it was not long before his pictures were admired by his companions.

François liked best to paint peasants and country scenes, but the people in gay Paris did not care to buy such pictures. Months and even years passed, and still the young artist toiled on through discouragement and poverty.

In those hard days, how precious were the letters from home! He was cheered by news of his brothers and sisters and of the little village where he had spent his boyhood. The letters of his good grandmother brought tears to his eyes.

"My dear boy," she often said, "I would rather hear that you were dead than that you were unfaithful to the laws of God."

At last some of his pictures found sale, although at low prices. And now he was not so poor and he could have a home of his own. He went to the beautiful village of Barbizon, not far from Paris. There he lived with his family for the remainder of his life, and there he painted his greatest pictures.

Jean François Millet lived the simple life of a peasant. He loved to watch the peasants in the fields and to paint them at their work. Every year he sent paintings to Paris, and at last people began to like his pictures.

One of his best paintings is called "The Gleaners." It shows a broad wheat field. There has been a plentiful harvest. In the distance can be seen the stacks of golden grain. Three women slowly cross



THE ANGELUS. FROM THE PAINTING BY MILLET.

the field. Their rough dresses and wooden shoes tell how poor they are. They carefully gather up all the stalks which the reapers have let fall, and they will not rest until they have gleaned the whole field.

Perhaps the best loved of Millet's pictures is "The Angelus." In France the church bell rings at the close of day. When the peasants hear it, they drop their work and bow their heads in prayer. This bell is called the Angelus.

In the picture we see a man and a woman in the field. They have been filling sacks with potatoes. In the distance is the spire of the little village church. The Angelus has just chimed out the hour of evening prayer, and the peasants have paused in their work to thank God for his goodness.

Millet received one hundred dollars for this great picture, but after his death it was sold for one hundred thousand dollars. The Angelus was sent from city to city, and great crowds of people went to see it. The sight of the poor peasant people at prayer brought tears to the eyes of many. We wish that the painter of this famous picture might have lived to hear the words of praise that it received.

Millet lived for twenty-six years in the village of Barbizon. There he died in 1875, at the age of sixty-one. After his death his portrait was modeled in brass and placed high on a rock in the forest near his old home.

—KATHRINE LOIS SCOBEE.

From "Stories of Great Artists."

DOCTOR JOHNSON AND HIS FATHER

SCENE FIRST

It is in a little bookshop in the city of Lichfield, England. The floor has just been swept and the shutter taken down from the one small window. The hour is early, and customers have not yet begun to drop in. Out of doors the rain is falling.

At a small table near the door, a feeble, white-haired old man is making up some packages of books. As he arranges them in a large basket, he stops now and then as though disturbed by pain. He puts his hand to his side; he coughs in a most distressing way; then he sits down and rests himself, leaning his elbows upon the table.

"Samuel!" he calls.

In the farther corner of the room there is a young man busily reading from a large book that is spread open before him. He is a very odd-looking fellow perhaps eighteen years of age, but you would take him to be older. He is large and awkward, with a great round face, scarred and marked by a strange disease. His eyesight must be poor, for, as he reads, he bends down until his face is quite near the printed page.

"Samuel!" again the old man calls.

But Samuel makes no reply. He is so deeply interested in his book that he does not hear. The old man rests himself a little longer and then finishes tying his packages. He lifts the heavy basket and sets it on the table. The exertion brings on another fit of coughing; and when it is over he calls for the third time, "Samuel!"

"What is it, father?" This time the call is heard.

"You know, Samuel," he says, "that to-morrow is market day at Uttoxeter, and our stall must be attended to. Some of our friends will be there to look at the new books which they expect me to bring. One of us must go down on the stage this morning and get everything in readiness. But I hardly feel able for the journey. My cough troubles me quite a little, and you see that it is raining very hard."

"Yes, father, I am sorry," answers Samuel; and his face is again bent over the book.

"I thought perhaps you would go down to the market, and that I might stay here at the shop," says his father. But Samuel does not hear. He is deep in the study of some Latin classic.

7 The old man goes to the door and looks out. The rain is still falling. He shivers, and buttons his coat.

It is a twenty-mile ride to Uttoxeter. In five minutes the stage will pass the door.

“Samuel, will you not go down to the market for me this time?”

The old man is putting on his great coat.

He is reaching for his hat.

The basket is on his arm.

He casts a beseeching glance at his son, hoping that he will relent at the last moment.

“Here comes the coach, Samuel;” and the old man is choked by another fit of coughing.

Whether Samuel hears or not, I do not know. He is still reading, and he makes no sign nor motion.

The stage comes rattling down the street.

The old man with his basket of books staggers out of the door. The stage halts for a moment while he climbs inside. Then the driver swings his whip, and all are away.

Samuel, in the shop, still bends over his book.

Out of doors the rain is falling.

/

SCENE SECOND

Just fifty years have passed, and again it is market day at Uttoxeter.

The rain is falling in the streets. The people who have wares to sell huddle under the eaves and in the stalls and booths that have roofs above them.

A chaise from Lichfield pulls up at the entrance to the market square.

An old man alights. One would guess him to be seventy years of age. He is large, and not well shaped. His face is seamed and scarred, and he makes strange grimaces as he clambers out of the chaise. He wheezes and puffs as though afflicted with asthma. He walks with the aid of a heavy stick.

With slow but ponderous strides he enters the market place and looks around. He seems not to know that the rain is falling.

He looks at the little stalls ranged along the walls of the market place. Some have roofs over them and are the centers of noisy trade. Others have fallen into disuse and are empty.

The stranger halts before one of the latter. "Yes, this is it," he says. He has a strange habit of talking aloud to himself. "I remember it well. It was here that my father, on certain market days, sold books to the clergy of the county. The good men came from every parish to see his wares and to hear him describe their contents."

He turns abruptly around. "Yes, this is the place," he repeats.

He stands quite still and upright, directly in front of the little old stall. He takes off his hat and holds it beneath his arm. He bows his head and clasps his hands. His great walking stick escapes his grasp

and falls into the gutter. He does not seem to know that the rain is falling.

The clock in the tower above the market strikes eleven. The passers-by stop and gaze at the stranger. The market people peer at him from their booths and



stalls. Some laugh as the rain runs in streams down his scarred old cheeks. Rain, is it? Or can it be tears?

Boys hoot at him. Some of the ruder ones even hint at throwing mud; but a sense of shame withholds them from the act.

"He is a poor lunatic. Let him alone," say the more compassionate.

The rain falls upon his bare head and his broad shoulders. He is drenched and chilled. But he stands motionless and silent, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

“Who is that old fool?” asks a thoughtless young man, who chances to be passing.

“Do you ask who he is?” answers a gentleman from London. “Why, he is Dr. Samuel Johnson, the most famous man in England. It was he who wrote ‘Rasselas,’ and the ‘Lives of the Poets,’ and ‘Irene,’ and many another work that all men are praising. It was he who made the great ‘English Dictionary,’ the most wonderful book of our times. In London, the noblest lords and ladies take pleasure in doing him honor. He is the literary lion of England.”

“Then why does he come to Uttoxeter and stand thus in the pouring rain?”

“I cannot tell you; but doubtless he has reasons for doing so;” and the gentleman passes on.

At length there is a lull in the storm. The birds are chirping among the housetops. The people wonder if the rain is over, and venture out into the slippery street.

The clock strikes twelve. The renowned stranger has stood a whole hour motionless in the market place. The sound of the bell appears to arouse him. He looks up at the rain which is still falling.

Slowly now he returns his hat to his head. He finds his walking stick where it had fallen. He lifts his eyes reverently for a moment, and then, with a lordly, lumbering motion, walks down the street to meet the chaise which is ready to return to Lichfield.

We follow him, through the pattering rain, to his native town, and to the same street where we first made his acquaintance.

"Why, Dr. Johnson!" exclaims the lady with whom he is visiting; "we have missed you all day. And you are so wet and chilled! Where have you been?"

"Madam," says the great man, "fifty years ago, this very day, I tacitly refused to oblige or obey my father. The thought of the pain which I must have caused him has haunted me ever since. To endeavor in some measure to do away the sin of that hour, I this morning went in a chaise to Uttoxeter, and did do penance publicly before the stall which my father had formerly used."

The great man bows his head upon his hands and sobs.

Out of doors the rain is falling.

—JAMES BALDWIN.

From "Thirty More Famous Stories."

MY CHILDHOOD ON THE ISLAND

I WELL remember my first sight of White Island where we took up our abode when I was five years old. How delightful was that long first sail to the Isle of Shoals! How pleasant the sound of the ripples against the boat side as we sat perched among the household goods with which the little craft was laden!

It was at sunset that we were put ashore on that lonely rock where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall black-capped giant. The stars were beginning to twinkle, and the salt air blew cold from the sea.

Some one began to light the lamps in the high lighthouse tower. Rich red and golden they swung around in mid air; everything was strange and fascinating and new.

We entered the quaint little old stone cottage that was for six years our home. How curious it seemed, with its low, whitewashed ceiling, and deep window seats showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers.

A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. I do not think a happier triad ever existed than

we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes little to make a healthy child happy, and we never wearied of our few resources.

In the long, covered walk that bridged the gorge between the lighthouse and the house, we played on stormy days. Every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and to see the colored rays shine out over the sea. In the great lantern there were fifteen lamps, ten of them golden and five red.

As I grew older I was allowed to help in caring for the lights in the tower, and sometimes to kindle them myself. It was a pleasure to think how far the lighthouse sent its rays and how many hearts it gladdened with its warning light of safety.

Once or twice every year came the old black, lumbering, oil boat that brought supplies for the lighthouse, and the inspector who gravely examined everything to see if all was in order.

He left clear red-and-white glass chimneys for the lamps, soft skins for polishing the great silver-lined reflectors, large bundles of wicks and various pairs of scissors for trimming them. All these together with heavy casks of whale oil were stored away in the round dimly lighted rooms of the lighthouse tower.

The winters seemed as long as a whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant, nevertheless.

Into the deep window seats we climbed, made holes in the thick frost on the windowpane, and peeped out at the bright, fierce, windy weather.

We watched the vessels scudding over the dark blue sea, all feather white where the short waves broke hissing in the cold, and the sea fowl soaring aloft or tossing on the water. Sometimes the round head of a seal moved about among the rocks, but the seals were even more shy than the birds.

We hardly saw a human face beside our own all winter. But by the fireside with plants and singing birds and books and playthings the cold and stormy season wore itself at last away.

We waited for the spring with eager longing; the advent of the growing grass, the birds and flowers and insect life, the soft skies and softer winds, — these things brought us unspeakable bliss.

In the spring came life to our lonely dwelling. Our neighbors on the mainland paddled across bringing us letters, newspapers, magazines, and told us the news of months. With the first warm days we built our little mountains of wet gravel on the beach, and danced after the sandpipers to the edge of the foaming waves. We fashioned rude boats of bits of driftwood and set them adrift on the great deep.

We launched fleets of purple mussel shells on the still pools in the rocks, left by the tide, — pools that

were like bits of fallen rainbow with tints of delicate seaweed, crimson, and green and ruddy brown, and violet. Rosy and lilac starfish clung to the sides of the rocks, little forests of moss grew up in stillness, gold-colored shells crept about, and now and then flashed the silvery fins of slender minnows.

With crab and limpet, with grasshopper and cricket, we made friends and neighbors, and we were never tired of watching the land spiders that possessed the place. Their webs covered every windowpane to the lighthouse top, and they rebuilt them as fast as they were swept down.

I remember in the spring kneeling down on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet refreshing tint from the brown earth or the limpid air, or the white light?

Few flowers bloomed for me upon the lonesome rock, but I made the most of all I had. Ah, how beautiful they were! Tiny stars of crimson sorrel, threaded on their long brown stems. The blackberry blossoms in bridal white, the blue-eyed grass, and the crow-foot flowers like drops of yellow gold spilt about among the short grass and over the moss. Dandelions, buttercups, and clover were not denied to us, though we had no daisies nor violets nor wild roses.

Many a summer morning have I crept out of the still house before any one was awake, and climbed to the top of a high cliff to watch the sunrise. Pale grew the lighthouse flame before the broadening day as I watched the shadows draw away and morning break. Facing the east and south, with all the Atlantic before me, what happiness was mine!

Infinite variety of beauty always awaited me. Coming back in the sunshine, the morning glories would lift up their faces, all awake, to my adoring gaze. It seemed as if they had gathered the peace of the golden morning in their still depths, ever as my heart had gathered it.

Even then I longed to speak those things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur. A vain longing, but ever the wish grew.

— CELIA THAXTER.

From "Child Life on the Isle of Shoals."

THE SANDPIPER'S NEST

ONE lovely afternoon in May, when I was wandering up and down looking for flowers, I heard a cry of distress. In a moment a little sandpiper crept from under a bush, dragging itself along as if every bone in its body had been broken.

Its wings drooped and its legs hung as if almost

lifeless. It uttered cries of pain and kept just out of the reach of my hand, fluttering along as if wounded.

Suddenly I remembered that this was only the sandpiper's way of concealing from me a nest. Her object was to make me follow her by pretending she could not fly, and so lead me away from her treasure.

Then I carefully looked around for the nest and found it quite close to my feet. Mrs. Sandpiper had only drawn together a few leaves, brown and glossy, a little green moss, and a twig or two, and that was a pretty enough house for her.

Four eggs about as large as those of a robin were within. No wonder I did not see them, for they were pale green like the moss, with brown spots the color of the leaves and twigs.

I could not admire them enough, but in order to remove all fear from my little friend, the sandpiper, I came very soon away, wondering that so very small a head could contain so much cunning.

—CELIA THAXTER.

THE SANDPIPER

ACROSS the lonely beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I;
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
 As up and down the beach we flit, —
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.

Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach, —
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Nor flash of fluttering drapery.

He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky ;
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

— CELIA THAXTER.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

It is more than nineteen hundred years since there lay in the manger, at Bethlehem, the Child whose birthday is the day of days to the children of Christendom. Every year the message flies around the world, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Christmas is a joyous season to children everywhere. Not only in our own land, but in lands beyond the sea, little voices swell the chorus until the great round earth seems to be filled with joy and gladness.

The day before Christmas in Norway is a busy one. Out of doors the men are preparing the Yule wood which must be perfectly dry, cut into even smooth sticks, and placed under the bench that extends the whole length of the living room. After this has been done, the men go up on the mountain side and cut down a load of fir trees. The branches, except a tuft of them at the top, are stripped off. These trees are then set up all around the low

house. A pretty sight they make, especially if the snow falls upon them in the night.

In the house the women are flying about — scouring, and decorating floor, furniture, and walls. They suspend from the ceiling a crown of straw, from which dangle shreds of bright-colored cloth of green, red, and blue. The gable end of the room is hung with cloth on which Scriptural scenes are pictured. The floor is covered with wisps of rye straw, in memory of the stable in which Christ was born. Polished copper and pewter vessels are neatly arranged on the shelves, and the best clothes hung in regular order on a long pole where the Yule fire may shine upon them. Great oblong loaves of Yule bread are browning in the oven with the round cakes of rye bread.

And the children! What are they doing? Oh, they are everywhere, their eyes glistening with excitement, hands and feet not still a moment. They must bring in the straw, help polish the cups, gather up the branches cut off from the trees — help here and help there.

Then they have some special work of their own to do. Every gable and post must bear its Christmas sheaf to-morrow for the birds that are already chattering about the feast to come. They will be here in large flocks in the morning, and will waken these little boys and girls with their Christmas carol.

The children have gleaned the grain from the harvest fields long before. How they enjoy climbing about to fasten the sheaves to gable and post! How they laugh to see the eager birds nod from their perches!

Now it is growing dark, and the children must go with the women to the cow house. They give



the cattle their best forage, and say to each one, as they put a new collar on her neck, "This is Christmas Eve, little one."

Then they proceed to the stable where they give the horses their choicest hay. The fowls are re-

membered with bits of food, and the watch dog is set free on this one night of the year. For these good folks say, "All creatures should have cause to rejoice on Christmas Eve."

Soon the fires are lighted, the Bible is read, and the merriment begins. The children keep running to the door as if they expected some one, and clap their hands with delight when they hear a bell ring just outside. They spring to throw open the door and welcome an old man and an old woman, a queer-looking couple.

These old people are grotesquely dressed, but they are most beautiful to the children, whose great round eyes sparkle with delight. The woman carries a large basket of sealed packages. She hands out each package to the one whose name it bears, and when her basket is empty, disappears to return with a new supply. The name of the giver is not attached to the presents, and there is great fun guessing and questioning one another. The gifts themselves are usually very simple.

Music, dancing, and games follow, and supper at ten o'clock. Before supper grace is said and the meal closes with a psalm. All the family must sleep under the same roof, and the children on rye straw. The candles and fire must burn until morning, and the remains be kept until the next Christmas.

In Germany Christmas is a home festival, a day sacred to the children. Oh, the Christmas in the heart, the Christmas of the home, the sweet simple Christmas we find in Germany, the land of the Christmas tree!

The day before Christmas the streets seem a forest of moving fir trees. One is carried to every house, and many to the graves in the churchyard. No family is without a Christmas tree, for here the rich provide for the poor. Baskets of sweetmeats and a tree will be sent to every humble home.

Each family circle will be shut in from the world on Christmas Eve—but the love is not shut in. That has been spreading itself abroad for many a day, and all the sweeter is each Christmas because other and poorer homes have been remembered. So sacred is the family circle to-night that we hesitate even to look in upon it, but we cannot resist the radiant happy faces of the children that need the light of no Yule log to brighten them.

For a few days there have been many quaking hearts, but to-night, Kristine, a beautiful maiden in white, has just come to grant forgiveness to all the boys and girls.

She is about to open the door into the room where stands the wonderful tree! Could eyes of children open wider? There it stands, a blaze of glory!

Lighted with a hundred candles of all colors, glittering with gold and silver balls and spangles, and laden with bright-colored toys and knickknacks without number.

Under the tree is a miniature landscape made of moss and tiny trees, with mountains, valleys, meadows, and brooks, sheep and cattle browsing in the fields, a stable, the manger, Joseph and Mary sitting by it, shepherds in the distance, and a star.

No wonder the little ones are breathless for a moment! Then how they clap their hands, laugh and hop about! Most beautiful sight of all, they throw their arms about mother, about father, about grandmother and grandfather, and about each other, and kisses fall like rain.

— ALICE WOODWORTH COOLEY.

“WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT”

LIKE small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky:
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds, the young sheep lay,
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept ; and glimmering faint,
 With twist of thin, blue smoke,
 Only their fire's crackling flames
 The tender silence broke —
 Save where a young lamb raised his head,
 Or, when the night wind blew,
 A nesting bird would softly stir,
 Where dusky olives grew.

With fingers on her solemn lip,
 Night hushed the shadowy earth,
 And only stars and angels saw
 The little Savior's birth ;
 Then came such flash of silver light
 Across the bending skies,
 That wondering shepherds woke, and hid
 Their frightened, dazzled eyes !

And all their gentle sleepy flock
 Looked up, then slept again,
 Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
 Brought endless Peace to men —
 Nor even heard the gracious words
 That down the ages ring —
 "The Christ is born ! the Lord has come,
 Good will on earth to bring !"

 — MARGARET DELAND.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW

WE have had a touch of the north pole this winter. Old Boreas has been far south, and with him have come snow and cold weather. It has been a glorious winter for the boys and girls with their skates and sleds. It would seem, however, that these icy storms would be too severe for the little birds and the other shy people of the fields. But if any of you have been out into the fields or the woods this winter, you have no doubt seen that they are still alive.

When the ground is white with snow, an animal cannot move out of its hiding place for a walk without letting every one who comes that way know it. And wherever a bird has stopped upon the ground even for a moment, it has left us a record that we can read if we only know its alphabet.

Long ago the Egyptians used to make very curious marks when they wished to write a story, but the letters that birds use are more curious and interesting than theirs. These letters are made by the little feet that patter in the snow, leaving tracks, each one of which will spell its own story. I always like to go out after a light, moist snow has fallen and try to read the meaning of these tracks. When we see a dog sniffing along with his nose to the ground, we know that he is reading records that are hidden from

us. I envy the dog his wonderful sense that gives him power to read stories from the ground when to me it seems perfectly bare. But when the snow comes, I can read the track records as well as he, — perhaps better. On a short walk I found all the things I am now telling you about.

The first record which caught my eye was what seemed a double row of little tracks. On closer examination I could see that each track had been made by two feet, and that between the rows of prints



there was an imperfect trail where the animal had dragged his tail. A mouse had made this record, and I was able to trace the trail back to the building from which I had just come. So I saw that one of my near neighbors had also been out for a walk.

Out in the open field, where rye had been grown last season, I found many tracks that told me that the birds had been there hunting for food. In the deeper snow the tracks were very indistinct. The little birds could hardly hop high enough to lift their feet above the surface, and the dry snow had tumbled into the prints made by their feet, leaving imperfect trails behind. Some places were marked over with double lines like the rails of a tiny railroad, crossing and recrossing in every direction. One could hardly

tell where the feet had been planted in the snow, but little irregular enlargements, like pairs of beads, on the trail showed that the little birds had hopped, keeping the two feet together.

This track then was made by one of the hopping birds, but I could not tell surely which one.

It may have been a tree-sparrow or a house-sparrow.



With these little railroads I found also tracks made by some larger bird. In a place where the snow was not deep each footprint was very distinct. These tracks were not in pairs, but arranged alternately in two rows, showing that they were made by a walking bird. I was not at first sure how to tell which of our walking birds had made them. I thought it might have been a crow or a dove or a meadow lark or a shore lark, for each of these birds



walks. But the size of the track gave me a clew. Each track was about three fourths of an inch wide and an inch and a half long. Then I knew it must have been made by the shore lark. The long claw of the hind toe also indicated the same thing.

One can soon learn to tell the tracks of our walking

birds by noticing the size of the track and by comparing the width of the foot with its length, also by noticing the length of the hind toe. The meadow lark makes a track about two and a half inches long with a long print of the hind toe. The crow has a much larger track, and the prints of the separate toes are all about alike in length.

When one finds the tracks of a mouse, by following them up, he can see the place from which the little fellow started, or the place in which he is hiding. But a bird track suddenly stops, and a few broken lines on either side show where the wings have hit the snow when the bird flew up.

In the woods I found a great many tracks, the most common being those of the rabbit. One might imagine that a three-legged animal had been running along if he judged by the first appearance of the tracks. There are two large oval prints and just behind these a smaller irregular print. The two large tracks are made by the hind feet and the smaller single one by the fore feet together. In running the rabbit throws the hind feet beyond the fore feet, so that the prints of the feet are reversed.

One can also tell about how fast the rabbit was running. When the prints of all four feet are close together and the groups or tracks not very far apart, the rabbit was in no particular hurry. But when the

dogs get after him and he has to run for his life. the tracks show the long leaps of the frightened animal.

The snow about a dead stump told an interesting story, too. All about it were scattered tracks that looked as if they had been made by a very small rabbit. These told me that a deer mouse had his home in the stump.

Down by the pond I saw the tracks of a muskrat ; a fox had also cautiously picked his way through the field, keeping a safe distance from the barn where the dogs sleep. These are only a few of the tracks that I saw on this walk. When the next snow comes, get on your boots and tramp through the fields and see what you can find of this sort.

— JOHN BARLOW.

From "The Nature Guard."

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

WHITHER away, Robin,

Whither away ?

Is it through envy of the maple leaf,

Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,

Thou wilt not stay ?

The summer days were long, yet all too brief

The happy season thou hast been our guest :

Whither away ?

Whither away, Bluebird,

Whither away?

The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky

Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,

The hue of May.

Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,

Thou too, whose song first told us of the spring?

Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,

Whither away?

Canst thou no longer tarry in the north,

Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest?

Not one short day?

Wilt thou — as if thou human wert — go forth

And wander far from them who love thee best?

Whither away?

— EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

level

THE FROST

THE frost looked forth one still, clear night

And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight,

So through the valley and over the height

In silence I'll take my way;

I will not go on like that blustering train,

The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,

Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,

But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
 He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
 In diamond beads, and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail that need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear
 That he hung on its margin far and near
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept.
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees,
 There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees,
 There were cities, with temples, and towers, and these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair :
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare ;

“Now, just to set them a-thinking —
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “This costly pitcher I’ll break in three,
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me
 Shall ’tchick to tell them I’m drinking.”

—HANNAH F. GOULD.



WINTER BIRDS

I WATCH them from my window,
 While winds so keenly blow ;
 How merrily they twitter,
 And revel in the snow ;
 In brown and ruffled feathers
 They dot the white around
 And not one moping comrade
 Among the lot I've found.

Ah, may I be as cheerful
 As yonder winter birds,
 Through ills and petty crosses,
 With no repining words ;
 So, teaching me this lesson,
 Away, away they go,
 And leave their tiny footprints
 In stars upon the snow.

— GEORGE COOPER.

SANDY, THE GOOD SAMARITAN

LAST summer I made the acquaintance of a most estimable dog. He is a Scotch collie and his name is Sandy. He is a highly respected citizen, and if he could talk, would occupy an eminent position in the community in which he lives. Everybody has the greatest confidence in him.

Sandy spends a good deal of his time at a little cabin in the woods, and acts as superintendent over the place, looking after the cattle, the horses, and the chickens, and driving intruders away. His sense of hearing is so acute, and his instinct is so keen, that he can hear his master and mistress driving toward the farm before they come within a mile of it. Sandy may be snoozing on the veranda, or on the grass under one of the trees: suddenly he raises his head, looks around in an inquiring sort of way, his ears stiffen up, his eyes gleam, and then with a joyful bark he plunges into the forest that surrounds the place. Somehow he knows that the carriage is coming, and he dashes down the road as fast as he can run until he meets it with a joyful welcome.

Last summer Sandy's particular duty was to look after the little chicks that were hatched from time to time, and that seemed strangely incapable of caring for themselves. Notwithstanding the anxiety and warnings of their mothers, these little strangers would persist in running into the high grass. This was almost sure destruction, because very few of them could find their way out of it again.

Sandy took the matter into his charge and with patience, gentleness, and remarkable skill organized a life-saving service that proved very successful. No matter how he was engaged, he never failed to make

a thorough examination of the high grass several times a day, and he seldom came out of it without bringing in his mouth a little chicken, which he would drop gently before its mother, and then go back into the wilderness for another.

Sometimes he would bring out five or six stragglers in succession. Scarcely a day passed that his life-saving service did not rescue a large portion of the broods that otherwise would have perished. He never wounded or bruised the little wanderers, but carried them in his mouth as tenderly as a mother would take a baby in her arms. And it seemed to me that the little chicks understood that Sandy was sure to rescue them, and were all the more reckless on that account.

There was always a colony of dogs and cats about the camp, and when supper time came, they acted as if they were half starved. But Sandy always waited patiently until the rest were satisfied, and then in a most dignified manner he took what was left.

One day Sandy brought home with him a disreputable-looking cur which belonged somewhere down in the slums of the city, and was called Major. He was a mangy skeleton covered with wounds, and in a most pitiable state of misery. Sandy coaxed him up to the house, gave him his bed and food, and licked his sores.

Under this Good Samaritan treatment Major rapidly recovered health and strength, but nothing could make him look respectable. He was such a dog as would always be ugly and untidy. He did not possess a single point of beauty, nor, so far as any one could see, a spark of intelligence. But he afterward proved the truth of the old proverb that appearances are often deceitful.

Sandy's master and mistress did not like Major. They tried all sorts of ways to drive him off, but Sandy stood by him and took care of him, and saw that he had a good bed and plenty of food.

When it came time for the family to go out to the cabin in the woods to spend the summer, it was decided to separate Sandy and Major. The one was taken and the other was left, but no sooner did Sandy realize this fact than he showed his disapproval. He supposed that his friend was in a box in the wagon, but when it was unloaded, and Major did not appear, Sandy looked disappointed, and soon after disappeared, nor was he seen again until breakfast time the next morning when Major was at his heels.

Sandy had trotted patiently back into town, hunted up his friend, and had brought him out to the cabin. He made three trips of nine miles each that day, and that was a good deal for one dog to do for another.

— WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

here

MY LITTLE FARM

WHEN a little farm I keep,
 I shall tend my kine and sheep.
 And my pretty lambs shall fold
 In deep pastures starred with gold.
 On green carpets they shall tread ;
 Gold and purple be their bed,
 Honeyed clover make their food
 In a watered solitude.

And my garden places shall
 Grow me fruits on tree and wall,
 Give me blossoms in the spring
 And an autumn gathering.

An old dial and a cote
 Where the pigeons fly and float,
 And a well so green and dim
 Where the little fishes swim.

Hives of honey I shall own,
 Bees with drowsy monotone
 Toil all days to bring me home
Heather honey at the gloam.

'Twixt the mountains and the sea
 There my little farm will be, —
 I shall tend my sheep and kine,
 And a thankful heart be mine.

— KATHERINE TYNAN.



BLACK BEAUTY

THE first place I can well remember was a large, pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge at one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

In the daytime I ran by my mother's side, and

at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run about with them, and have great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:—

“I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well bred and well born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won a cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me

bite or kick. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick, even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice. I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. He spoke as gently to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so they called me Darkie. Then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites.

There was a plowboy Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game and did not know

that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on. Over the hedge he jumped, and catching Dick by the arm he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

“Bad boy!” he said, “bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There—take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again.” So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had become fine and soft, and was a bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome. My master would not sell me until I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs, and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him. He seemed to like me, and said, “When he has been well broken in, he will do very well.” My master said he would break me in himself as he

would not like me to be frightened or hurt; and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is; therefore, I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a carriage fixed behind, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own; but always do his master's will even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy, nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had of course long been used to a halter and a headstall, and to being led about in the fields and lanes, but now I was to have a bit and bridle. My master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth and the bridle fixed. One who has never had a bit in his mouth cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be

pushed into the mouth between the teeth and over the tongue, with the ends coming out of the corner of the mouth and held fast there by straps over the head, under the throat, round the nose, and under the chin. In no way in the world can you get rid of it. It is very bad! yes, very bad! At least, I thought so, but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, whilst old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats, then a little leading about, and this he did every day until I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length one morning my master got on my back and rode me about the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that, too, was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge to see that I was not hurt or frightened. The blacksmith took

my feet in his hand one after the other and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs until he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to the shoes.

And now, having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness, and there were more new things to wear. In time, however, I got used to everything and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, where there was a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly beside the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came,—with a rush and a clatter and a puffing out of smoke,—a long black train of something flew by and was gone, almost before I could

draw my breath. I turned and galloped to the farther side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the stations close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon, I cared as little about the passing of the train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at a railway station as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved, the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master. "But," said she, "there are a

great many kinds of men ; there are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve ; and there are bad, cruel men who never ought to have horse or dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think ; these spoil more horses than all the others, just for want of sense. They don't mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands ; but a horse never knows who may buy him ; it is all a chance for us ; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

—ANNIE SEWELL.

From "Black Beauty."

DYING IN HARNESS

ONLY a fallen horse, stretched out there on the
road,
Stretched in the broken shafts and crushed by the
heavy load ;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to
rise.

Hold ! for his toil is over — no more labor for him ;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes
grow dim ;

See on the friendly stones now peacefully rests the
head, —

Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be
dead ;

After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load — waiting
only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness — died in the shafts and
straps —

Fell, and the burden killed him : one of the day's
mishaps —

One of the passing wonders marking the city road —
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps
awhile,

What is the symbol? Only death? why should we
cease to smile

At death for a beast of burden? On, through the
busy street

That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurry-
ing feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless
will?

Does He who taught in parables speak in parables
still?

The seed on the rock is wasted — on heedless hearts
 of men,
 That gather and sow and grasp and lose — labor and
 sleep — and then —
 Then for the prize! — A crowd in the street of ever
 echoing tread —
 The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his
 harness — dead.

— JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversation in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice, “without pictures or conversations?”

So she was considering, as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid, whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, “Oh dear! Oh dear!

"I shall be too late!" When she thought it over afterward, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural. But when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of his waistcoat pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it. Burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and see what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything. Then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves; here and there she saw maps and

pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labeled "Orange Marmalade," but to her great disappointment it was empty. She did not like to drop the jar, for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down-stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house."

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think — yes, that's about the right distance — but then I wonder what latitude or longitude I've got to." Alice had not the slightest idea what latitude was, or longitude either, but she thought they were nice long words to say.

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it will seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! But I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know.

Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia? And what an ignorant little girl she will think me for asking! No, it will never do to ask; perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment. She looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost; away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen. On ran Alice, hoping to overtake it, but she soon found herself in a thick wood. She was a little startled by seeing a Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off. The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought; still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name; however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on.

“Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?”

“That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,” said the Cat.

“I don’t much care where —” said Alice.

“Then it doesn’t matter which way you go,” said the Cat.

“— so long as I get *somewhere*,” Alice added as an explanation.

“Oh, you are sure to do that,” said the Cat, “if you walk long enough.”

Alice tried another question. “What sort of people live about here?”

“In *that* direction,” the Cat said, waving its right paw round, “lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction,” waving the other paw, “lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they are both mad.”

“But I don’t want to go among mad people,” Alice remarked.

“Oh, you can’t help that,” said the Cat; “we are all mad here. I’m mad. You’re mad.”

“How do you know I’m mad?” said Alice.

“You must be,” said the Cat, “or you wouldn’t have come here.”

Alice did not think that proved it at all; however, she went on, “And how do you know that you are mad?”

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog is not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it is angry, and wags its tail when it is pleased. Now *I* growl when I am pleased, and wag my tail when I am angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"I call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so well used to queer things happening.

After a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I have seen hatters before," she said to herself, "the March Hare will be much the more interesting; and perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad — at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"I wish you wouldn't vanish and appear so suddenly," said Alice, "you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of its tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I have often seen a cat without a grin,"

thought Alice, "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life."

* * * * *

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you have had."

"Oh, I have had such a curious dream!" said Alice. And she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, her strange Adventures in Wonderland. When she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to your tea; it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:—

First, she dreamed about little Alice herself. Once again the little hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright, eager eyes were looking up into hers; she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes.

And as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

So she sat on with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality—the grass would be rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the aftertime, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather about her other little children, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago; and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child life, and the happy summer days.

—LEWIS CARROLL.

From "Alice in Wonderland."

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.
In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good; so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee.

—WHITTIER.

THE YOUNG ARTIST

IN the year 1738 there came into the world in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, an infant from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things.

A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on earth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed on the boy. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little

personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven ; for while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

“How beautiful she looks !” said Ben to himself. “What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever !”

Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, since nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and a sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother’s step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

“Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing ?” inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first Ben was unwilling to tell ; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the



baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms round our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his drawings to his mother.

As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature.

For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet flowers of early autumn.

In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

In those old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo.

Thus he had now three colors,—red, blue, and yellow,—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, who was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

“Puss,” said little Ben to the cat, “pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail.”

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss who had no great zeal for the fine arts would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother’s scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint brush.

This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney corner, and eyed Ben with a rueful face. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint brushes than that puss should be warm.

About this period friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who

was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs and of birds with beautiful plumage, and of wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the home of a Quaker farmer.

“Why, friend West,” exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, “what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?”

Then friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre and a piece of indigo, and brushes made of the black cat’s fur.

“Verily,” said Mr. Pennington, “the boy hath wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter, and Providence is wiser than we are.”

The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy. When his parents saw how much their son’s drawings were admired, they, no doubt, remembered the prophecy of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben’s future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a very great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper in which it was wrapped, behold! there was a paint box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for all night long his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.

The next day he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals.

“My dear child, thou hast done wonders!” cried his mother.

The good lady was delighted. And well she might be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of.

Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited in the Royal Academy in London.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him. Now what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures? This was a difficult question, and in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the wise men of their society.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business.



Painting by Benjamin West.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

All consented that he should go forth into the world and learn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors. He went first to Philadelphia and afterward to Europe.

When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time he acquired great fame by his pictures and was made chief painter to King George III. When the Quakers of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished.

It is true they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of General Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820 at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations than that of a little, unknown Quaker boy in the wilds of America into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wild-wood,

And every loved spot that my infancy knew.

The widespreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;

The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure;

For often at noon, when returned from the field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,

And dripping with coolness it rose from the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
 The tear of regret will oftentimes swell,
 As fancy returns to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well —
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

—SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

I

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
 Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
 With burning star and flaming band
 It kindles all the sunset land:
 Oh tell us what its name may be, —
 Is this the Flower of Liberty?
 It is the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

II

In savage Nature's far abode
 Its tender seed our fathers sowed;

The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,
 Its opening leaves were streaked with blood
 Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
 The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

III

Behold its streaming rays unite.
 One mingling flood of braided light, —
 The red that fires the Southern rose,
 With spotless white from Northern snows.
 And, spangled o'er its azure, see
 The sister Stars of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free.
 The starry Flower of Liberty!

IV

The blades of heroes fence it round,
 Where'er it springs is holy ground;
 From tower and dome its glories spread;
 It waves where lonely sentries tread;
 It makes the land as ocean free,
 And plants an empire on the sea!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty.

V

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,
 To all their heavenly colors true,
 In blackening frost or crimson dew, —
 And God love us as we love thee,
 Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry Flower of Liberty.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

— WILLIAM COLLINS.

Levi

THE CLOCKS OF RONDAINE

CENTURIES ago there stood on the banks of a river a little town called Rondaine. The river was a long and winding stream which ran through different countries. Sometimes it was narrow and swift and sometimes broad and placid. Sometimes it hurried through mountain passes and again it meandered quietly through fertile plains. In some places it was of a blue color and in others of a dark and somber hue. And so it changed until it threw itself into the warm, far-spreading sea.



But it was otherwise with the little town. As far back as anybody could remember, it had always been the same that it was at the time of our story. And the people who lived there could see no reason to

suppose that it would ever be different from what it was then. It was a pleasant little town and its citizens were very happy. So why should there be any change in it?

If Rondaine had been famed for anything at all, it would have been for the number of its clocks. It had many churches, and in the steeple of each of these churches there was a clock. There were town buildings which stood upon the great central square. Each of these had a tower, and in each tower was a clock. Then there were clocks at street corners and in the market place; clocks over shop doors, and a clock at each end of the bridge.

Many of these clocks were fashioned in some quaint and curious way. In one of the largest a stone man came out and struck the hours with a stone hammer, while a stone woman struck half hours with a stone broom: and in another an iron donkey kicked the hours on a bell behind him. It would be impossible to tell all the odd ways in which the clocks of Rondaine struck.

It was very interesting to lie awake in the night and hear the clocks strike. First would come a faint striking from one of the churches in the by-streets, a modest sound; then from another quarter would be heard a more confident clock striking the hour clearly and distinctly. When they were quite ready, but not

a moment before, the seven bells of the large church on the square would chime the hour. The sound of these bells seemed to wake up the stone man in the tower of the town building and he struck the hour with his hammer. And when every sound had died away, the iron donkey would kick out the hour on his bell.

The very last clock to strike in Rondaine was one belonging to a little old lady with white hair, who lived in a little white house in one of the prettiest and cleanest streets in the town. Her clock was in a little white tower at the corner of her house. Long after every other clock had struck, the old lady's clock would strike quickly and with a tone that said : —

“ I know that I am right, and I wish other people to know it.”

In a small house which stood at a corner of two streets in the town there lived a young girl named Arla. Her room was at the top of the house, and one of its windows opened to the west and another to the south. Arla liked to leave these windows open so that the sound of the clocks might come in.

It was not because she wanted to know the hour that Arla used to lie awake and listen to the clocks. She could tell this from her own little clock in her room.

On the front of her clock, just below the dial, was a sprig of a rosebush beautifully made of metal, and

on this, just after the hour had sounded, there was a large green bud. At a quarter past the hour this bud opened a little, so that the red petals could be seen; fifteen minutes later it was a half-blown rose, and at a quarter of an hour more it was nearly full blown. Just before the hour the rose opened to its fullest extent, and so remained until the clock had finished striking, when it immediately shut up into a great green bud.

This clock was a great delight to Arla; for not only was it a very pleasant thing to watch the unfolding of the rose, but it was a satisfaction to think that her little clock always told her exactly what time it was, no matter what the other clocks of Rondaine might say.

Arla's father and mother were thrifty, industrious people. They were very fond of their daughter, and wished her to grow up a thoughtful, useful woman. In the early morning, listening to the clocks of Rondaine, Arla did a great deal of thinking. It so happened on the morning of the day before Christmas she began to think of something which had never entered her mind before.

"How in the world," she said to herself, "do the people of Rondaine know when it is really Christmas? Christmas begins at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve; but as some of the people depend on one clock and

some upon others, a great many of them cannot truly know when Christmas Day has really begun. Not one of the clocks strikes at the right time! As for that iron donkey, I believe he kicks whenever he feels like it. And yet there are people who go by him!" With these thoughts in her mind, Arla could not go to sleep again. She heard all the clocks strike, and lay awake until her own little clock told her that she ought to get up.

During this time she had made up her mind what she should do. There was yet one day before Christmas, and if the people of the town could be made to see in what a deplorable condition they were, they might have time to set the matter right so that all the clocks should strike the correct hour and everybody should know exactly when Christmas Day began. Arla was sure that the citizens had never given this matter proper thought.

When she went down to breakfast, she asked permission of her mother to take a day's holiday. Her mother was quite willing to give her the day before Christmas in which she could do as she pleased.

So Arla started out gayly to attend to the business she had in hand. Everybody in Rondaine knew her father and mother and a great many of them knew her, so there was no reason why she should be afraid to go where she chose. In one hand she carried a

small covered basket in which she had placed her rose clock.

The first place she visited was the church where she and her parents always attended service. When she entered the dimly lighted church, Arla soon saw the sexton. He was a pleasant-faced little man whom she knew very well.

"Good morning, sir," said she. "Do you take care of the church clock?"

"Yes, my little friend," said he.

"Well, then," said Arla, "I think you ought to know that your clock is eleven minutes too fast. I came here to tell you so that you might change it, and make it strike properly."

The sexton's eyes began to twinkle. He was a man of merry mood.

"That is very good of you, little Arla; very good indeed. And now that we are about it, isn't there something else you would like to change? What do you say to having these stone pillars put to one side, so that they may be out of the way of the people when they come in? Or, what do you say to having our clock tower taken down and set out there in the square before the church door? Now tell me, shall we do these things together, wise little friend?"

A tear or two came into Arla's eyes and she went

away. "I suppose," she said to herself, "that it would be too much trouble to climb to the top of the tower to set the clock right. But that was no reason why he should make fun of me. I don't like him as well as I used to."

She now made her way to the great square of the town and entered the building at the top of which stood the stone man with his hammer. She found the doorkeeper in a little room by the side of the entrance. Arla thought she would be careful how she spoke to him.

"If you please, sir," she said with a curtsy, "I should like to say something to you. And I hope you will not be offended when I tell you that your clock is not right. Your stone man and your stone woman are both too slow. They sometimes strike as much as seven minutes after they ought to strike."

The grave, middle-aged man looked steadily at Arla through his spectacles.

"Child," said he, "for one hundred and fifty years the open tower on this building has stood there. And through all these years, in storm and in fair weather, by daylight or in the darkness of the night, that stone man and that stone woman have struck the hours and the half hours. And now you, a child, come to me and ask me to change that which has not been changed in one hundred and fifty years!"

Arla could answer nothing with those spectacles fixed upon her.

“Good morning, sir,” she said, as she turned and hurried into the street. She walked on until she came to the house of the little old lady with white hair. She concluded to stop and speak to her about her clock. “She is surely willing to alter that,” said Arla, “for it is so very much out of the way.”

The old lady knew who Arla was and received her very kindly; but when she heard why the young girl had come to her, she flew into a passion.

“Never since I was born,” she said, “have I been spoken to like this! My great-grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My father and mother lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for them! I was born in this house, have always lived in it; that clock is good enough for me! I heard its strokes when I was but a little child: I hope to hear them at my last hour; and sooner than raise my hand against the clock of my ancestors, I would cut off that hand!”

Tears came into Arla's eyes; she was a little frightened. “I hope you will pardon me,” she said, “for truly I did not wish to offend you. Nor did I think your clock is not a good one. I only meant

that you should make it better; it is nearly an hour out of the way."

The sight of Arla's tears cooled the anger of the little old lady.

"Child," she said, "you do not know what you are talking about, and I forgive you. But remember this: never ask persons as old as I am to alter the principles which have always made clear to them what they should do, or the clocks which have always told them when they should do it."

And kissing Arla, she bade her good-by.

"Principles may last a great while without altering," thought Arla, as she went away, "but I am sure it is very different with clocks."

The poor girl now felt a good deal discouraged.

"The people do not seem to care whether their clocks are right or not," she said to herself.

Determined to make one more effort, Arla walked quickly to the town building, at the top of which was the clock with the iron donkey. This building was a sort of museum. It had a great many curious things in it, and it was in charge of an ingenious man who was very learned and skillful.

When Arla had told the superintendent why she had come to him, he did not laugh at her nor did he get angry, but he listened attentively to all that she had to say.

"You must know, Arla," he said, "that our iron donkey not only kicks out the hours, but five minutes before doing so, he turns his head around and looks at the bell behind him; and then, when he has done kicking, he puts his head back into its former position. All this action requires a great many wheels and cogs and springs and levers. At noon on every bright day I set the donkey right, being able to get the correct time from a sundial which stands in the courtyard. But his works—which I am sorry to say are not well made—are sure to get a great deal out of the way before I set him again. But so far as I know every person but yourself is perfectly satisfied with our donkey clock."

"I suppose so," said Arla, with a sigh; "but it is really a great pity that every striking clock in Roudaine should be wrong!"

"But how do you know they are all wrong?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Arla, "when I lie awake in the early morning, I listen to their striking, and then I look at my own rose clock to see what time it really is."

"Your rose clock?" said the superintendent.

"This is it," said Arla, opening her basket and taking out her little clock.

The superintendent took it into his hands and looked

at it, outside and inside. And then, still holding it, he stepped out into the courtyard. When in a few moments he returned, he said : —

“I have compared your clock with my sundial, and find that it is ten minutes slow !”

“My — clock — ten — minutes — slow !” exclaimed Arla, with wide-open eyes.

“Yes,” said the superintendent. “Such a clock as this — which is a very ingenious and beautiful one — ought frequently to be compared with a sundial, and set to the proper hour.”

Arla sat quiet for a moment and then she said : —

“I think I shall not care any more to compare the clocks of Rondaine with my little rose clock. If the people do not care to know exactly when Christmas Day begins, I can do nobody any good by listening to the different strikings and then looking at my own little clock.”

“Especially,” said the superintendent, with a smile, “when you are not sure that your rose clock is right. But if you bring your little clock and your key here on any day when the sun is shining, I will set it to the time shadowed on the sundial, or show you how to do it yourself.”

“Thank you,” said Arla, and she took her leave.

As she walked home she lifted the lid of the basket and looked at her little rose clock.

"To think of it!" she said, "that you should be sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow! And worse than that, to think that some of the other clocks have been right and you have been wrong. I can hardly believe it of you."

But the little clock never went to be compared with the sundial. "Perhaps you are right now," Arla would say to her clock each day when the sun shone, "and I will not take you until some time when I feel very sure that you are wrong."

Whether it was right or wrong Arla was satisfied that no other clock in Rondaine was its equal. But she kept her thoughts to herself and never again attempted to regulate the affairs of others.

—FRANK R. STOCKTON.

From "Fanciful Tales," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

ONE evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple.

The shouts of children, and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand, grew louder and

louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking food and lodging in the village yonder and our neighbors have set their dogs at him, as their custom is."

"Welladay!" answered Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures."

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, while the noise came nearer and nearer, until, at the foot of the little hill on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels.

A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might.

The travelers were very humbly clad, and this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these people."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon went forward and extended his hand, saying in the heartiest tone, "Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you," replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of a way. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveler's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears.

Though it was a summer evening, the traveler wore a cloak, which he kept wrapped closely about him. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes. He was so wonderfully light and active that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveler. "But I always find my feet grow heavier toward nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one

along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld; it was made of olivewood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes carved in the wood were twining themselves about the staff, and old Philemon almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

Before he could ask any questions, however, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my time, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the trees, and the stream murmuring through the midst of the valley."

The stranger shook his head. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveler looked so stern that Philemon was almost frightened; the more so, that when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travelers both began to talk with Philemon.

"Pray, my friend," asked the old man of the younger stranger, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveler. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit me well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there! Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you," replied Quicksilver. "No other voice is loud enough."

Baucis had now got supper ready and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest turns the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

The supper was exceedingly small and the travelers drank all the milk in their bowls at one draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," said Baucis, in great confusion, "I am sorry and ashamed; but the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher."

"It appears to me," cried Quicksilver, taking the pitcher by the handle, "that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

And to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill not only his own bowl but his companion's likewise. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher is empty now."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the entire contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Baucis turned the pitcher upside down to show that there was not a drop left. What was her surprise, therefore, when such a stream of milk fell bubbling into the bowl that it was filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table.

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather dry and crusty, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven.

But, oh, the honey! Its color was that of the

purest gold, and it had the odor of a thousand flowers. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelled.

Baucis could not but think that there was something out of the common in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen.



“Did you ever hear the like?” she whispered.

“No, I never did,” answered Philemon, with a smile. “And I rather think, my dear wife, that there happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought—that is all.”

“Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please,” said Quicksilver, “and I shall then have supped better than a prince.”

This time old Philemon took up the pitcher himself; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in what Baucis had whispered to him. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand. He quickly set it down and cried out, "Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?"

"Your guests, Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice. "We are your guests and friends, and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, nor for the needy wayfarers!"

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. When left alone the good old couple spent some time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down to sleep.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes the next morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. They asked Philemon and Baucis to walk

forth with them a short distance and show them the road.

"Ah me!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. "If our neighbors knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so!" cried good old Baucis.

"My dear friends," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of mischief in his eyes, "where is this village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie?"

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the street, the children playing in it.

But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile valley in the hollow of which it lay had ceased to have existence. In its stead they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim.

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his grand and deep voice,

while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it in the distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; therefore the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky."

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveler, — "and you, kind Baucis, — you, with your scanty means, have done well, my dear old friends. Request whatever favor you have most at heart and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now look toward your cottage."

They did so. What was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble on the spot where their humble residence had stood.

"There is your home," said the stranger, smiling on them both. "Show your kindness in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The astonished old people fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time in making

everybody happy and comfortable who happened to pass that way.

They lived in their palace a very great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings. The guests searched everywhere, but all to no purpose. At last they espied in front of the door, two venerable trees, which no one had ever seen there before. One was an oak and the other a linden tree.

While the guests were marveling how these trees could have come to be so tall in a single night, a breeze sprang up and set their boughs astir. Then there was a deep murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

“I am Philemon!” murmured the oak.

“I am Baucis!” murmured the linden tree.

And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them. Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound could so much resemble words like these:—

“Welcome, welcome, dear traveler, welcome!”

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From "The Wonder-Book."

THE CHILD OF URBINO

MANY, many years ago, in old Urbino, in the pleasant land of Italy, a little boy stood looking out of a high window into the calm, sunshiny day. He was a pretty boy with hazel eyes and fair hair cut straight above his brows. He wore a little blue tunic with some embroidery about the neck of it, and in his hand he carried a little round cap of the same color.

He was a very happy little boy here in this stately yet kindly Urbino. He had a dear old grandfather and a loving mother; and he had a father who was very tender to him, and who was full of such true love of art that the child breathed it with every breath he drew.

He often said to himself, "I mean to become a painter, too." And the child understood that to be a painter was to be the greatest thing in the world; for this child was Raphael, the seven-year-old son of Giovanni Sanzio.

In those days it was good to live in old Urbino. There was a genuine love of beautiful things, a sense of public spirit, and a calm contentment among the people of that time, which made them happy and prosperous. All work was thoroughly done; in the fine old houses every stone was sound, every orna-



PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL.

ment well wrought and beautiful. Through all Italy there was a genuine love of what makes life joyous, and especially in the home of Raphael was there peace and sweet contentment.

Can you not picture to yourself good, wise Giovanni Sanzio, with his old father by his side, and his little son running before him, in the evening time, with the deep church bells swaying above them, and the last sun rays smiting the frescoed walls? Whenever I recall Urbino as it was, I wish it had been my lot to live then in that mountain home and to meet that dear child going along his happy, smiling way, garnering in his young soul all the beautiful sights and sounds around him!

“Let him alone: he will paint all this some day,” said his wise father. And the child never tired of looking from his aerie on the rocks and noting all that passed below. Do you not wish, with me, that you could stand in the window with Raphael to see down upon the earth as it then was?

At this time Urbino was growing into fame for its pottery work, and when its duke wished to send a bridal gift or a present on other festal occasions, he often chose some of his own Urbino ware. Jars and bowls and platters, oval dishes and ewers and vases, were all made and painted at Urbino, whilst Raphael Sanzio was running about on rosy, infantine feet.

There was a master potter in that day, one Benedetto, who did things rare and fine in the Urbino ware. He lived within a stone's throw of Giovanni Sanzio, and had a beautiful daughter, by name Pacifica. The house of Benedetto was a long, stone building with a porch at the back all overclimbed by hardy rose trees, and looking on a garden in which grew abundantly pear trees, plum trees, and strawberries. The little son of neighbor Sanzio ran in and out of this bigger house and wider garden of Benedetto at his pleasure, for the maiden Pacifica was always glad to see him, and even the master potter would show the child how to lay the color on the tremulous unbaked clay. Raphael loved Pacifica, as he loved everything that was beautiful, and every one that was kind.

Master Benedetto had four apprentices or pupils at that time, but the one that Raphael and Pacifica liked best was one Luca, a youth with a noble, dark beauty of his own. For love of Pacifica he had come down from his mountain home and had bound himself to her father's service. Now he spent his days trying in vain to make designs fair enough to find favor in the eyes of his master.

One day, as Raphael was standing by his favorite window in the potter's house, his friend, the handsome Luca, who was also standing there, sighed so

deeply that the child was startled from his dreams. "Good Luca, what ails you?" he queried, winding his arms about the young man's knees.

"Oh, 'Faello!" sighed the apprentice, woefully, "here is a chance to win the hand of Pacifica if only I had talent. If the good Lord had only gifted me with a master's skill, instead of all the strength of this great body of mine, I might win Pacifica."

"What chance is it?" asked Raphael.

"Dear one," answered Luca, with a tremendous sigh, "you must know that a new order has come in this very forenoon from the Duke. He wishes a dish and a jar of the very finest majolica to be painted with the story of Esther and made ready in three months from this date. The master has said that whoever makes a dish and a jar beautiful enough for the great Duke shall become his partner and the husband of Pacifica. Now you see, 'Faello mine, why I am so bitterly sad of heart;—for at the painting of clay I am but a tyro. Even your good father told me that, though I had a heart of gold, yet I would never be able to decorate anything more than a barber's basin. Alas! what shall I do? They will all beat me;" and tears rolled down the poor youth's face.

Raphael heard all this in silence, leaning his elbows on his friend's knee, and his chin on the palms of his

own hands. He knew that the other pupils were better painters by far than his Luca; though not one of them was such a good-hearted youth, and for none of them did the maiden Pacifica care.

Raphael was very pensive for a while; then he raised his head and said, "Listen! I have thought of something, Luca. But I do not know whether you will let me try it."

"You angel child! What would your old Luca deny to you? But as for helping me, put that out of your little mind forever, for no one can help me."

"Let me try!" said the child a hundred times.

Luca could hardly restrain his shouts of mirth at the audacious fancy. Baby Raphael, only seven years old, to paint a majolica dish and vase for the Duke! But the sight of the serious face of Raphael, looking up with serene confidence, kept the good fellow grave. So utterly in earnest was the child, and so intense was Luca's despair, that the young man gave way to Raphael's entreaties.

"Never can I do aught," he said bitterly. "And sometimes by the help of cherubs the saints work miracles."

"It will be no miracle," replied Raphael; "it will be myself, and what the dear God has put into me."

From that hour Luca let him do what he would, and through all the lovely summer days the child

shut himself up in the garret and studied, and thought, and worked. For three months Raphael passed the most anxious hours of all his sunny young life. He would not allow Luca even to look at what he did. The swallows came in and out of the open window and fluttered all around him ; the morning sunbeams came in, too, and made a halo about his golden head. He was only seven years old, but he labored as earnestly as if he were a man grown, his little rosy fingers grasping that pencil which was to make him, in life and death, more famous than all the kings of the earth.

Ah, how glad he was now that his father had let him draw since he was two years old, and that Master Benedetto had taught him some of the mysteries of ornamenting pottery ! His face grew very serious and lost its color, and his large, hazel eyes looked very big and grave and dark.

So Raphael, unknown to any one else, worked on and on there in the attic, while the tulips bloomed and withered, and the honeysuckle was in flower in the hedges, and the wheat and barley were being cut in the quiet fields. For midsummer was come ; the three months, all but a week, had passed by. Every one was now ready to compete for the Duke's choice.

One afternoon Raphael took Luca by the hand and said to him, "Come." He led the young man up to

the table beneath the window where he had passed so many days of the spring and summer. Luca gave a great cry and then fell on his knees, clasping the little feet of the child.

"Dear Luca," he said softly, "do not do that. If it be indeed good, let us thank God."

What Luca saw was the great oval dish and the great jar or vase with all manner of graceful symbols and classic designs wrought upon them. Their borders were garlanded with cherubs and flowers, and the landscapes were the beautiful landscapes round about Urbino; and amidst the figures there was one white-robed, golden-crowned Esther, to whom the child painter had given the face of Pacifica.

"Oh, wondrous boy!" sighed the poor apprentice as he gazed, and his heart was so full that he burst into tears. At last he said timidly: "But, Raphael, I do not see how your marvelous creation can help me! Even if you would allow it to pass as mine, I could not accept such a thing,—not even to win Pacifica. It would be a fraud, a shame."

"Wait just a little longer, my good friend, and trust me," said Raphael.

The next morning was a midsummer day. Now, the pottery was all to be placed on a long table, and the Duke was then to come and make his choice from amidst them. A few privileged persons had been

invited, among them the father of Raphael, who came with his little son clinging to his hand.

The young Duke and his court came riding down the street, and paused before the old stone house of the master potter. Bowing to the ground, Master Benedetto led the way and the others followed into the workshop. In all there were ten competitors. The dishes and jars were arranged with a number attached to each — no name to any.

The Duke, doffing his plumed cap, walked down the long room and examined each production in its turn. With fair words he complimented Signor Benedetto on the brave show, and only before the work of poor Luca was he entirely silent. At last, before a vase and a dish that stood at the farthest end of the table the Duke gave a sudden cry of wonder and delight.

“This is beyond all comparison,” said he, taking the great oval dish in his hands. “It is worth its weight in gold. I pray you, quick, name the artist.”

“It is marked number eleven, my lord,” answered the master potter, trembling with pleasure and surprise. “Ho, you who reply to that number, stand out and give your name.”

But no one moved. The young men looked at one another. Where was this nameless rival? There were but ten of themselves.

“Ho, there!” cried the master, becoming angry. “Can you not find a tongue? Who has wrought this wondrous work?”

Then the child loosened his little hand from his father’s hold and stepped forward, and stood before the master potter.

“I painted it,” he said, with a pleased smile, “I, Raphael.”

Can you not fancy the wonder, the rapture, the questions, the praise, that followed on the discovery of the child artist? The Duke felt his eyes wet, and his heart swell. He took a gold chain from his own neck and threw it over Raphael’s shoulders.

“There is your first reward,” he said. “You will have many, O wondrous child, and you shall live when we who stand here are dust!”

Raphael, with winning grace, kissed the Duke’s hand, and then turned to his own father.

“Is it true that I have won the prize?”

“Quite true, my child,” said Sanzio, with tremulous voice.

Raphael looked up at Master Benedetto and gently said, “Then I claim the hand of Pacifica.”

“Dear and marvelous child,” murmured Benedetto, “you are only jesting, I know; but tell me in truth what you would have. I can deny you nothing; you are my master.”

"I am your pupil," said Raphael with sweet simplicity. "Had you not taught me the secret of your colors, I could have done nothing. Now, dear Master, and you, my lord Duke, I pray you hear me. By the terms of this contest I have won the hand of



THE MADONNA. FROM A PAINTING BY RAPHAEL.

Pacifica and a partnership with Master Benedetto. I take these rights and I give them over to my dear friend, Luca, who is the truest man in all the world, and who loves Pacifica as no other can do."

Signor Benedetto stood mute and agitated. Luca,

pale as ashes, had sprung forward and dropped on his knees.

"Listen to the voice of an angel, my good Benedetto," said the Duke.

The master burst into tears. "I can refuse him nothing," he said with a sob.

"And call the fair Pacifica," cried the sovereign, "and I will give her myself, as a dower, as many gold pieces as we can cram into this famous vase. Young man, rise up, and be happy!"

But Luca heard not; he was still kneeling at the feet of Raphael.

—LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

KING PORSENA gathered together a great army and came up against Rome. When men heard of his coming there was such a fear as had never been before. Nevertheless they were steadfastly purposed to hold out.

All that were in the country fled to the city. Round about the city they set guards to keep it, part being defended by walls, and part, for so it seemed, being made safe by the river.

But here a great peril had well-nigh overtaken the city. There was a wooden bridge on the river

by which the enemy could have crossed but for the courage of a certain Horatius. There was a hill which men called Janiculum on the opposite side of the river, and this hill King Porsena took by a sudden attack.

Horatius chanced to have been set to guard the bridge. He saw how the enemy were running at full speed to the place, and how the Romans were fleeing in confusion. He cried with a loud voice, "Men of Rome, if ye leave this bridge behind you for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that you have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break it down with ax and fire as best ye can. In the meanwhile I, so far as one man may do, will stay the enemy."

As he spoke he ran forward to the farther end of the bridge and made ready to keep the way against the enemy. There stood two with him, Lartius and Herminius by name, men of noble birth and of great renown in arms. These three stayed the first onset of the enemy; and the men of Rome broke down the bridge.

When there was but a small part remaining, and they that broke it down called to the three that they should come back, Horatius bade the others return. He himself remained on the farther side, crying, "Dare ye now to fight with me? Why are ye thus

come up at the bidding of your master, King Porsena, to rob others of the freedom that ye care not to have for yourselves?"

For a while they delayed, looking each man to his neighbor, who should first deal with this champion of the Romans.

Then for very shame they all ran forward, and raising a great shout threw their javelins at him. These all he took upon his shield, nor stood less firmly in his place on the bridge. Suddenly the men of Rome raised a great shout, for the bridge was now broken down, and fell with a great crash into the river.

And as the enemy stayed awhile for fear, Horatius turned to the river and said, "O Father Tiber, I beseech thee this day that thou kindly receive this soldier and his arms." As he spake he leapt with all his arms into the river and swam across to his own people. Though many javelins of the enemy fell about him, he was not one whit hurt.

Nor did such valor fail to receive honor from the city. The citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the market place; and they gave him of the public lands so much as he could plow about in one day. Also there was this honor paid him, that each citizen took somewhat of his own store and gave it to him, for food was scarce in the city by reason of the siege.

— ALFRED J. CHURCH.

KEEPING THE BRIDGE

OUT spake the Consul roundly :

“The bridge must straight go down ;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town.”

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :

“To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods ?

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.

In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, —
A Ramnian proud was he :

“Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

And out spake strong Herminius, —
 Of Titian blood was he :
 “I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
 “As thou say’st, so let it be.”
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
 For Romans, in Rome’s quarrel,
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

The three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard rose.
 But soon Etruria’s noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless three!

Meanwhile the ax and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.



KEEPING THE BRIDGE.

“Come back, come back, Horatius !”

Loud cried the Fathers all ;

“Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !

Back, ere the ruin fall !”

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;

Herminius darted back ;

And, as they passed, beneath their feet

They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,

And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,

They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,

Fell every loosened beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck

Lay right athwart the stream ;

And a long shout of triumph

Rose from the walls of Rome,

As to the highest turret-tops

Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,

But constant still in mind ;

Thrice thirty thousand foes before,

And the broad flood behind.

“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 “Now yield thee!” cried Lars Porsena
 “Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see;
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus naught spake he;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome;—

“O Tiber! Father Tiber!
 To whom the Roman’s pray!
 A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
 Take thou in charge this day!”
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
 The good sword by his side,
 And, with his harness on his back,
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
 Was heard from either bank;
 But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
 With parted lips and straining eyes,
 Stood gazing where he sank;

And when above the surges .
 They saw his crest appear,
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
 And even the ranks of Tuscany
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

“ Out on him ! ” quoth false Sextus ;
 “ Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town ! ”
 “ Heaven help him ! ” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “ And bring him safe to shore ;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before . ”

And now the ground he touches,
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers,
 To press his gory hands ;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the River Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

— T. B. MACAULAY.

From “ Horatius . ”

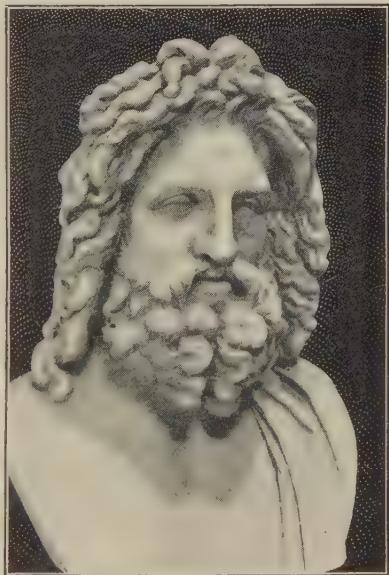
THE GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE

LONG, long ago, there lived, in the land which we call Greece, a race of brave men and beautiful women. They thought their own land the best and the fairest in the world ; and as they watched the sunsets and the rising of the moon and all the other beautiful things that nature showed them, they were filled with awe and wonder.

So they said, "There must be some mighty people living above us, who rule the sun and the moon and the stars and the oceans and the rivers and the woods. They are great

and happy and good, and they live forever ; and from them come all our joys and sorrows. Let us worship them and sing of them." And they called these mighty people gods and goddesses.

In the central part of Greece there stood a lofty mountain called Olympus. Its sides were covered



JUPITER.

with thick green woods ; and it was so high that its peak seemed to pierce through the clouds, up, up, into the sky, till the eye could scarcely follow it. None of the people of Greece had ever climbed to the top of Mount Olympus, and they said that it was there that the gods lived, among the clouds and the stars.

They pictured the marble halls, with their great shining pillars and their thrones of gold and silver. The walls of the palaces, they said, were covered with pictures such as no man's hand had ever painted, — pictures such as we sometimes see in the sunset sky, when the pink and gold and purple clouds sink in the west, changing their shape each moment that we gaze at them.

Sometimes the mighty rulers of the sun and the moon and all the world left their homes and came down to visit the people of the earth. Once in a great, great while, they came in their own true forms, but far oftener they took on the shape of animals or human beings, so that they might not be recognized.

The people of Greece believed that if they did anything wrong it would displease the gods, and that they would be punished by sickness or death or some other evil ; but if they did what was right, those mighty ones would be pleased, and would love them and send them wealth and happiness.

So they built great temples of marble, and in them they set up gold and ivory statues of the gods ; and there they came, in time of trouble, to ask for help and comfort ; and when they were happy they came to offer up their thanks to the kind gods.

The king of the gods was Jupiter, who ruled not only the people of the earth, but the mighty ones who dwelt above. When storms raged, men said it was Jupiter who hurled the thunderbolts and guided the winds and the waters. His wife was Juno, the beautiful queen of heaven, who helped him in his work. Besides Jupiter and Juno there were many other gods and goddesses.



APOLLO.

The Greeks watched the sun rise at dawn and they said it was the beautiful Apollo, the sun god, who drove his golden chariot from his palace in the east ; and at nightfall, when the sun had sunk to rest, and the moon rode slowly across the heavens, they said, "It is the goddess Diana, guiding her silver car across the skies." Diana was also the goddess of the

hunt, and in the daytime she wandered through the green woods, with her arrows at her side, while her fleet hounds sped on in front of her, and a train of young girls and wood nymphs followed.

Venus, the queen of love and beauty, was the fairest of all the goddesses. She was supposed to have sprung from the sea one day, in a cloud of spray, and was so beautiful that gods and men joined to do her honor.

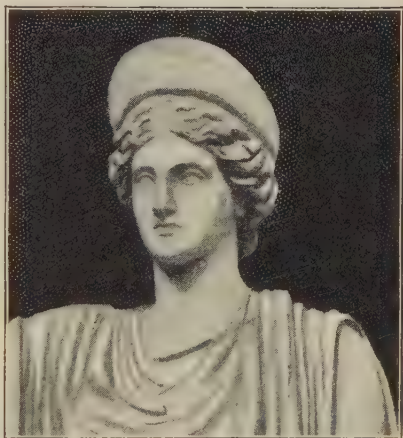
She had a little son named Cupid, who also was the god of love. He was sometimes called the god of the bow, because he was never seen without his bow and arrows. Cupid was always young and rosy and dimpled; he never grew up as other children do.

Neptune was the god of the sea and ruled over all the waters of the earth. When the sea rose in mighty billows, the Greeks said that Neptune was stirring them to anger with the trident that he always carried; but when the waters grew calm once more they thought that he had stilled the waves with his mighty power.

When men were wise and skillful, their knowledge was said to come from Minerva, the great goddess of wisdom. She could be even more powerful than mighty Mars, the war god, for by craftiness and cunning a few men sometimes overcame a whole army.

When Jupiter wished to send words of command

to the other gods or to men, he would summon the fleet-footed Mercury, who, with his winged sandals, could fly faster than the swiftest bird. In those old days people thought that all their dreams came from Jupiter and that Mercury brought them to earth; and when men died, that he led their spirits to the land of shades. This gloomy kingdom lay deep down in the center of the earth and its ruler was King Pluto.



JUNO.

Ceres was the goddess of the earth; and when the harvests were bountiful, the people said it was good Mother Ceres who made the green stalks spring up and be fruitful.

The Greeks in those old days believed that the gods lived their lives of mingled joy and sorrow, just as did the men who worshiped them. Poets told beautiful stories of them, and the people loved to listen to these tales of the spirits that ruled over the realms of nature. Men told these stories to their sons and daughters, who in their turn told them to

their children. Thus these stories or myths, as they are called, have come down even to our own day. They were first related thousands of years ago, but they are as much loved now as when the poets of ancient Greece sang of their beautiful country and its gods.

— GRACE H. KUPFER.

Adapted from "Stories of Long Ago."

PROCRUSTES AND HIS BED

As Theseus was skirting the Vale along the foot of lofty Parnes, a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke:—

“Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile.”

“I give you thanks,” said Theseus; “but I am in haste to go up the valley, and to reach Aphidnai.”

“Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach Aphidnai to-night; for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after night-

fall. It is well for you that I met you; for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine: and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travelers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before." And he laid hold on Theseus's hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forward, but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and besides, he was hungry and weary; yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road toward the peaks of Parnes, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

And as they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags. And around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the white peaks of Parnes the snow blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus, as he looked round at that doleful place.

And he said at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes, but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also; and far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking by them, watching their wares.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them and we will eat and drink together the livelong night. Happy am I, to whom heaven sends so many guests at once!" And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep path.

But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his fagot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said:—

"O fair youth, help me up with my burden; for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said:—

“Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel this doleful road?”

“Who I am my parents know: but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed.”

Then the old man clapped his hands together, and cried:—

“Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death; for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me.”

“Why?” asked Theseus, astonished.

“Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short he stretches his limbs till they be long enough: but me only he spared, seven weary years ago; for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in the great city of Thebes; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men.”

Then Theseus said nothing; but ground his teeth together.

“Escape then,” said the old man, “for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed: and the young man’s hands and feet he cut off; but the maiden’s limbs he stretched until she died — but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And therefore he is called Procrustes the Stretcher. Flee from him; yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road.”

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man’s mouth, and said, “There is no need to flee;” and he turned to go down the pass.

“Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death;” and the old man screamed after him down the glen. But Theseus strode on in his wrath.

And he said to himself: “This is an ill-ruled land; when shall I have done ridding it of monsters?” And as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. And when he saw Theseus, he cried, “Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?”

But Theseus answered, “The man who stretches his guests upon a bed, and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?”



THESEUS AND PROCRUSTES.

Then the countenance of Procrustes changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste. But Theseus leaped on him, and cried, —

“Is this true, my host, or is it false?” and he clasped Procrustes round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

“Is this true, my host, or is it false?” But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and before Procrustes could strike him he had struck, and felled him to the ground.

And once again Theseus struck Procrustes; and his evil soul fled forth, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he went down the mountains, and away.

And he went down the glens of Parnes, through mist, and cloud, and rain, till he came to the pleasant town of Aphidnai, and the home of the heroes, where they dwelt beneath a mighty elm.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE SOWER

AND great multitudes were gathered together unto Jesus, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying :

Behold a sower went forth to sow :

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up :

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth :

And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away :

And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them :

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold.

Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

From "St. Matthew."

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners; the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING

O THOU bright and beautiful day !
 First bright day of the virgin Spring,
 Bringing the slumbering life into play,
 Giving the leaping bird his wing.

I hear thy voice in the lark's clear note,
 In the cricket's chirp at the evening hour,
 In the zephyr's sighs that around me float,
 In the breathing bud and the opening flower.

— W. G. SIMMS.

THE SECRETS OF SPRING

THERE's something in the air
 That's new and sweet and rare —
 A scent of summer things,
 A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
 In the color of the blue
 That's in the morning sky,
 Before the sun is high.

And all this changing tint,
 This whispering stir and hint
 Of bud and bloom and wing,
 Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
 The brooks will break away
 From their icy, frozen sleep,
 And run, and laugh, and leap.

So, silently but swift,
 Above the wintry drift,
 The long days gain and gain,
 Until on hill and plain, —

Once more, and yet once more,
 Returning as before,
 We see the bloom of birth
 Make young again the earth.

—NORA PERRY.

SIR ROBIN

ROLICKING ROBIN is here again.
 What does he care for the April rain?
 Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
 That the April rain carries off the snow,
 And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
 And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
 And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
 For his hungry little robins to eat?
 "Ha, ha, ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
 "That isn't the best of the story, by half!"

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
 Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown.
 Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
 He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
 With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,
 To his Robin-wife, in the peach-tree top,
 Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
 You don't earn your living! Come here! Come
 here!

Ha, ha, ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
 But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
 Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.
 You never dream of the wonders you bring, —
 Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
 How all the beautiful By-and-by
 Around you and after you seems to fly!
 Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!
 Well have you earned every morsel you find.
 "Ay! Ha, ha, ha!" whistles Robin. "My dear,
 Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

—LUCY LARCOM.

The world is so full of a number of things,
 I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—R. L. STEVENSON.

SKY-BORN MUSIC

LET me go where'er I will,
 I hear a sky-born music still.
 It is not only in the rose,
 It is not only in a bird,
 Not only where the rainbow glows,
 Nor in the song of woman heard;
 But in the darkest, meanest things, —
 There always, always, something sings.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

JAIKIE'S FLOWER GARDEN

It was Jiminy's garden, or at least his father's, which is the same thing, or even better. For his father lived in a gloomy study with severe books all about him, and was no more conscious of the existence of the beautiful garden than if it had been the Desert of Sahara.

The boys did not go to school, but Jiminy had a brief and terrible struggle with the Latin verb for an hour every morning in his father's study, from which he emerged to forget all about the matter for the other twenty-three.

The old garden was cut into squares by noble walks bordered by boxwood, high like a hedge.

There was an orchard also, with old gnarled trees green-mossed, that bore little fruit, but made a glory of shade in the dog days.

Up among the branches Jiminy made a platform, like those Jaikie read to him about in a book of Indian travel, where the hunters waited for tigers to come underneath them. Ever since Jaikie became lame he lived at the manse and the minister let him read all sorts of books if so he wished. Jiminy cared little about books, but Jaikie looked upon each one of them as a new gate to paradise.

Once it was Jaikie who used always to do what Jiminy bade him; but, after Jaikie was hurt, it was quite different. Jiminy now came to Jaikie and said, "What shall we do to-day?" And then he would wheel his friend in a little carriage the village joiner made, and afterward carry him among the orchard trees to the place Jaikie wanted to go.

"Jiminy," said Jaikie, "the flowers are bonnie in the plots, but they are all prisoners. Let us make a place where they can grow as they like." Perhaps he thought of himself laid weak and lonely, when the green world without was all a-growing and a-blowing.

"Bring some of the flowers up to this corner," said Jaikie, the lame boy, and it was not long till Jiminy brought them. The ground was baked and dry, how-

ever, and soon they would have withered, but that Jaikie issued his commands, and Jiminy ran for pails upon pails of water from the little burn where now the water had stopped flowing, and only slept in pools with a little green scum over them.

"I can't carry water all night like this," said Jiminy at last. "I suppose we must give up this wild garden here in the corner of the orchard."

"No," said Jaikie, rubbing his lame ankle where it always hurt, "we must not give it up, for it is our very own, and I shall think about it to-night between the clock-strikes." For Jaikie used to lie awake and count the hours when the pain was at the worst.

So in the little room next to Jiminy's, Jaikie lay awake and hearkened to the gentle breathing of his friend. Jiminy always said when he went to bed, "I'll keep awake to-night sure, Jaikie, and talk to you." And Jaikie only smiled a wan smile with a soul in it, for he knew that as soon as Jiminy's drowsy head touched the pillow, he would be in the dim and beautiful country of Nod, leaving poor Jaikie to rub the leg in which the pains ran races up and down, and to listen for the next stroke of the clock.

As he lay, Jaikie thought of the flowers in the corner of the orchard thirsty and sick. It might be that they, like him, were sleepless and suffering. He remembered the rich carnations with their dower of

sweet savor, the dark indigo cornflowers, the spotted musk monkey flowers, smelling like a village flower show. They would all be drooping and sad, and it might be that the ferns would be dead—all but the hart's tongue; which, though moisture-loving, can yet train itself to endure and abide thirsty and unslaked. But the thought of their pain worked in Jaikie's heart.

“Maybe it will make me forget my foot if I can go and water them.” So he arose, crawling on his hands and knees downstairs very softly, past where Jiminy tossed in his bed, and softer still past the minister's door. But there was no sound save the creak of the stair under him. Jaikie crept to the water pail, and got the large quart tankard that hung by the side of the wall. It was a hard job for a little lad to get a heavy tin vessel filled,—a harder one still to unlock the door and creep away across the square of gravel. “You have no idea,” he said afterward, “how badly gravel hurts your knees when they are bare.”

Luckily it was a hot night, and not a breath of air was stirring, so the little white-clad figure moved slowly across the front of the house to the green gate of the garden. Jaikie could reach out only as far as his arms would go with the tin of water. Then painfully he pulled himself forward toward the

tankard. But in spite of all he made headway, and soon he was creeping up the middle walk, past the great central sundial, which seemed high as a church-steeple above him. The ghostly moths fluttered about him, attracted by the waving white of his garments. In their corner he found the flowers, and, as he had thought, they were withered and drooping. He lifted the water with his palms, and sprinkled it upon the plants, taking care that none dripped through, for it was very precious, and he seemed to have carried it many miles. As soon as they felt the water upon them, the flowers paid him back in perfume.

"I wish I had some for you, dear buttercups," said Jaikie to the golden chalices which grew in the hollows by the burnside; "can you wait another day?"

"We have waited long," they seemed to reply; "we can surely wait another day."

Then the honeysuckle reached down a single tendril to touch Jaikie on the cheek. "Some for me, please," it said; "there are so many of us at our house, and so little to get. Our roots are such a long way off, and the big fellows farther down get most of the juice before it comes our way. If you cannot water us all, you might pour a little on our heads." So Jaikie lifted up his tankard and poured the few drops that were in the bottom upon the nodding heads of the honeysuckle blooms.

“Bide a little while,” said he, “and you shall have plenty for root and flower, for branch and vine and stem.”

There were not many little boys more loving than Jaikie in all the world; and with his work and his helping and talking, he had quite forgotten about the pain in his foot. He began to creep back again in the quiet, colorless night; but before he had gone away the honeysuckle said, “Remember to come back to-morrow and water us, and we will get ready such fine, full cups of honey for you!”

And Jaikie promised. He shut the gate to keep out the hens. He crept across the pebbles, and they hurt his knees more than ever. He hung up the tin dipper again on its peg, and climbed the stairs to his bedroom. Jiminy was breathing as quietly as a lazy red-spotted trout in the shadow of the bank on a warm afternoon. Jaikie crept into his bed and fell asleep without a thought.

He did not awake till quite late in the day, when Jiminy came to tell him that somebody had been watering the flowers in the Corner of Shadows during the night. “I think it must have been the angels,” said Jiminy, before Jaikie had time to tell him how it all happened. “My father thinks so, too.”

—S. R. CROCKETT.

From “Bog Myrtle and Peat.”

A LIFE OF FEAR

As I sat looking from my window the other morning upon a red squirrel gathering nuts from a small hickory, and storing them up in his den in the bank, I was forcibly reminded of the state of constant fear and apprehension in which the wild creatures live, and I tried to picture to myself what life would be to me, or to any of us, hedged about by so many dangers, real or imaginary.

The squirrel would shoot up the tree, making only a brown streak from the bottom to the top; would seize his nut and rush down again in the most hurried manner. Halfway to his den, which was not over three rods distant, he would rush up the trunk of another tree for a few yards to make an observation. No danger being near, he would dive into his den and reappear again in a twinkling.

Returning for another nut, he would mount the second tree again for another observation. Satisfied that the coast was clear, he would spin along the top of the ground to the tree that bore the nuts, shoot up it as before, seize the fruit, and then back again to his retreat.

Never did he fail, during the half hour or more that I watched him, to take an observation on his way both to and from his nest. It was "snatch and

run" with him. Something seemed to say to him all the time: "Look out! look out!" "The cat!" "The hawk!" "The owl!" "The boy with the gun!"

It was a bleak December morning; the first fine flakes of a cold, driving snowstorm were just beginning to sift down, and the squirrel was eager to finish harvesting his nuts in time. It was quite touching to see how hurried and anxious and nervous he was. I felt like going out and lending a hand.

The nuts were small, and I thought of all the gnawing he would have to do to get at the scanty meat they held. My little boy once took pity on a squirrel that lived in the wall near the gate, and cracked the nuts for him, and put them upon a small board shelf in the tree, where he could sit and eat them at his ease.

The red squirrel is not so provident as the chipmunk. He lays up stores irregularly, by fits and starts; he never has enough put up to carry him over winter; hence he is more or less active all the season. Long before the December snow, the chipmunk has for days been making hourly trips to his den with full pockets of nuts or corn or buckwheat, till his bin holds enough to carry him through to April. He need not, and I believe does not, set foot out of doors during the whole winter.

Eternal vigilance is the price of life with most of the wild creatures. There is only one among them whose wildness I cannot understand, and that is the common water turtle. Why is this creature so fearful? What are its enemies? I know of nothing that preys upon it. Yet see how watchful and suspicious these turtles are as they sun themselves upon a log or a rock. While you are yet many yards away from them, they slide down into the water and are gone.

The land turtle, on the other hand, shows scarcely a trace of fear. He will indeed pause in his walk when you are very near him, but he will not retreat into his shell till you have poked him with your foot or your cane. He appears to have no enemies; but the little spotted water turtle is as shy as if he were the delicate tidbit that every creature was searching for. I did once find one which a fox had dug out of the mud in winter, and carried a few rods and dropped on the snow, as if he had found he had no use for it.

The raccoon is probably the most courageous creature among our familiar wild animals. Who ever saw a raccoon show the white feather? He will face any odds with composure. I have seen one upon the ground, beset by four men and two dogs, and never for a moment losing his presence of mind, or showing a sign of fear. The raccoon is clear grit.

The fox is a very wild and suspicious creature, but,

curiously enough, when you suddenly come face to face with him, when he is held by a trap, or driven by the hound, his expression is not that of fear, but of shame and guilt. He seems to diminish in size and to be overwhelmed with humiliation. Does he know himself to be an old thief, and is that the reason of his embarrassment?

In the heart of the rabbit fear constantly abides. The fox is after her, the owls are after her, the gunners are after her, and she has no defense but her speed. She always keeps well to cover. The northern hare keeps in the thickest brush. If the hare or rabbit crosses a broad, open exposure, it does so hurriedly, like a mouse when it crosses the road. The mouse is in danger of being pounced upon by the hawk, and the hare or rabbit by the snowy owl, or else the great horned owl.

A friend of mine was following one morning a fresh rabbit track through an open field. Suddenly the track came to an end, as if the creature had taken wings, — as it had, after an unpleasant fashion. There, on either side of its last foot imprint, were several parallel lines in the snow, made by the wings of the great owl that had swooped down and carried it off. What a little tragedy was seen written there upon the white, even surface of the field!

— JOHN BURROUGHS.

From "Squirrels and other Fur-bearers."

THE APPLE BLOSSOMS

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring?

In the spring?

A blooming apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary

With their wealth of promised glory,

And the mavis pipes his story

In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,

Crumpled petals baby-white,

Just to touch them a delight —

In the spring!

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?

When the pink cascades are falling,

And the silver brooklets brawling,

And the cuckoo bird soft calling,

In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,

In the spring,

Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
 No sweet sight can I remember
 Half so precious, half so tender,
 As the apple blossoms render
 In the spring.

— WILLIAM WESLEY MARTIN.

SPRING

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
 Which dwells with all things fair,
 Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
 Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
 Its fragrant lamps, and turns
 Into a royal court with green festoons
 The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
 The blood is all aglee,
 And there's a look about the leafless bowers
 As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
 Of winter in the land,
 Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
 Flushed by the season's dawn ;

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
 That, not a span below,
 A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
 And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
 Appear some azure gems,
 Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
 The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
 The crocus breaking earth ;
 And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
 The violet in its screen.

And there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
 In the sweet airs of morn ;
 One almost looks to see the very street
 Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
 And brings, you know not why,
 A feeling as when eager crowds await
 Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
 If from some beech's heart,
 A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
 "Behold me, I am May!"

— HENRY TIMROD.

A SONG

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway :
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree ;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering carelessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair ;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
There is ever a song somewhere !

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the midday blue :
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through ;
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere :
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE HEART OF THE TREE

WHAT does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky,
He plants the flag of breezes free,
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard,
The treble of heaven's harmony;
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain
And seed and bud of days to be
And years that fade and flush again.
He plants the forest's heritage,
The harvest of a coming age,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see;
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good,
His blessing on the neighborhood.
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land,

A nation's growth from sea to sea,
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

— H. C. BUNNER.

MY BABES IN THE WOOD

IT was toward the end of May, and our garden was becoming a great resort for birds. It is a very old-fashioned garden, stocked with ancient fruit trees. There is a luxuriant undergrowth of currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, running almost wild. In this paradise are admitted neither guns nor traps; so it is a region well known to all our feathered neighbors, and is a most desirable place for their house-building.

Nest-building was at its height in the tree tops. The most important mansion was owned by a pair of birds which, I believe, were thrushes, though they did not sing. They had gone about their domestic affairs so silently that the youngsters were nearly fledged before the nest was discovered. Afterward, for days, they gave me no little anxiety.

I used to be disturbed in my work by these big, ungainly birds. They were nearly as large as pigeons, — and kept flying frantically about the garden, screeching wildly, all because a curious but well-meaning lad was peering into their nest. If my pet cat happened

to be lying in sleepy innocence on the window sill, these indignant parents would swoop fiercely past him close enough to have pecked his eyes out. Then lighting on a near-by tree they would sit there screeching at him.

He never took any notice of them; but from the day that the newly fledged youngsters were seen hopping awkwardly about under the gooseberry bushes, I was kept in mortal fear lest my cat should walk in at the window with a young thrush in his mouth. No such disaster happened; yet I confess that when the thrush family finally disappeared, it was a great relief to my mind.

My next friends were a pair of tomtits, which took possession of a crack in the wall underneath my bedroom window. It was a mystery how they contrived to creep in and out of a hole apparently not big enough to admit a large bluebottle fly. Their little family must have been reared in very cramped lodgings. Nobody ever saw the young ones, yet it was pleasant of a morning to watch the old birds flying to and fro, hanging a moment outside of the crack, and then popping in. They were very pretty birds, the father especially — a natty little fellow, delicately shaped, with a glossy blue-black head. After feeding time was over, he used to go and sit on the nearest tree, in sight of his tiny house, brushing up his feathers, and

singing lustily. When at last this worthy little couple vanished — children and all — I greatly missed them from the crack in the wall.

But of all my garden families, the one most cared for was that which I have to-day lost — my babes in the wood. It was about the end of May, when, in my daily walk before breakfast, I found that, whenever I passed a particular corner, I always startled some large bird, which flew away in alarm. And at last I saw it, beak, head, and all, emerging from a hole in a half-decayed apple tree. It was a black-bird.

“So, my friend,” said I, “you have found a home, and you shall not be disturbed.”

Therefore, though I passed the tree twenty times a day, and each time out flew a bird, for many days I kept from taking any notice of the busy little housebuilders. At last, I ventured to look in. There I saw, deep in the hollow tree, four bluish eggs.

Considering them now fairly settled in housekeeping, I took every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the newcomers. Soon I knew them well by sight, and they certainly had a fair chance of returning the compliment.

The old birds were a goodly pair. Mr. B., as I named him, was an uncommonly handsome little

gentleman — jet black, with the slenderest figure, the yellowest bill, and the brightest eyes. Indeed, he was quite a dandy among blackbirds. But, with all his beauty, he was the most attentive of husbands, and the most cheerful and musical of songsters. He had great richness and variety of song, and made distinct turns and trills.

He never tired of singing. Lying awake one night, I heard him begin with the first peep of dawn; and in showery weather his exuberant carols lasted all day long. But the treat of treats was to watch him perched on the topmost spray of a poplar, and listen to him in the still June evening singing to his wife and family. His cheerful song almost brought tears into one's eyes to think there should be such a happy creature in this cruel world.

All sorts of things were week after week happening in the outside world, while the blithe bird was peaceful in his garden. He no doubt looked upon it as his own personal property, currants, raspberry-bushes, and all. And still he sang over and over his song of love and joy.

Mrs. B. I rarely saw, not even when looking down into the nest, though she was probably there all the while, brooding dusky and motionless over the four eggs. I thought the eggs a long time hatching; but

that was Mrs. B.'s affair, not mine, and so I refrained from disturbing her.

One fine morning, passing the apple tree, I heard a chirp, weak and faint, but still the chirp of a living thing. The parents flew about so wildly, and appeared in such a frantic state of mind, that I had not the heart to frighten them further by peering into the nest. Next day, in their absence, I did so; and lo! four wide-open mouths stretched themselves up from the bottom of the hole, demanding something to eat. They seemed to be mouths and nothing else.

The third, fourth, and all following days it was just the same. I never saw any young creatures so incessantly hungry. As soon as my step was heard there arose from the heart of the apple tree four gaping beaks appealing to me for their breakfast. It was very flattering — to be mistaken for an old blackbird!

In course of time, my young family grew wiser and less clamorous; but still they always chirped when I looked in at the nest, and their parents, seeing no ill result, became more at ease — even familiar. Many a morning, as I sat reading under a tree about three yards off, Mrs. B. would come and sit on the bough near her nursery, and hold a soft chirping conversation with her little ones. Meanwhile her husband was practicing his joyous music on the topmost branch

of the tree. They were a very happy family, and a pattern to many unfeathered families far and near.



One night in June there was a terrific storm. The thunder, close overhead, rolled through the heavy dawn like artillery; the rain came dripping through the roof and soaking in at the window sills. We afterward heard, with no great surprise, of buildings struck, wheat stacks burned, and trees in the next garden blasted by the lightning. But, amid all these disasters,

my chief anxiety was about my young blackbirds. What would become of the poor creatures? Their nest being open to the sky, I feared that the torrents of rain would fill it like a tub, and drown them.

How this did not happen I am puzzled to decide.

It may be that the parents, turning their wings into umbrellas, sat patiently over the opening of the hole till the storm was past. But next morning, when I waded through the dripping garden to see if they were alive, there they were, all four, as lively and hungry as ever! And at noon a stray sunbeam, piercing into their shadowy nursery, gave me a distinct vision of the whole family, sound asleep, packed tightly together, not a feather ruffled. How happy and contented they were! What cared they for rain and thunderstorms?

Once, coming suddenly round the corner, I saw on the edge of the hole the drollest little head, which looked about for a minute, and then popped down again. Doubtless this was the eldest of the family, desirous to see the world for himself. The next day the silence in the nest was such that I thought they had all flown; but I soon afterward caught sight of the four little yellow bills and eight twinkling eyes. Still one might now expect their departure at any time; and I own to a sad feeling at the thought of the empty nest.

One morning I overheard two of my neighbors conversing. "Yes," said one, "they are very great annoyances in gardens. I shot, this morning, a fellow which no doubt had his nest somewhere near—a remarkably fine blackbird."

"Sir," I was just on the point of saying, "was it *my* blackbird? Have you dared to shoot *my* blackbird?" and a thrill of alarm passed through me.

The wrong he did, however, was to some other young family, not mine. I found my birds chirping away, neither fatherless nor motherless. Mrs. B. was hopping among the apple branches, and Mr. B. was caroling his heart out in his favorite cherry tree.

My happy family! That was my last sight of their innocent enjoyment. The same evening a warning voice called out to me, "Your blackbirds are flown. They just climbed out of the nest and away they flew."

I looked into the familiar hole in the apple tree: there was the nest, neat and round but empty.

—DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

From "Studies from Life."

HYMNS OF NATURE

THE heavens declare the glory of God;
 And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.
 Day unto day uttereth speech,
 And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
 There is no speech nor language
 Where their voice is not heard.
 Their line is gone out through all the earth,
 And their words to the end of the world.

The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice ;
 Let the multitude of isles be glad.
 The heavens declare his righteousness,
 And all the people see his glory.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
 Which run among the hills.
 He watereth the hills from his chambers :
 The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
 And herb for the service of man :
 That he may bring forth food out of the earth.
 He appointeth the moon for seasons :
 The sun knoweth his going down.
 Thou makest darkness and it is night.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness,
 And the water springs into dry ground.
 He turneth the wilderness into a standing water,
 And dry ground into water springs.
 And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,
 That he may prepare a city for habitation ;
 And sow the fields, and plant the vineyards,
 Which may yield fruits of increase.

He telleth the number of the stars :
 He calleth them all by their names.
 He covereth the heaven with clouds,
 He prepareth rain for the earth,

He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
 He giveth to the beast his food,
 And to the young ravens which cry.

He giveth snow like wool :
 He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.
 He casteth forth his ice like morsels :
 Who can stand before his cold ?
 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them :
 He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters to flow.

Great is our Lord, and of great power :
 His understanding is infinite.

From "The Book of Psalms."

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And, nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid these radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is divine."

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth and warm desire!
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—JOHN MILTON.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around ;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day;
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
 This new day is born,
 Into Eternity,
 At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did;
 So soon it forever
 From all eyes is hid!

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day;
 Think wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away?

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE LAME BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

DANIEL TAYLOR was a poor boy, and he was lame. By a sad accident both of his legs were badly broken when he was but a little fellow. Had he lived to be as old as Methuselah, his legs would have been as

useless to him all through his long life as if they had been blades of the tenderest grass. So as Daniel had to depend upon artificial supports, he began to use crutches almost before he had learned to toddle.

Because of his lameness he was not able to run about as other boys did, so he turned his attention to a pair of canaries which were a part of the Taylor household.

In course of time the birds grew to be very fond of Daniel, and he taught them such pretty tricks that good-natured neighbors made him presents of other birds, such as a linnet, or a lark, or a pair of bullfinches, until he had gathered about him a small collection of feathered younglings. He was himself so gentle and amiable that with these companions his life was as happy as life could be.

Daniel did not mope or fret because his legs were useless, and because he was compelled to use crutches, but, on the contrary, he loved his wooden props.

There are few boys in the world who are without their boy friends. Daniel's friend was named Joshua, but Daniel called him "Jo." It was not quite right for Joshua, he said, but Jo sounded pretty. And so it did from Daniel's lips.

As they grew in years, the tie that united the two boys was strengthened until a very perfect and unselfish love was established between them. Each boy had

his particular fancy : Joshua's was music, and Daniel's was birds.

"I wish your legs were like mine, Dan," said Joshua.

"It's no use wishing," replied Dan. "You know what mother says, 'It takes all sorts of people to make a world.'"

"Sound legs and broken legs? Eh, Dan?"

"Yes," answered Dan, merrily, "and long ones and short ones, and thick ones and thin ones. Besides, if I had the strongest and biggest legs in the world, I don't think I should be happier than I am."

"But wouldn't you like to be a hero, as I am going to be?" asked Joshua.

"We can't all be heroes. You go and fight with lions; I will stop and play with birds. I could not tame lions, but I can tame birds."

Dan was fond of speaking about lions, because his name was Daniel; and many and many a time had he and Joshua read the wonderful story of Daniel in the lions' den. Joshua did not know much of the Bible until Dan read to him in his thin, sweet voice the stories in that Book of books.

"There was a hero for you!" exclaimed Joshua. "I wonder what made him so brave."

"Because he was doing what he knew to be right," replied Dan; "and because he was not afraid to

“speak the truth even to Belshazzar. I am not a bit brave,” continued Dan; “that is because I am lame, perhaps. If I were thrown into a lion’s den, I should die of fear, I am sure I should; but if I were thrown into a bird’s cage, full of strange birds, I would soon make friends with them, and they would come and eat out of my hand in no time.”

Dan, indeed, was wonderfully learned about birds and their habits, and possessed a singular power over them. He could train them to do almost anything. And, bear this in mind, he used no cruel means in his training of them. What he taught them he taught them by kindness, and they obeyed him from love and not from fear. The nature of his own suffering, which made his life a quiet one, sharpened his mind, and brought him a surprising patience. If it had been otherwise, he never could have trained the birds so thoroughly. Whatever they were, — blackbirds, linnets, larks, bullfinches, canaries, — they were one and all his willing slaves, and performed the tasks he set them with their best ability.

Give Dan any one of these birds, and in a few weeks it would hop upon his fingers, dance at his whistle, come at his call, fall dead upon the table, and jump up again at a given signal as lively as a cricket.

He made little carts for them to draw, little

swords for them to carry, little ladders for them to climb up, little guns for them to fire off, little houses for them to go into and come out of.

It was a sight worth seeing, to watch them go through their performances. The dead bird would lie on its back on the table, and watch cunningly out of a corner of the left eye for the signal to come to life again. The family birds would go into the house, and presently their heads would pop out of the chimneys as if to see what sort of weather it was. One of the company would hop upon the cart, in which a gun was fixed, and touch a slip of wood, which, in some mysterious way, would cause the gun to go off. Then the bird would jump briskly down and place its head in a ring in the shafts and hop away to another battle field to fire off the gun again. Two military birds would march up and down in front of the house, holding little wooden swords in their beaks, as if to say, "Approach, if you dare, and meet your doom!" The climbing bird would hop up the steps of the ladder, and then hop down again triumphantly, as if it had performed a feat of which any bird might be proud.

It was a pleasant thing to see and know that the birds enjoyed the fun and delighted in it. Of course there were hitches in the performances. Occasionally the birds were dull or obstinate, but as a rule they

were tractable and obedient. Even if they did sometimes bungle their tricks, they might very well be excused, for they were feeble creatures after all.

So Dan passed his time innocently, and loved his pets and his pets loved him. Joshua grew to love them, too. He learned all their pretty little vocal



tricks, and could imitate the different languages of the birds in such a wonderful manner that they would stop and listen to his warbling, and could answer him with joyful notes of their own.

When the boys were in a merry mood, they and the birds would join in a concert which was almost as good as the scraping of fiddles and the playing of flutes.

Sometimes, in the evening. Joshua would play soft music on an old accordion. As soon as he sounded the first note the birds would hop upon the table and stand in line, with their heads inclined on one side, listening to Joshua's simple melodies. They would not flutter a feather of their little wings for fear they should disturb the harmony of sound.

There was one canary which the boys had christened Golden Cloud. It was one of the two canaries that Dan had first trained, and for this reason was a special favorite with the lads.

Dan used to declare that Golden Cloud understood every word he spoke to it. Certainly it was a fact that Golden Cloud was a bird of superior intelligence. The other birds were of that opinion also, or they would not have accepted its leadership.

When they marched, Golden Cloud was at the head of them, and very proud it appeared to be of its position. When the performances took place, Golden Cloud was the first to commence. If anything very particular was to be done, Golden Cloud was intrusted with it; and if any new bird was disobedient, it was the duty of Golden Cloud to assist Dan in bringing that bird to its senses.

The birds did not envy Golden Cloud because it had reached a position higher than their own. This fact was as clear as it was astonishing to any one

who enjoyed the happy privilege of being present now and then at the performances of Dan's clever troupe.

Even when old age crept upon it, the same respect was shown to the leader of the company. Its sight grew dim, its legs grew scaly, its feathers grew ragged. What matter? Had it not been kind and gentle to them when in its prime? Should they not be kind and gentle to it now that Time was striking it down? And was it not, even in its decrepitude, the wise bird of them all?

Although it grew more and more shaky every hour, the old sense of duty was strong in the heart of Golden Cloud, and it strove to take part in the performances to the last. Golden Cloud had learned the lesson that to try always to do one's duty is the sweetest thing in life. In that respect, it was wiser than many human beings who should have been wiser than it.

It was a melancholy sight, yet a comical one, to see Golden Cloud lift a sword with its beak, and try to hold it there, and hop with it at the head of the company. It staggered here and there, and being almost blind, sometimes hit an inoffensive bird across the beak. This would cause some confusion for a moment, but everything was set right as quickly as could be. The other birds bore with

patience Golden Cloud's weakness, and made its labor light for it.

The saucy tomtit, with its crown of blue, was the most refractory pupil in Dan's company. It would turn heels over head in the midst of a serious lesson, it would hop and twist about, and disturb its more steady companions with its restless tricks. Yet, even this reckless bird was subdued and tamed by Golden Cloud's firmness, and assisted the veteran in its old age.

One evening Joshua came round to Dan's room later than usual. He found Dan in tears.

"What is the matter, Dan?" asked Joshua.

Dan made no reply.

"Do your legs hurt you, Dan?" asked Joshua, tenderly.

Dan shook his head, but uttered no sound.

Joshua thought it best not to tease his friend with any more questions. He knew that Dan would tell his grief soon, so he took his accordion on his knee and began to play very softly. As he played, a canary in a mourning-cloak came out of the log-house; another canary in a mourning-cloak followed; then a bullfinch, and another bullfinch, then the tomtits and the linnets, and last, the blackbirds, all in mourning cloaks.

The nimble fingers of Dan's sister Ellen had made

these little black cloaks for the birds that day out of a piece of the lining of an old frock.

At the sight of the first canary, with its black cloak on, Joshua was filled with astonishment; but when bird after bird followed and ranged themselves solemnly in line before him he solved the riddle of their strange appearance. He missed the presence of one familiar friend; the birds were in mourning for the death of Golden Cloud.

They seemed to know that they had lost a friend, and that they were about to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been their guide and master.

The bullfinches, with their crimson breasts hidden by the cloaks, looked like blackbirds in mourning, and the amiable linnets, shy as they generally were, were still more quiet and sad than usual. Even the daring blackbirds were subdued, with the exception of one, who, in the midst of a silence, struck up a shrill whistle, but seeing the eyes of the tomtit fixed upon it, with an air of reproach, stopped in sudden remorse.

Ellen had made a white shroud for Golden Cloud. It was both quaint and mournful to see the dead canary as it lay in its little coffin, surrounded by the mourners in their black cloaks. They stood quite still, with their cunning little heads all inclined one way, as if they were waiting for orders from their dead leader.

Joshua, with a glance of sorrow at the coffin, said, "Your money box, Dan!"

"I wish I could have buried it in a flowerpot, Jo," replied Dan, suppressing a sob.

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't have one, so I used my money box."

"But you would rather have a flowerpot, Dan?"

"I should have liked a flowerpot above all things. It seems more natural for a bird. Something might grow out of it; something that Golden Cloud would like, even if it was only a blade of grass."

Joshua ran out of Dan's room, and returned in a very few minutes with a flowerpot, with a mignonette growing in it. He was almost breathless with excitement.

"It is mine, Dan," he said, "and it is yours. I bought it with my own money; and it shall be Golden Cloud's coffin."

Joshua then carefully lifted the flower roots from the pot, and placed Golden Cloud in the soft mold beneath. A few tears fell from Dan's eyes into the flowerpot as he looked for the last time upon the form of his pet canary. And Joshua replaced the flower roots, and Golden Cloud was ready for burial.

"Play something, Jo," said Dan. Joshua took his accordion in his hands and played a slow, solemn march. The birds, directed by Dan, hopped gravely

around the flowerpot, the tomtit keeping its eye sternly fixed upon the rebellious blackbird.

"I don't know where to bury it," said Dan, when this ceremony was completed. "Our yard is covered with flagstones, and if it was buried there, the flowers could not grow."

"There is a little bit of garden in our yard, Dan," said Joshua. He knew Dan was wishing to have Golden Cloud buried near him. "I can bury it there if you do not mind. It is only five yards away, and the mignonette will grow there."

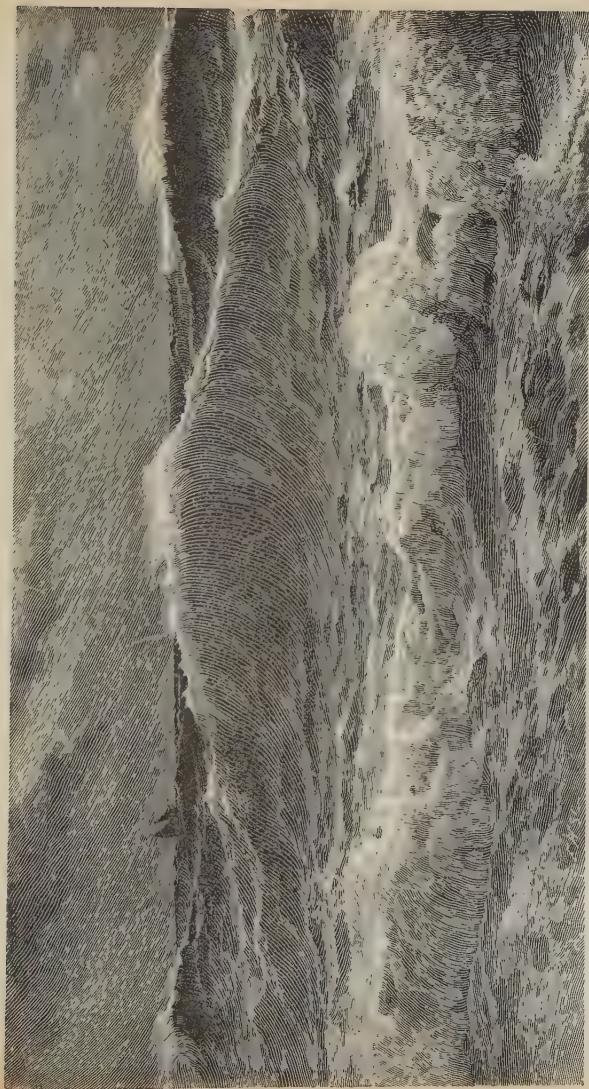
Dan consented, and Joshua took the flowerpot, and in the center of what he called his garden they buried Golden Cloud. When Joshua returned to Dan's room the mourning cloaks were taken off the birds, and they were sent to bed.

— B. L. FARJEON.

From "Joshua Marvel."

SONG OF THE SEA

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runs the earth's wide regions round;
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies.



"THE WILD AND BOUNDLESS SEA."

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloud his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And back I flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeks its mother's nest;
 And a mother she *was* and *is* to me,
 For I was born on the deep, blue sea!

And I have lived, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild and boundless sea.

—BARRY CORNWALL.

THE TIGER, THE BRAHMAN, AND THE JACKAL

AN EAST INDIAN FAIRY TALE

ONCE upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out through the bars, and rolled and bit with rage and grief when he failed.

By chance a poor Brahman came by. "Let me out of this cage, O pious one!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, nay, my friend," replied the Brahman, mildly. "You would probably eat me up if I did."

"Not at all!" declared the tiger with many vows; "on the contrary, I should be forever grateful, and would serve you as a slave!"

Now, when the tiger sobbed and sighed and wept, the pious Brahman's heart softened, and at last he consented to open the door of the cage. At once, out sprang the tiger, and seizing the poor man, cried:—

"What a fool you are! What is to prevent my eating you now? After being cooped up so long I am terribly hungry."

In vain the Brahman pleaded for his life. All that he could gain was a promise from the tiger to abide by the decision of the first three things that he chose to question concerning the tiger's action.

So the Brahman first asked a tree what it thought of the matter, but the tree replied coldly:—

“What have you to complain about? Don’t I give shade and shelter to all who pass by, and don’t they in return tear down my branches and pull off my leaves to feed their cattle? Don’t complain, but be a man!”

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, went further afield till he saw a buffalo turning a waterwheel. He laid his case before it, but he got no comfort, for the buffalo answered:—

“You are a fool to expect gratitude! Look at me! Do you not see how hard I work? While I was young and strong they fed me on the best of food, but now when I am old and feeble they yoke me here, and give me only the coarsest fodder to eat!”

The Brahman, still more sad, asked the road to give him its opinion of the tiger’s conduct.

“My dear sir,” said the road, “how foolish you are to expect anything else! Here am I, useful to everybody, yet all, rich and poor, great and small, trample on me as they go past, giving me nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!”

On hearing this the Brahman turned back sorrowfully. On his way he met a jackal, who called out:—

“Why, what’s the matter, Mr. Brahman? You look as miserable as a fish out of water!”

Then the Brahman told him all that had occurred. “How very confusing!” said the jackal, when the

recital was ended; "will you tell it over again, for everything has got mixed up in my mind?"

The Brahman told his story all over again, but the jackal shook his head in a distracted sort of way, and still could not understand.

"It's very odd," said he, sadly, "but it all seems to go in at one ear and out at the other! Take me to the place where it all happened, and then, perhaps, I shall be able to understand it."

So the cunning jackal and the poor Brahman returned to the cage, and there was the tiger waiting for his victim, and sharpening his teeth and claws.

"You've been away a long time!" growled the savage beast, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"*Our* dinner!" thought the wretched Brahman, as his knees knocked together with fright; "what a delicate way he has of putting it!"

"Give me five minutes, my lord!" he pleaded, "in order that I may explain matters to the jackal here, who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented, and the Brahman began the whole story over again, not missing a single detail, and spinning as long a yarn as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain! Oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing its paws and scratching its head. "Let me see, how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by —"

“Pooh! Not at all!” interrupted the tiger.
 “What a fool you are! *I* was in the cage.”

“Yes, of course!” cried the jackal, pretending to tremble with fright. “Yes! I was in the cage — no, I wasn’t — dear! dear! where are my wits? Let me



see — the tiger was in the Brahman, and the cage came walking by. No, no, that’s not it, either! Well, don’t mind me, but begin your dinner, my lord, for I shall never understand it!”

“Yes, you *shall*!” returned the tiger, in a rage at the jackal’s stupidity; “I’ll *make* you understand! Look here. I am the tiger —”

“Yes, my lord!”

“And that is the Brahman —”

“Yes, my lord!”

“And that is the cage —”

“Yes, my lord!”

“And I was in the cage — do you understand?”

“Yes, but please, my lord, how did you get in?”

“How did I get in! Why, in the usual way, of course!” cried the tiger, impatiently.

“O dear me! my head is beginning to whirl again! Please don’t be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?”

At this the tiger lost all patience, and, jumping into the cage, cried, “This way! Now do you understand how it was?”

“Perfectly!” grinned the jackal, as he instantly shut the door; “and if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!”

— JOSEPH JACOBS.

From “Indian Fairy Tales.”

THE CAMEL’S NOSE

ONCE in his shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When through the open window’s space,
Behold! a camel thrust his face:

“My nose is cold,” he meekly cried;

“Oh, let me warm it by thy side!”

Since no denial word was said,
 In came the nose, in came the head;
 As sure as sermon follows text,
 The long and scraggy neck came next;
 And then, as falls the threatening storm,
 In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
 And on the rude invader frowned,
 Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
 There was no room for such a guest;
 Yet more astonished heard him say,
 "If thou art troubled, go away,
 For in this place I choose to stay."

—LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine who never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy," says he, "the busiest man of the age to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon

my mind that soon after I was a-bed I fell into a most unaccountable reverie. Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, opened its mouth, and in a soft, silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures : —

“ I was born,” says he, “ on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favored my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand that before I was five years old I had traveled into almost every corner of the nation.

“ But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years we heard

somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This, we found, was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release ; he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not.

“As for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop. The apothecary gave me to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a clergyman.

“After this manner I made my way merrily through the world, for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as traveling. In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, that while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money. I continued here a close prisoner for many months, until at last I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

“I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king ; for, being of a very tempting breath, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the Parliament.

“After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who, I found, was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion that he flung me away from him as far as he could. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay, undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

“About a year after the king’s return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cookshop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king’s health. What has happened to me since, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime I must not omit an adventure, as being very extraordinary, which happened to me in 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man. But indeed this was a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a penny-worth of farthings.”

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE OAK TREE AND THE IVY

IN the greenwood stood a mighty oak. So majestic was he that all who came that way paused to admire his strength and beauty, and all the other trees of the greenwood acknowledged him to be their monarch.

Now it came to pass that the ivy loved the oak tree, and inclining her graceful tendrils where he stood, she crept about his feet, and twined herself around his sturdy and knotted trunk. And the oak tree pitied the ivy.

“Oho!” he cried, laughing boisterously but good-naturedly, — “oho! so you love me, do you, little vine? Very well then; play about my feet, and I will keep the storms



from you and will tell you pretty stories about the clouds, the birds, and the stars."

The ivy marveled greatly at the strange stories the oak tree told; they were stories the oak tree heard from the wind that loitered about his lofty head and whispered to the leaves of his topmost branches. Sometimes the story was about the great ocean in the east, sometimes of the broad prairies in the west, sometimes of the ice king who lived in the north, and sometimes of the flower queen who dwelt in the south. Then too, the moon told a story to the oak tree every night, — or at least every night that she came to the greenwood, which was very often, for the greenwood is a very charming spot, as we all know. And the oak tree repeated to the ivy every story the moon told and every song the stars sang.

"Pray, what are the winds saying now?" or "What song is that I hear?" the ivy would ask; and then the oak tree would repeat the story or the song, and the ivy would listen in great wonderment.

Whenever the storms came, the oak tree cried to the little ivy: "Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall thee! See how strong I am; the tempest does not so much as stir me — I mock its fury!"

Then, seeing how strong and brave he was, the

ivy hugged him closely ; his brown, rugged breast protected her from every harm, and she was secure.

The years went by ; how quickly they flew, — spring, summer, winter and then again spring, summer, winter, — ah, life is short in the greenwood as elsewhere ! And now the ivy was no longer a weakly little vine to excite the pity of the passer-by. Her thousand beautiful arms had twined hither and thither about the oak tree, covering his brown and knotted trunk, shooting forth a bright, delicious foliage, and stretching far up among his lower branches.

The oak tree was always good and gentle to the ivy. “There is a storm coming over the hills,” he would say. “The east wind tells me so ; the swallows fly low in the air, and the sky is dark. Cling close to me, and no harm shall befall thee.”

Then the ivy would cling more closely to the oak tree, and no harm came to her.

Although the ivy was the most luxuriant vine in all the greenwood, the oak tree regarded her still as the tender little thing he had laughingly called to his feet that spring day, many years before, — the same little ivy he had told about the stars, the clouds, and the birds. And just as patiently as in those days he now repeated other tales the winds whispered to his topmost boughs — tales of the ocean in the east, the prairies in the west, the ice king in

the north, and the flower queen in the south. And the ivy heard him tell these wondrous things, and she never wearied with the listening.

“How good the oak tree is to the ivy!” said the ash. “The lazy vine has naught to do but to twine herself about the strong oak tree and hear him tell his stories!”

The ivy heard these envious words, and they made her very sad; but she said nothing of them to the oak tree, and that night the oak tree rocked her to sleep as he repeated the lullaby a zephyr was singing to him.

“There is a storm coming over the hills,” said the oak tree one day. “The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air, and the sky is dark. Clasp me round about with thy arms, and nestle close to me, and no harm shall befall thee.”

“I have no fear,” murmured the ivy.

The storm came over the hills and swept down upon the greenwood with deafening thunder and vivid lightning. The storm king himself rode upon the blast; his horses breathed flames, and his chariot trailed through the air like a serpent of fire. The ash fell before the violence of the storm king’s fury, and the cedars groaning fell, and the hemlocks, and the pines; but the oak tree alone quailed not.

“Oho!” cried the storm king, angrily, “the oak

tree does not bow to me, he does not tremble in my presence. Well, we shall see."

With that the storm king hurled a mighty thunderbolt at the oak tree, and the brave, strong monarch of the greenwood was riven. Then, with a shout of triumph, the storm king rode away.

"Dear oak tree, you are riven by the storm king's thunderbolt!" cried the ivy, in anguish.

"Ay," said the oak tree, feebly, "my end has come; see, I am shattered and helpless."

"But I am unhurt," remonstrated the ivy, "and I will bind up your wounds and nurse you back to health and vigor."

And so it was that, although the oak tree was ever afterward a riven and broken thing, the ivy concealed the scars upon his shattered form and covered his wounds all over with her soft foliage.

"I had hoped," she said, "to grow up to thy height, to live with thee among the clouds, and to hear the solemn voices thou didst hear."

But the old oak tree said: "Nay, nay, I love thee better as thou art, for with thy beauty and thy love thou comfortest mine age."

Then would the ivy tell quaint stories to the old and broken oak tree,—stories she had learned from the crickets, the bees, the butterflies, and the mice when she was a humble little vine and played at

the foot of the majestic oak tree, towering in the greenwood. And these simple tales pleased the old and riven oak tree; they were not as heroic as the tales the wind, the clouds, and the stars told, but they were far sweeter, for they were tales of contentment, of humility, of love. So the old age of the oak tree was grander than his youth.

And all who went through the greenwood paused to behold and admire the beauty of the oak tree then; for about his scarred and broken trunk the gentle vine had so entwined her graceful tendrils and spread her fair foliage that one saw not the havoc of the years nor the ruin of the tempest, but only the glory of the oak tree's age, which was the ivy's love and ministering.

—EUGENE FIELD.

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A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE

THE practical joke is an attempt at humor, and it is always at the expense of some one else. The practical joker inflicts pain upon another, always keeping well out of it himself.

Nearly every one can recall instances of serious harm that have resulted from this form of dull humor. But it is possible to convert even the

practical joke to a good purpose, and to substitute the milk of human kindness for the vinegar of mischief. And of this I beg to offer an example.

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor, who was to attend closely to him, and improve his mind. This tutor, it seems, took for his example a certain predecessor of his, who used to coach young Cyrus indoors and out. Both these tutors, each in his own country and his own generation, had the brains to see that to educate a young fellow you must not merely set him tasks to learn indoors, and then let him run wild in the open air, but must accompany him wherever he goes, and guide him with your greater experience in his practical judgment of the various events that pass before his eyes. For how shall he learn to apply an experience which he does not really possess? What a boy learns by rote is not knowledge, but knowledge's shadow.

One day these two came to the side of a wood, and there they found a tree half felled, and a pair of wooden shoes. The woodman was cooling his hot feet in a neighboring stream. The young nobleman took up some pebbles, and said, "I'll put these in that old fellow's shoes, and we'll see his grimaces."

"Hum," says the tutor, "I don't think you'll get much fun out of that. You see he's a poor man, and probably thinks his lot hard enough without his hav-

ing stones put into his shoes. I can't help thinking that if you were to put a little money in, instead, the old fellow would be far more confused, and his grimaces would be more entertaining, and you would be more satisfied with yourself."

The generous youth caught fire at the idea, and put a dollar into each shoe. Then the two confederates hid behind a hedge and watched the result of their trick. They had not long to wait. An elderly man came back to his hard work — work a little beyond his years — and slipped his right foot into his right shoe. Finding something hard in it, he took it off again and discovered a dollar. His grave face wore a look of amazement, and the spies behind the hedge chuckled.

He laid the coin in the palm of his hand, and mechanically slipped his foot into the other shoe. There he found another coin. He took it up, and holding out both his hands, gazed with wonder at them. Then he suddenly clasped his hands together, and fell on his knees, and cried out in a loud voice, "O God, this is your doing. Nobody but you knows the state we are in at home, my wife in her bed, my children starving, and I hardly able to earn a crust with these old hands. It is you who have sent me these blessed coins by one of your angels."

Then he paused, and another idea struck him: —

“Perhaps it is not an angel from heaven. There are human angels, even in this world; kind hearts that love to feed the hungry, and succor the poor. One of these has passed by, like sunshine in winter, and has seen the poor old man’s shoes, and has dropped all this money into them, and gone on again, and not even waited to be thanked. But a poor man’s blessing flies fast, and shall overtake him and be with him to the end of the world, and to the end of his own time. May God and his angels go with you, keep you from poverty and from sickness, and may you feel in your own heart a little of the warmth and the joy you have brought to me and mine. I’ll do no more work to-day. I’ll go home to my wife and children, and they shall kneel and bless the hand that has given us this comfort, and then gone away and thought nothing of it.”

He put on his shoes, shouldered his ax, and went home. Then the spies had a little dialogue.

“This I call really good fun,” said the tutor, in rather a shaky voice; “but what are you sniveling about?”

“Tisn’t I that am sniveling; it is you.”

“Well, then, we are both sniveling,” said the tutor; and with that, they embraced, and did not conceal their emotion any longer.

“Come on,” said the boy.

“Where next?” asked the tutor.

“Why, follow me, to be sure. I want to know where he lives. Do you think I will let his wife be sick and his children starve after this?”

“Dear boy,” said the tutor, “I don’t for a moment think you will. Yours is not the age, nor the heart, that does things by halves.”

So they followed their victim home, and the young nobleman secured a modest competence from that hour to a very worthy and poverty-stricken family.

— CHARLES READE.

From “Good Stories”

DAVY’S FIRST VISIT TO YARMOUTH

PEGGOTTY and I were sitting one night by the parlor fire, alone. I had been reading to Peggotty about crocodiles, but I was tired of reading and very sleepy. I looked at Peggotty as she sat at work; at the little bit of wax candle she kept for her thread — how old it looked, being so wrinkled in all directions! — at the little house with a thatched roof, where the yard measure lived; at her workbox with a sliding lid, with a view of St. Paul’s Cathedral painted on the top; at the brass thimble on her finger; at herself, whom I thought lovely.

At last, after opening her mouth several times, as

if she were going to speak, without doing it, Peggotty said coaxingly :

“Master Davy, how should you like to go with me and spend a fortnight at my brother’s at Yarmouth? Wouldn’t *that* be a treat?”

“Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?” I inquired.

“Oh, what an agreeable man he is!” cried Peggotty, holding up her hands. “Then there is the sea; and the boats and the ships; and my nephew Ham to play with!”

I was flushed with delight, and replied that it would indeed be a treat, but what would my mother say?

“Why then I’ll as good as bet a guinea,” said Peggotty, “that she will let us go. I will ask her if you like, as soon as she comes home. There now!”

“But what is she to do while we are away?” said I, putting my small elbows on the table to argue the point. “She can’t live by herself.”

“Oh, bless you!” said Peggotty, “don’t you know? She is going to stay for a fortnight with Mrs. Grayper. Mrs. Grayper is going to have a lot of company.”

Oh! If that was it, I was quite ready to go. I waited, in the utmost impatience, until my mother

came home, to ascertain if we could get leave to carry out this great idea. My mother entered into it readily; and it was all arranged that night, and my board and lodging during the visit were to be paid for.

The day soon came for our going. I was in a fever of expectation, and half afraid that an earthquake or some other great convulsion of nature might stop the expedition. We were to go in a carrier's cart, which departed in the morning after breakfast. I would have given any money to have been allowed to wrap myself up over night, and sleep in my hat and boots.

The carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope. He shuffled along, with his head down, as if he liked to keep people waiting to whom the packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled audibly over this reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say "drove," but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the horse did all that. Peggotty had a basket of refreshments on her knee which would have lasted us

out handsomely, if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed.

We made so many deviations up and down lanes, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river. I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it.

As we drew a little nearer, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we find them. When we got into the street, and smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice. I said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well known that Yarmouth was, on the whole, the finest place in the universe.

“Here’s my Ham!” screamed Peggotty, “grown out of knowledge!”

He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public house. He asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance, and our intimacy was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas works, boat-builders’ yards, smiths’ forges and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance.

“Yonder is our house, Master Davy!” said Ham.

I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away



at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of a boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very curiously. But nothing else in the way of a habitation was visible to me.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Master Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it. But the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the waters hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely. But never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers. On the chest of drawers there was a tea tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling

down by a Bible ; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some colored pictures, framed and glazed, of Scripture subjects. There were some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold, and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen. It was in the stern of the vessel, — with a little window, where the rudder used to go through, a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster shells ; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into, and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes ache with its brightness.

One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish. It was so searching that when I took out my pocket handkerchief, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish. I afterward

found that a heap of these creatures was usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept.

We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtsyng at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl, with a necklace of blue beads on, who ran away and hid herself. By and by a large man with a very good-natured face came home. As he called Peggotty "Lass" and gave her a hearty kiss on the cheek, I had no doubt that he was her brother. And so he turned out — being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house.

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready."

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

"How is your mother, sir?" said Mr. Peggotty. "Did you leave her pretty jolly?"

I gave Mr. Peggotty to understand that she was as jolly as I could wish.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Peggotty, "if you can make out here, for a fortnight, along with her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham and little Emily, we shall be proud of your company."

After tea when the door was shut and all was

made snug, — the nights being cold and misty now, — it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out of the sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

From "David Copperfield."

MY INDIAN BOYHOOD

WHAT boy would not be an Indian for a while when he thinks of the freest life in the world? This life was mine. Every day there was a real hunt. There was a real game. Occasionally there was a medicine dance away off in the woods where no one could disturb us, in which the boys impersonated their elders. They painted and imitated their fathers and grandfathers to the minutest detail, and accurately, too, because they had seen the real thing all their lives.

We were not only good mimics, but we were close students of nature. We studied the habits of animals just as you study your books. We watched the men of our people and represented them in our play.

No people have a better use of their five senses than the children of the wilderness. We could smell as well as hear and see. We could feel and taste as well as we could see and hear. Nowhere has the memory been more fully developed than in the wild life, and I can still see wherein I owe much to my early training.

Of course I myself do not remember when I first saw the day, but my brothers have often recalled the event with much mirth. For it was a custom of the Sioux Indians that when a boy was born, his brothers must plunge into the water, or roll in the snow naked if it was winter time. The idea was that a warrior had come to camp, and the other children must display some act of hardihood. I was the youngest of five children, and I was regarded as little more than a plaything by the rest of the children.

My beautiful mother lay on her deathbed. She held me tightly to her bosom while she whispered to my grandmother: "I give you this boy for your own." The woman to whom these words were spoken was remarkably active for her age, and was possessed of as much goodness as intelligence.

The babe was done up as usual in a movable cradle. In this upright cradle I lived, played, and slept the greater part of the time during the first

few months of my life. Whether I was made to lean against a lodge pole or was suspended from a bough of a tree, or whether I was carried on my grandmother's back, I was still in my oaken bed.

This grandmother, who had already lived through sixty years of hardships, was a wonder to the young maidens of the tribe. She showed no less enthusiasm over Hakadah, as I was called, than she had done when she held her own firstborn in her arms. Every little attention that is due to a loved child she performed with much skill and devotion. She made all my scanty garments and my tiny moccasins with a great deal of taste. It was said by all that I could not have had more attention had my mother been living.

Uncheedah — grandmother — was a great singer. Sometimes, when Hakadah wakened too early in the morning, she would sing to him something like the following lullaby:—

“Sleep, sleep, my boy, — till morning break,
Sleep, sleep, my child, while still 'tis night;
Then bravely wake — then bravely wake!”

The Dakota women were wont to cut and bring their fuel from the woods. Very often my grandmother carried me with her on these excursions. While she worked it was her habit to suspend me from a wild grape vine or a springy bough, so that

the least breeze would swing the cradle to and fro. Once I fell asleep in my cradle, while Uncheedah was some distance away, gathering birch bark for a canoe. A squirrel had found it convenient to come upon the bow of my cradle and nibble his hickory nut. He awoke me by dropping the crumbs of his meal, and my disapproval was so decided that the bold intruder had to take a sudden and quick flight to another bough. It was a common thing for birds to alight on my cradle in the woods.

My food was, at first, a troublesome question for my kind grandmother. She cooked some wild rice and strained it, and mixed it with broth made from venison. This soup was my mainstay; but soon my teeth came, and then my good nurse gave me a little more varied food.

After I left my cradle my grandmother began calling my attention to natural objects. Whenever I heard the song of a bird, she would tell me what bird it came from, something after this fashion: —

“Hakadah, listen to the robin calling to his mate. He says he has found something good to eat.” Or, “Listen to the thrush; he is singing to his little wife. He will sing his best.”

Again, when I waked at midnight, she would say: “Do not cry! The owl is watching you from the tree top.” I usually covered up my head, for my

grandmother had given me a dreadful idea of this bird. It was one of her legends that a little boy was once standing just outside of the tent crying vigorously, when an owl swooped down and carried the poor little fellow up into the trees.

Indian children were trained so that they hardly ever cried in the night. In my infancy it was my grandmother's custom to put me to sleep, as she said, with the birds, and to awaken me with them. An Indian must always rise early. As a hunter he finds his game best at daybreak. And even when our people are moving about leisurely, we like to rise before dawn, in order to travel when the air is cool, and be unobserved, perchance, by our enemies.

As a little child, I was trained to be silent and reticent. This was one of the most important traits to form in the character of the Indian, and was thought to lay the foundations of patience and self-control.

After all, my babyhood was full of interest. The spirit of daring was already whispered into my ears. The value of the eagle feather as worn by the warrior had caught my eye. One day, when I was left alone, at scarcely two years of age, I took my uncle's war bonnet and plucked out all its eagle feathers to decorate my dog and myself.

One of the earliest recollections of my childhood is the ride I had on a pony's side. A little girl, a

cousin of mine, was put into a bag and suspended from the horn of an Indian saddle. But her weight must be balanced or the saddle would not remain on the animal's back; so I was put into another sack and made to keep the saddle and the girl in position. I did not object until we came to a big snowdrift, where the poor beast was stuck fast and began to lie down. This was the convenient and simple way the children were often packed for winter journeys. However cold the weather might be, the inmate of the fur-lined sack was very comfortable.

I was accustomed to all the Indian conveyances, and as a boy I enjoyed the dog-travaux ride as much as any. The travaux consisted of a set of rawhide strips securely lashed to the tent poles, which were harnessed to the sides of the animal as if he stood between shafts, while the free ends of the poles were allowed to drag on the ground.

Both ponies and large dogs were used as beasts of burden, and they carried in this way the smaller children as well as the baggage. This mode of traveling for children was possible only in summer, and, as the dogs were sometimes unreliable, the little ones were often exposed to danger. For instance, whenever a train of dogs had been traveling for a long time, almost perishing with the heat and their heavy loads, a glimpse of water would cause

them to forget all their responsibilities. Some of the dogs, in spite of the screams of the women, would swim with their burdens into the cooling stream, and I was, on more than one occasion, made to partake of an unwilling bath.



I was a little over four years old at the time we took flight into British Columbia. A yoke of oxen and a lumber wagon were brought home for our conveyance. How delighted I was when I learned that we were to ride behind those wise-looking animals and in that gorgeously painted wagon! It seemed almost like a living creature to me, this new vehicle with four legs, and the more so when

we got out of axle grease and the wheels went along squealing like pigs!

The older boys found a great deal of fun in jumping from the high wagon while the oxen were leisurely moving along. At last, I mustered up courage enough to join them in this sport. I was sure they stepped on the wheel, so I cautiously placed my moccasined foot upon it. Alas! before I could realize what had happened, I was under the wheels; and had it not been for the neighbor immediately behind us I might have been run over by the next team. I cried out reproaches on the white man's team, and it did not occur to me that I alone was to blame. I could not be persuaded to ride in that wagon again and was glad when we finally left it beside the Missouri River.

The Missouri River is one of the most treacherous rivers in the world. Even a good modern boat is not safe upon its uncertain current. We were forced to cross in buffalo-skin boats—as round as tubs! Some of these boats were towed by two or three women or men, swimming in the water. It was not an easy matter to keep these boats right side up, with their helpless freight of little children. Once my grandmother swam across a swift stream carrying me on her back because she did not wish to expose me to accident in one of the clumsy boats.

In our flight, we little folks were strapped in the saddles or held in front of an older person, and in the long night marches we suffered from loss of sleep and from lack of food. Our meals were eaten hastily, and sometimes in the saddle. Water was not always to be found. Our people carried it with them on their journeys in bags formed of the skins of animals.

One of the most thrilling experiences of the following winter was with a blizzard which overtook us in our wanderings. Here and there a family lay down in the snow, selecting a place where it was not likely to drift much. For a day and a night we lay under the snow. We had plenty of buffalo robes and the snow kept us warm. The next day the storm ceased and we discovered a large herd of buffaloes almost upon us. We dug our way out of the snow, shot some of the buffaloes, made a fire, and enjoyed a good dinner.

Our wanderings from place to place afforded us many pleasant experiences and quite as many hardships and misfortunes. There were times of plenty and times of scarcity, and we had several narrow escapes from death.

Such was the wild life of the Indians! When game was to be had and the sun shone, they easily forgot the bitter trials of the winter before. Little

preparation was made for the future. They are children of Nature, and occasionally she whips them with the lashes of experience. Yet they are careless and forgetful.

During the summer, when Nature is at her best, it seems to me that no life is happier than theirs! Food is free — lodging free — everything free! All are alike rich in summer, and, again, all are alike poor in the winter and early spring.

— CHARLES A. EASTMAN (OHIYESA).

From "Indian Boyhood."

HARVEST SONG

THE God of harvest praise ;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart, and voice.
 The valleys laugh and sing.
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.

Yes, bless His holy name,
 And joyous thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth.
 To glory in your lot
 Is comely ; but be not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amid your mirth.

The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
 With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
 Bless ye the Lord.

— JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION

I HAVE often visited an old stone house which stands on a grassy hill not far from the village of Millwood, beyond the Blue Ridge, in the valley of Virginia. At the foot of the hill there is a spring, which bubbles up beneath some weeping willows, and on all sides are green fields and woods and blue mountains. The house is old and large. To the right of the front door is a long apartment with tall windows and a fireplace so large that it holds an entire load of wood. In this room I have often mused about former days, and thought of the old soldiers gathered there once, talking about the days of the great Revolution.

This was the place of residence of Daniel Morgan, the brave soldier. He was a native of New Jersey, but he came to Virginia when he was young, and

worked as a farm laborer, for he was poor and of humble origin. But you will see that he was a braver and truer man than many who had greater advantages in beginning life.

Morgan's early manhood was not very quiet or respectable. He was a rough young fellow, and so much given to fighting that the village near which he then lived took the name of Battletown. His home was at a place called Soldier's Rest, near by, and this old house still stands. It is an interesting old house, for George Washington used to sleep in it when he was a surveyor here.

But Morgan was too brave a man to spend his time in idle brawls. He soon showed that he was fit for better things. No sooner did the Revolution begin than he raised a company of riflemen and set out to join Washington, who was then at Boston. They were all hardy young fellows, with "Liberty or Death" written on the breasts of their hunting shirts; they marched six hundred miles, and at last reached the end of their journey. It was in the evening, and Washington, who was riding out, saw them and stopped. Morgan stepped in front of his men, and, saluting, said:—

"General, we come from the right bank of the Potomac!"

At this Washington displayed great emotion. He

dismounted from his horse, walked along the line of riflemen, shaking hands with every man, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. He then mounted his horse again, and, touching his hat, rode away with-



out a word. He believed that Morgan and his men were the real stuff for soldiers, and in this he was not mistaken.

The Americans determined to attack Quebec, in Canada, which the English held, and Morgan was sent to help in this undertaking. The march, which took place in winter, was a fearful one, for the wilderness had to be traversed, and the sufferings of the men were terrible, but at last they reached Quebec. The attack was made at night, from the "Plains of Abraham," as they are called, west of the

old city, and it was a desperate and bloody affair. General Montgomery, who led the assault, was killed, and Morgan was taken prisoner.

Morgan had fought so desperately that the English were filled with admiration for him. He was their prisoner now, and the British general sent for him. He told Morgan that if he would join the English army, he should have the commission of colonel. This was a splendid offer to so poor and humble a man, but Morgan only frowned and grew angry.

"I hope," he said, looking sternly at the English general, "that you will never again insult me, in my distressed and unfortunate situation, by making me offers which plainly imply that you think me a rascal!"

That was a brave reply, and showed the stuff Morgan was made of. He did not mean to sell himself for rank or pay. On another occasion, some years afterward, he made another speech of very much the same sort. After getting away from the British, he had gone on fighting bravely and had risen to the rank of general. At the battle of Saratoga, General Gates commanded the Americans, and as the English army had surrendered to him, he thought himself a greater man than Washington. He therefore set a scheme on foot to have Washington removed and himself appointed commander in

chief. The enemies of Washington secretly tried to find if the American officers would support Gates. When they came to Morgan, he very quickly answered them:—

“I have but one favor to ask of you,” he said in the same stern tone he had used at Quebec. “Never mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man than Washington as commander in chief will I ever serve.”

You may see at a glance that men of this sort may be counted on; and old Daniel Morgan, as he always called himself, soon showed everybody that he was true as steel. No man was ever braver, and whenever he fought, as he did all through the war, from north to south, he showed that nothing could daunt him. This same battle of Saratoga was one instance, and his daring attack there was the cause of the British defeat.

His most important victory was the battle of the Cowpens, in the Carolinas. The Americans had been defeated everywhere, and were retreating before the English, and on their heels rushed Colonel Tarleton who commanded the British cavalry, certain that he was about to destroy them. Colonel Tarleton was a very brave soldier, but as cruel and boastful as he was courageous. He now hastened after Morgan, who was in command of the Americans; and wher-

ever he stopped, he boasted that he would soon overtake Morgan and cut him to pieces.

It seemed that he would be able to do this, as he had, in addition to his cavalry, a considerable force of infantry and plenty of cannon. He supposed that Morgan would not dare to stop to fight him; but in this he was mistaken. Suddenly he came upon the Americans drawn up in line of battle, and instead of flying Morgan awaited his attack. The English fought hard, but they had found a tough obstacle in "Old Morgan." He would not yield, and the end of it was that, before night, Colonel Tarleton was himself flying, with all his men and cannon, and with Morgan following close on his heels.

I should like to tell you more about the hard fighting of brave old Daniel Morgan for his country, but of this you may read in other books. He died in Winchester, a celebrated old man, with his gold medal from Congress, and enjoying the respect and regard of Washington.

The old house which I have described is more closely connected with his last days than any other place. It is interesting to visit it, and think of the tall soldier who once walked about the grounds and down to the old spring.

— JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

From "Stories of the Old Dominion."

THE GREAT DISCOVERY

MEN learned very early to build ships. But during many ages, they found no surer guidance upon the pathless sea than that which the position of the sun and the stars afforded. When clouds deprived them of these uncertain guides, they were helpless. They were thus obliged to keep the land in view, and content themselves with creeping timidly along the coast.

At length there was discovered a stone that was endowed with strange properties. It was observed that a needle once brought in contact with that stone pointed ever afterward steadfastly to the north. The mariner's compass untied the bond which held sailors to the coast, and gave them liberty to push out upon the sea.

Just when sailors were slowly learning to put confidence in the mariner's compass, there arose in Europe a vehement desire for the discovery of unknown countries. A sudden interest sprang up in all that was distant and unexplored.

Portugal and Spain, looking out upon the boundless sea, were powerfully stirred by the new impulse. The courts of Lisbon and Madrid swarmed with adventurers who had made discoveries, or who wished the means to make them. Conspicuous among these was one who during eighteen years had

not ceased to beg incredulous monarchs for ships and men that he might open up the secrets of the sea. He was a tall man, of grave and gentle manners and noble though saddened look. His name was Christopher Columbus.

Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, Italy, about the year 1436. He was of a humble family, and one of his early employments was feeding swine. But he had a high spirit and a restless zeal, and at the age of fourteen he engaged in the life of a mariner. He thirsted for knowledge and studied geometry, astronomy, geography, navigation, and the Latin language. From this time he stored his mind with knowledge, and it was this studiousness that put it in his power to interest a good Spanish prior in his schemes for exploration.

For, one day, hungry and weary, and discouraged that no one would favor his enterprises, he stopped to rest in the shadow of an old Spanish convent. It was high noon, and he asked the prior for a cup of water. The monk brought him the draft, and stopped to talk with him while he rested. He was astonished at the schemes, visions, and learning of the weary Genoese, and he promised to use his influence with the Spanish court in the behalf of Columbus. And in that chance hour the destiny of the Western World, then unknown, was changed.

Columbus was convinced by his studies that the world must be spherical in form, and that there was probably land on the western sides to counterbalance that on the east; but he thought this land would prove to be a continuance of Asia.

He applied to the senate of his native city for ships, but in vain. He next sought the patronage of the king of Portugal, but was disappointed. In 1484 he turned to Spain and procured an interview with Ferdinand, king of Aragon. The cautious monarch heard the story of Columbus, and referred his theory to the learned men of the University of Salamanca. Some of these wise men concluded that if there were indeed land on the other side of the globe, the people there must be obliged to walk about with heads downward; and so they dismissed the subject.

But at last Columbus obtained a hearing from the Spanish queen. Isabella listened to his story and favored his cause. She is said to have parted with some of her jewels to procure ships for the enthusiastic adventurer.

No sailor of our time would cross the Atlantic in such ships as were given to Columbus. In size they resembled the smaller of our river and coasting vessels. Only one of them was decked. The others were open, save at the prow and stern, where cabins were built for the crew.



COLUMBUS AT SALAMANCA.

And now the feeble squadron of three ships is on the sea, and the prows are turned toward the waste of waters, in whose mysterious distances the sun seemed to set. It is Friday, August 3, 1492. On Sunday, September 9, the timid crews passed the farthest known island. Out on the unknown sea, the mariner's compass no longer pointed directly north, and terror seized the sailors, as the distance between them and the land grew wider and wider.

The ships moved on under serene skies. Trade winds blew from east to west. The air at last grew balmy, and fields of seaweed began to appear.

One evening, just at sunset, — it was September 25, — a sailor mounted the stern of the *Pinta* and peered into the distance. He descried a shadowy appearance far over the western sea, and cried out in great excitement: "Land! Land! I claim the promised reward!" For a prize had been offered to the person who should first discover land.

In the morning nothing but the wide waters appeared. The supposed island was but a cloud.

For a fortnight more the ships drifted on over the quiet waters. The seamen lost heart again and again in this awful unexplored space. They mutinied, but the lofty spirit of their leader disarmed them. At last, birds came singing again; a branch of thorn with berries floated by the ships.

"We shall see land in the morning," said Columbus. He stood upon the deck all that night, peering into the dim, starlit spaces. At midnight he beheld a light. The morning came. Beautifully wooded shores rose in view. Birds of gorgeous plumage hovered around them. The crews set off from the ships in small boats. Columbus first stepped upon the shore.

The crews knelt on the strand and kissed the earth. They wept and chanted hymns of praise. Then Columbus unfurled the banner of Spain, and claimed the land in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, calling it San Salvador.

Columbus knew not the magnitude of his discovery. He died in the belief that he had merely found a shorter route to India. He never enjoyed that which would have been the best recompense for all his toil, — the knowledge that he had added a vast continent to the possessions of civilized men.

— HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

From "Young Folks' History of America."

PLUCK

FULL seventy times the sun arose
 And seventy times went down
 Between the shore
 Of Salvador
 And famous Palos town —

Full seventy times with longing eyes
 The Western sea was scanned,
 Nor water line
 Nor bird nor sign
 Proclaimed the looked-for land.

Yet Hope cried "Westward! Westward!"
 And westward still they bore,
 By night and day,
 Away, away,
 Still onward as before.

Fierce storm clouds frowned upon them
 The ocean waves dashed high,
 Yet through it all
 Hope dared to call,
 "Onward, brave heart, or die!"

Thus day by day they drifted,
 And ere the storm had passed
 The restless sea
 In savage glee
 Rolled halfway up the mast —
 Still onward, onward, onward,
 Till ten long weeks had gone,
 When lo, the shore
 Of Salvador
 Rose from the sea at dawn.

* * * *

Now you, in your adventure,
 'Gainst what have you to fight?
 What storms by day
 Have crossed your way —
 What threat'ning clouds by night?
 And is your course still Westward?
 Ah, pledge your word once more
 That you will brave
 Both storm and wave
 'Twixt you and Salvador.

— FLOYD D. RAZE.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there;
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then, from his mansion in the sun,
 She called her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

* * * * *

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph, high,

When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on;
 Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabers rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,—
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

* * * * *

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
— J. RODMAN DRAKE.

THE THIRTEEN COLONIES

THE thirteen original colonies — “the old Thirteen,” as they were often called — were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. All the rest of the present states were made from these, or from territory added to these. The history of our country down to the Revolution is, therefore, the history of these thirteen colonies.

Each of the thirteen had something peculiar in its history to distinguish it from the rest. To begin with, they were established by several different nations. Most of them were founded by Englishmen; but New York and New Jersey were settled by the Dutch, and Delaware by the Swedes; while the Carolinas were first explored and named by a French colony.

Most of them were founded by small parties of settlers, among whom no great distinctions of rank existed. Two of them — Pennsylvania and Maryland — had each a single proprietor, who owned the whole soil. New York had its “patroons,” or large landholders, with tenants under them.

Most of them were founded by those who fled from religious persecutions in Europe. Yet one of them —

Rhode Island — was made up largely from those persecuted in another colony ; and another — Maryland — was founded by Roman Catholics. Some had charter governments, some had royal governments without charters, and others were governed by the original proprietors, or those who represented them.

They were all alike in some things, however much they differed in others. They all had something of local self-government ; that is, each community, to a greater or less extent, made and administered its own laws. Moreover, they all became subject to Great Britain at last, even if they had not been first settled by Englishmen. Finally, they all grew gradually discontented with the British government, because they thought themselves ill treated. This discontent made them at last separate themselves from England, and form a complete union with one another. But this was not accomplished without a war — the war commonly called the American Revolution.

When the troubles began, most of the people supposed themselves to be very loyal, and they were ready to shout, “God save King George!” Even after they had raised armies, and had begun to fight, the Continental Congress said, “We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent states.”

They would have been perfectly satisfied to go on

as they were, if the British Government had only treated them in a manner they thought just ; that is, if Great Britain either had not taxed them, or had let them send representatives to Parliament in return for paying taxes.

This wish was considered perfectly reasonable by many of the wisest Englishmen of the day. But King George III. and his advisers would not consent ; and so they lost not only the opportunity of taxing the American colonies, but finally the colonies themselves.

— THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS

MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty ?

Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation ? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided.

and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house?

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters, and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we

have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our

battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun.

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

—PATRICK HENRY.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, —
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

—BRYANT.

THE RISING IN 1776

Out of the North the wild news came,
 Far flashing on its wings of flame,
 Swift as the boreal light which flies
 At midnight through the startled skies.
 And there was tumult in the air,

The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
 And through the wide land everywhere

The answering tread of hurrying feet;
 While the first oath of Freedom's gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington;
 And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak

The church of Berkley Manor stood;
 There Sunday found the rural folk,
 And some esteemed of gentle blood.

In vain their feet with loitering tread
 Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
 All could not read the lesson taught

In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,

The vale with peace and sunshine full
 Where all the happy people walk,

Decked in their homespun flax and wool !
 Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom ;
 And every maid with simple art,
 Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
 A bud whose depths are all perfume ;
 While every garment's gentle stir
 Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came ; his snowy locks
 Hallowed his brow of thought and care ;
 And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
 He led into the house of prayer.
 The pastor rose ; the prayer was strong ;
 The psalm was warrior David's song ;
 The text, a few short words of might, —
 " The Lord of hosts shall arm the right ! "

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
 Of sacred rights to be secured ;
 Then from his patriot tongue of flame
 The startling words for Freedom came.
 The stirring sentences he spake
 Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
 And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
 In eloquence of attitude,
 Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
 Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir ;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
 When Berkley cried, “Cease, traitor ! cease !
 God's temple is the house of peace !”

The other shouted, “Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause ;
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers,
 That frown upon the tyrant foe ;
 In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
 There is a time to fight and pray !”

And now before the open door —

The warrior priest had ordered so —
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow.
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life ;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before :
 It seemed as it would never cease ;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, " WAR ! WAR ! WAR ! "

" Who dares ? " — this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came, —
 " Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die ? "
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, " *I !* "

— THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

HOW ROME WAS FOUNDED

I AM now going to tell you about the most famous nation in the world. If you will look on the map of Europe, you will see a peninsula, shaped somewhat like a huge boot, stretching down into the Mediterranean Sea. This is the country called Italy, and it is about the people who once lived on this peninsula that I wish to tell you.

Many, many years ago, in the land of Italy, there

was a little city called Alba. It stood on the sunny side of a mountain, near the river Tiber, and not far from the Mediterranean Sea. In this city and around the mountains lived a brave, intelligent people known as Latins. Several other tribes inhabited the adjacent mountains and plains.

The Latins were ruled by kings, and one of their kings in very early times, the stories tell us, was named Æneas. He was a famous Trojan chief who had come over the seas to Italy and settled there with his family and friends after Troy was destroyed by the Greeks.

A great many years after the death of Æneas one of his descendants named Procas was king of Alba. He ruled wisely and well for a long time, and his small kingdom on the mountain side, with its wheat fields and vineyards, was very prosperous. He had two sons, one named Numitor, and the other Amulius. As Numitor was the elder he was heir to his father's throne, but when King Procas died, Amulius seized the kingdom by force and made himself king.

Then Numitor, with his two children, a boy and a girl, left the king's palace at Alba and went to live on a farm a short distance away. Amulius was now king, but he was much troubled about Numitor's son and daughter, for fear they might some day

claim the throne which rightfully belonged to them. The son he secretly put to death, and the daughter, Sylvia, he cast into prison. Here beautiful twin boys were born to her. When Amulius heard of this, he gave orders that Sylvia should be put to death, and that the two infants should be thrown into the Tiber. These wicked orders were carried out, for no one dared to disobey the king.

Fortunately, however, the babes had been placed in a stout basket, which floated upon the waters until it was carried to the foot of a hill called Palatine Hill. Here the huge roots of a wild fig tree caught the basket, and the little ones were thrown out upon the river bank.

At this moment a great she-wolf came strolling down the hill to drink at the river's edge. She heard the feeble cries of the infants and went to the place where they lay helpless on the wet sands. She touched them gently with her rough paws, turned them over, and licked their faces and plump bodies. Perhaps she thought they were some of her own cubs. At any rate, she carried the babes up the hill to a cave under a large rock. There she fed them as she fed her own cubs and seemed pleased to have them near her.

One morning as Faustulus, the herdsman of King Amulius, was going over Palatine Hill looking for



cattle that had gone astray, he saw the two boys playing with the wolf at the mouth of her cave. He frightened the wolf away and took the boys to his home, where his wife cared for them as though they were her own children. The herdsman named the boys Romulus and Remus, and they grew up to be strong, handsome youths, brave and kind. Until they were twenty years old they lived with the herdsman and helped him in his work, and roamed over the hills lighthearted and free.

During all these years Numitor lived on his farm, and his brother Amulius remained king of Alba. Numitor did not know that his two grandsons had been saved from a watery grave and were living so

near to him. But one day Remus had a quarrel with some of the herdsmen of Numitor, and they took him prisoner. They then brought him before Numitor, who was much impressed with the noble appearance of the youth and asked him who he was.

Remus told all he knew about himself and Romulus; how they had been found at the cave of the she-wolf and had been reared by the king's herdsman. Just then Faustulus and Romulus came searching for Remus, and were full of joy when they found that no harm had come to him. Numitor questioned the herdsman about the finding of the twins, and after hearing his story was convinced that Romulus and Remus were Sylvia's boys, who had been strangely saved from the wrath of their cruel uncle. He was very happy at finding his grandsons, and he thanked the herdsman for his good care of them.

Romulus and Remus were also very happy at finding a grandfather and at the sudden change of their fortune. When they were told about Amulius and his wicked deeds, they resolved to punish him for the murder of their mother. So with a few followers they rushed to the palace at Alba and entered the king's chamber. "Behold! we are Sylvia's sons, whom you thought you had killed," they shouted to Amulius, as he started up in alarm

at their entrance. "You killed our mother and you shall die for it."

Before he could utter a word they sprang upon him with drawn swords and put him to death. Then they brought their grandfather to the palace and placed him on the throne, and all the people welcomed Numitor as the rightful king of Alba.

After a little time the two brothers thought they would build a city on Palatine Hill, where the wolf had nursed them. So they went to the hill and selected a site. Then they began to talk of a name for their city.

"I will be king and give the new city my name," said Romulus.

"No," cried Remus. "I will be the king and name the city after myself. I have just as much right as you have."

So the brothers argued for a while, but at last they agreed to settle the matter in this way. At midnight Romulus was to stand on Palatine Hill, and Remus was to stand on another hill a short distance off. Then they were to ask the gods to show them a sign of favor in the sky, and the first who should see anything very remarkable was to name the new city and be its king.

So they went to watch, but nothing appeared until sunrise of the second day, when Remus saw

six great vultures flying across the sky from north to south. He ran swiftly to Palatine Hill and told Romulus of what he had seen. But just then twelve vultures, one after another, flew high over the head of Romulus in an almost unbroken line and were soon lost to view.

Then Romulus claimed that he had the favor of the gods, as more birds had appeared to him, but Remus claimed that the gods favored him, as the birds had appeared to him first. Romulus asked the opinion of some of his friends, and as they all agreed that he was right in his claim he began to lay out the new city. He gave it the name of Roma, or Rome, after himself, and built a low wall round about the place to protect it from invaders.

One day Remus, who was still angry with Romulus, laughed scornfully at the little wall and said to his brother: "Shall such a defense as this keep your city? It may prevent children from getting in, but not men, for they can jump over it."

So saying, Remus put his hands on the wall and sprang over it, to show that his words were true. Romulus, in a sudden outburst of rage, struck his brother and instantly killed him, at the same time crying out, "So perish any one who shall hereafter attempt to leap over my wall."

Then Romulus continued his work. While he

was building his wall, he also built some houses. The first houses were nothing more than wood huts covered with mud and straw. But in course of time the Romans had houses of stone, and they built fine temples and theaters and streets and squares. Romulus welcomed to his new city all who might wish to come and settle there. It was not long, therefore, until Rome was full of people from many different tribes and countries. Thus the Roman nation began, and for years it steadily grew and prospered until at last Rome became the greatest and grandest city in the whole world.

From "Famous Men of Rome."

THE LITTLE POSTBOY

IN my travels about the world I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my experiences in which children have taken part, so this shall be the story of my adventure with a little postboy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. I made my

journey in this season, however, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold, indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should more than once have felt inclined to turn back.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a province in the northern part of Sweden. They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much outdoor work, they spin and weave and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are furnished either by the keeper of the station or by some of the

neighboring farmers ; and when they are wanted, a man or boy goes with the traveler to bring them back.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down until long after the stars came out, then to get a warm supper in some dark red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

The cold increased a little every day, to be sure ; but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero ; then it went down ten degrees below ; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly ; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the

sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before.

“There will be a storm soon,” said my postboy; “one always comes after these lights.”

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber merchants were traveling the same way and had taken the post horses; so I was obliged to wait at the stations until horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English miles, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. The keeper's wife—a friendly, rosy-faced woman—prepared me some excellent

coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband who has gone on with the two lumbermen will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Petersen, and I think you will find him at the posthouse when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by

the hand, and asked him, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled, and his mother made haste to say: —

"You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you will be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

The boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible. Drawing on his mittens of hare's fur, he took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat.

The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the tall fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so cheerfully that my own spirits began to rise.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done! Here's a level; now trot a bit."

So we went on, — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill, — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked, as I did about every five minutes, “Are we nearly there?” he always answered, “A little farther.”

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

“Ah,” said he, “now I know where we are; it’s one mile more.” But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

“What is the matter?” I finally asked.

“We have got past the hills on the left,” he said. “The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no snow plows out to-night, we shall have trouble.”

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plow down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that

the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still.

Lars and I stood up and looked around. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees.

I shouted to him, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he came back to the sled.

"If I knew where the road was," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know, and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made

me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept, I should soon be frozen.

“Oh, no!” exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. “I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter, upon the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we’ll do it to-night.”

“What is it?”

“Let me take care of Axel first,” said Lars. “We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin.”

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat as if satisfied with the arrangement.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side toward the wind. Then lifting them on the other side, he said: —

“Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it.”

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay

stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said that we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and loosen our clothes. When this was done and we lay close together, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

In five minutes, I think, we were sound asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. I remember that his warm soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no farther than my knees.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said
"The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We
can start in another hour."



I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out at once; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and he immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready, we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out this early to plow the

road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts, but packed the snow, leaving a good solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the posthouse at Umea. There we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both and went on towards Lapland.

Lars was so quiet and cheerful and fearless, that although I had been nearly all over the world and he had never been away from home, I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more, if I should know him better.

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

From "Boys of Other Countries." Copyright, 1904, by Marie Taylor. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE FIRST PRINTERS

IN the year 1420 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman, who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used, after dinner, to walk in the famous wood that even up to this time is growing just without the city walls.

One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth bit of beech bark, on which — as he was a handy man with his knife — he cut several letters so plainly and neatly, that, after his return home, he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a “copy.”

After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman, whose name was Laurence Coster, fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blacking them with ink, he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters, — which was really printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing not many years ago in the city of Strassburg, on the bank of the Rhine.

But Gutenberg got on so poorly, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mainz, which is a German city lower down on the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a rich silversmith named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money, on condition that after a certain time it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. One of the men who assisted him was a scribe, or designer, named Peter Schöffer. His work was to finish up the book by drawing lines around the pages, making ornamental initial letters, and filling up gaps in the printing.



This Schöffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw, and what he thought, with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better types than Gutenberg was using; and, acting on his hints, Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, ran types in a mold; and these were probably the first *cast* types ever made. These promised so well that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and to carry on the business with

Schöffler, to whom he gave his only daughter Christine for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg for his loan shortly after, which Gutenberg could not pay; and in consequence he had to give up to Faust all his tools, his presses, and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible nearly two thirds completed. This Faust and Schöffler hurried through, and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies of this Bible in the National Library at Paris, one copy at the Royal Library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date, in two great volumes, each of about six hundred pages. You very likely could not read a word of it if you were to see it; for it is in Latin, and in black Gothic type, with many of the words abbreviated, and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye.

It is certainly the first Bible printed from movable types, but poor Gutenberg got no money from it, though he had done most of the work upon it. He did not grow disheartened. He toiled on, though he was without the help of Schöffler and of Faust, and in a few years afterward made books as good as those of his rivals. Before he died, his name was attached to books printed as clearly and sharply as books are printed to-day.

But who printed the first English book? And did

that follow quickly afterward? Not many years — perhaps twenty. And the man who did this was named William Caxton — a name which has been held in very great honor ever since.

He was in early life apprentice to a seller of dry goods in London, and his master left him a fair fortune. His zeal and industry made him a marked man, so that he was sent by the government over to Flanders, to the city of Bruges.

A great war which raged along the Rhine at that day broke up the printing office of Faust and Schöffer. Caxton secured some of the workmen, and, taking them over into England, set up a printing office at Westminster, about 1474, in some outbuilding of the famous Westminster Abbey, and there printed his *Histories of Troye*, and many another book.

After his death, the men who had worked with him carried on the labor in the same spirit of honesty and zeal, and looked forward to the happy day when a Bible should be chained in every church, for every Christian man to look upon.

And this was a great thing to look forward to in that day. Books had borne and were bearing a value which would astonish you now. An old Italian called Poggio had, in those centuries, and not long before, exchanged his manuscript copy of Livy for a country villa near Florence.

Chaining books to desks was not uncommon, but it was not in every church they were chained. They were thus made secure in great religious houses, called monasteries and abbeys; or they were carefully guarded in the cabinets of kings. What would the good old printers of those times have thought of Bibles printed and sold for only a few pennies each!

— D. G. MITCHELL.

From "About Old Story Tellers."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

ON Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born, at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman and went to live at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school.

In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his mechanical skill. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes, manufactured by himself. With

the aid of these Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in his hand.

The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured. And his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him.

“He’ll make a capital workman one of these days,” she would say. “No fear but Isaac will do well in the world and be a rich man before he dies.”

It is amusing to conjecture what were the anticipations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac’s future life. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture of mahogany, rosewood, or polished oak, inlaid with ivory and ebony. And then, doubtless, all the rich people would purchase these fine things. Others probably thought that little Isaac would be an architect, and would build splendid mansions, and churches too, with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac’s grandmother to apprentice him to a clock maker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession.

And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for him-

self, and would manufacture curious clocks like those that contain sets of dancing figures which issue from the dial plate when the hour is struck ; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water.

This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about ; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

Besides the water clock, Isaac made a sundial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour ; for the water clock would tell it in the shade and the dial in the sunshine. The sundial is said to be still in existence on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has passed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life ; it marked the hour of his death ; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

Yet we must not say that the sundial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial shall have crumbled to decay.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of gaining knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength.

Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind, and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which worked on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest he pried into its machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the mill-stones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be busy with his tools.

It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill. Though not very large, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draft of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And, what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

"But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

"What is that?" asked Isaac, for he supposed that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true; I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how the deficiency should be supplied.

He might easily have made a little figure of a man; but then it would not have been able to move

about and perform the duties of a miller. It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap; and, as no other miller could be found, Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office.

The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark gray coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind. But perhaps some two-legged millers are quite as dishonest as this small quadruped.

As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy.

At night, I think it probable, he looked up to the stars and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt that he should be able some day to answer all these questions.

When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or

two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar that his mother sent him back to school, and afterward to the University of Cambridge.

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man.

You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses.



THE BOY NEWTON STUDYING THE STARS.

When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits. The boy had found out the mechanism of a windmill; the man

explained to his fellow-men the mechanism of the universe.

While making these researches he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true life.

Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog, Diamond? One day, when Newton was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire.

On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would

have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

“O Diamond, Diamond,” exclaimed he, “thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!”

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterward; but, from his conduct toward the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown. He was made a member of Parliament and received the honor of knighthood. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

“I seem to myself like a child,” he said, “playing on the seashore and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of truth lies undiscovered before me.”

At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or, rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly as while his spirit animated a mortal body.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

From "Tales and Sketches."



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

“WHAT means this glory round our feet,”
The magi mused, “more bright than morn?”
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

“What means that star,” the shepherds said,
“That brightens thro’ the rocky glen?”
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang “Peace on earth, good will to men!”

All round about our feet shall shine
 A Light like that the wise men saw,
 If we our loving will incline
 To that Sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
 The simple faith of shepherds then,
 And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
 Sing "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong
 But keep at eve the faith of morn,
 Shall daily hear the angel song,
 "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the coming feast.

I had among my fellow-passengers inside, three fine rosy-cheeked boys, full of health and manly spirits. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the feats they were to perform during their six weeks' freedom from book, birch, and teacher. They were full of joy at thought of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the delight they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed. But the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take — there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, the boys addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-

hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

I fancied that I saw cheerfulness in every counte-



nance throughout the journey. A stagecoach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance to a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some, with bundles and handboxes, to secure places. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side

of fresh country faces. At the corners are assembled groups of idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing the company pass.

Perhaps the coming holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me that everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages. The shops of the grocers and the butchers were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows.

I was roused from my fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy — "There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them. He was accompanied by an aged pointer and the famous Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-

side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest. All wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last, one on the pony with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the other two holding John's hands, both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with much feeling, for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity.

We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls on the portico, and I saw my little comrades and Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

From "The Sketch Book."

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

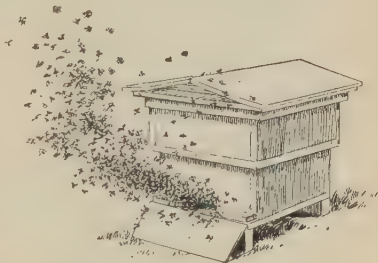
Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

From "In Memoriam."

A WONDERFUL CITY

I AM going to ask you to visit with me one of the most wonderful cities in the world. It is a city with no human beings in it, and yet it is densely populated. In it you will find streets, but no pavements, for the inhabitants walk along the walls of the houses.



In the houses you will see no windows, for each house just fits its owner, and the door is the only opening in it. Though made without hands, these houses are most evenly and regularly built, in tiers one above the other. Here and there a few royal palaces, larger and more spacious than the rest, catch the eye as they stand out at the corners of the streets.

Some of the ordinary houses are used to live in, while others serve as storehouses, where food is laid

up in the summer to feed the residents during the winter. When it is very cold outside, the inhabitants, having no fires, keep themselves warm within the city by clustering together and never venturing out of doors. But the gates are never shut; that is not necessary, for in this strange city all of the citizens obey the laws. They go out when it is time to go out, come home at proper hours, and stay at home when it is their duty to do so.

A queen reigns over this numerous population, and you might perhaps fancy that, having so many subjects to work for her and wait upon her, she would do nothing but amuse herself. On the contrary, she seldom goes out of the city, but works as hard as the rest in performing her own royal duties. From sunrise to sunset, whenever the weather is fine, all is life, activity, and bustle in this busy city. Though the gates are so narrow that only a few inhabitants can pass each other on their way through them, yet thousands go in and out every hour of the day. All seems confusion and disorder in this rapidly moving throng, but in reality each has her own work to do, and perfect order reigns over the whole.

No doubt you have guessed already that this wonderful city which I am describing is a beehive; for where in the whole world can we find so busy, so industrious, or so orderly a community as among the bees?

Let us suppose that we go into a country garden one fine summer morning, when the sun is shining brightly overhead, and that we see hanging from the bough a black object, which looks very much like a large plum pudding.

On approaching it, however, we see that it is a large cluster or swarm of bees, clinging to one another by their legs. There may be from twenty thousand to forty thousand of these little creatures hanging together in this single swarm.

If these bees were left to themselves, they would find a home after a time in a hollow tree, or in some other cavity, and begin to build their honeycomb there. But, as we do not wish to lose their honey, we will bring a hive. Holding it under the swarm, we shake the bough so sharply that the bees fall instantly into the hive, and cling to the sides as



we place it on the stand where the hive is to rest. And now let us suppose that we are able to see what is going on in the hive. A number of large, lumbering fellows will, it is true, wander aimlessly about the hive and wait for the others to feed them. But these are the drones, who never do any work, except during one or two days, in their whole lives. The smaller working bees begin to be busy at once. Some fly away in search of honey. Others walk carefully all around the inside of the hive to find any cracks that are there. Then they go off to the horse-chestnut trees, poplars, hollyhocks, or other plants which have sticky buds, and gather a kind of gum. With this they cement the cracks and make the hive air-tight.

But most of the bees begin to hang in a cluster from the roof just as they did from the bough of the apple tree. What are they doing there? Watch for a little while, and you will soon see one bee come out from among her companions and settle on the ceiling of the hive. With her fore legs she will take a scale of wax, hold it in her claws, and bite it with her hard, pointed upper jaws; then, moistening it with her tongue, she will draw it out like a ribbon and plaster it on the top of the hive.

The home of the bees is sometimes called a castle of wax. But where do they obtain the wax out of

which to make the comb that is to hold the honey? They make it themselves. If you observe the bees closely during the height of the honey harvest, you will see little pearly disks or scales of wax protruding between the rings that form the body of the bee. If you will examine them with a magnifier, you will find these wax scales of rare beauty. Out of them the industrious little workers construct the six-sided tubes which are to contain their stores of honey and beebread, and in which they are to rear their young.

And now begins the work of comb building. It would seem that a careful observer ought to be able to tell with ease how the bees build their honeycomb. But the little fellows have such a quick, sleight-of-hand way of doing the work that it is difficult to find out exactly how they accomplish it.

Let us see what we can learn by close observation. Here is a hive where the bees are at this moment building their comb near the glass window. There! One of them picks the wax scale from the body of a fellow-worker and silently makes her way to the top of the hive, where the building is going on. Reaching her destination, she gives the little piece of wax a pinch against the comb. One would think she might stop awhile and carefully fashion the material into its place; but no, off she scampers for another load. After her follows another busy worker

who has picked up her wax scale from the bottom of the hive. Quickly she deposits this lump of wax, gives it a little touch or a little rubbing and polishing, and she too is off again. Then come other bees, and then others and others, all with their burden of precious wax for the walls they are building. As a result of these maneuvers, in good time the honeycomb, with its six-sided cells, seems to grow out of nothing, as if by magic. No one bee makes an entire cell alone. The finished combs which will finally fill the hive are the product of the united efforts of the whole moving, restless mass.

As soon as a few inches of the first comb have been finished, the bees which are bringing home honey begin to store it in the cells. One cell will hold as much as many bees can carry, and so the busy little workers have to toil all day, filling cell after cell. The honey lies uncovered in the cells, being too thick and sticky to flow out, and is used for daily food. If there is any to spare, the bees close up the cells with wax, to keep the honey for the winter.

And so the life of this wonderful city goes on. The little worker bee lives only a few weeks, but in that time she has done her share of the work in the world.

— ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

From "The Fairy Land of Science."

FARMYARD SONG

OVER the hill the farm boy goes,
 His shadow lengthens along the land,
 A giant staff in a giant hand;
 In the poplar tree, above the spring,
 The katydid begins to sing;

The early dews are falling;—
 Into the stone heap darts the mink;
 The swallows skim the river's brink;
 And home to the woodland fly the crows,
 When over the hill the farm boy goes,

Cheerily calling,—
 “Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!”
 Farther, farther over the hill,
 Faintly calling, calling still,—
 “Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!”

Into the yard the farmer goes,
 With grateful heart, at the close of day;
 Harness and chain are hung away;
 In the wagon shed stand yoke and plow;
 The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,

The cooling dews are falling;—
 The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
 The pigs come grunting to his feet,

The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling, —

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”

While still the cowboy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dewes are falling.

The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling, —

“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,

Saying, “So! so, boss! so! so!”

To supper at last the farmer goes;
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.

Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
 Makes shrill the silence all night long ;

The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock ;
 Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;
 The household sinks to deep repose ;
 But still in sleep the farm boy goes

Singing, calling, —

“Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !”

And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
 Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
 Murmuring, “So, boss ! so !”

— J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

RABBIT WAYS

IN your walks in the woods did you ever notice a little furrow or tunnel through the underbrush, a tiny roadway in the briers and huckleberry bushes ? Did you ever try to follow this path to its beginning or end, wondering who traveled it ?

Enter any wild tract of wood or high swamp along the creek, and look sharp as you cut across the underbrush. You will not go far before finding a narrow runway under your feet, a path about five inches wide, leading in no particular direction. It is evidently made by cutting off the small stems of vines and bushes at an inch or more from the

ground. The work looks as if it had been laid out by rule and done with a sharp knife, it is so regular and clean.

This is a rabbit road. Follow it a few rods and you will find it crossed by another road, exactly similar. Take the new path now, and soon you are branching off, turning, and joining other roads. You are in rabbit land, traveling its highways — the most entangling system of thoroughfares that was ever constructed. There are finger boards and milestones along the way, but they point nowhere and mark no distances except to the rabbits. "Come in and get lost!" This is what one reads at the crossroads in rabbit land.

An animal's particular powers are in line with its needs and mode of life. The beaver, for instance, by the very demands of his peculiar life, has become the chief among all the animal engineers, his specialty being dams. He can make a good slide for logging, but of the construction of speedways he knows absolutely nothing. The rabbit, on the other hand, is a runner. He can swim if he is obliged to. His interests, however, lie mostly in his heels, and hence in his highways. So Bunny has become an expert road maker. He cannot build a house, nor dig even a respectable den; he is unable to climb, and his face is too flat for hole gnawing; but turn

him loose in a brambly, briery wilderness, and he will soon thread the trackless waste with a network of roads.

How maddening these roads are to the dogs and foxes! And who indeed, dog or man, ever found a satisfactory end to a rabbit's road,—that is, a nest, a playground, or even a feeding place? Old Calamity, the hound, is always tormented and undone whenever she runs foul of such a road.

She will start Bunny in the open field, and trail away after him in full tongue as fast as her fat bow-legs will carry her. The rabbit makes for the woods. Calamity is hot on his track, going down toward the creek. Suddenly she finds herself plunging along a rabbit road, breaking her way through by sheer force where the rabbit slipped along with perfect ease. She is following the path now rather than the scent, and all at once discovers that she is off the trail. She turns and goes back. Yes, here the rabbit made a short break to the right by a side path; the track is fresh and warm, and the old hound sings in her eager delight.

On she goes with more haste, running the path again instead of the trail, and — there is no path! It is gone. This bothers the old dog; but her nose is keen and she has picked up the course again. Here it goes into another road. She gives tongue again

and rushes on, when — *Wow!* She has plunged into a thick and thorny tangle of green brier.

I suppose that this “blind alley” kind of road is due to the fact that the rabbits have no regular homes. They make a nest for the young; but they never have dens, like minks and coons, in this section of the country. Bunny cannot back into a burrow and bare his teeth to his enemy; he is not a fighter. He can run and he knows it; legs are his salvation, and he must have room to limber them. If he has to fight, then give him the open, not a hole. He had as well surrender himself at once as to run into a hole that has only one opening.

During the cold, snowy weather the rabbits usually leave the bare fields for the woods, though the older and wiser ones more frequently suffer the storms than risk the greater danger of such a move. When pressed by hunger or hounded hard, they often take to a rail pile, and sometimes they grow so bold as to seek hiding under a barn or house.

At one time my house was separated from the woods by only a clover field. This clover field was a favorite feeding ground for the rabbits of the vicinity. Here in the early evening they would gather to feed and frolic; and, not content with clover, they sometimes went into the garden for a dessert of growing corn and young cabbage.

Take a moonlight night in autumn and hide in the edge of these woods. There is to be a rabbit party in the clover field. The grass has long been cut, and the field is clean and shining ; but still there is plenty to eat. The rabbits from both sides of the woods are coming. The full moon rises above the trees, and



the cottontails start over. Now, of course, they use the paths which they cut so carefully the longest possible way round. They hop leisurely along, stopping now and then to nibble the sassafras bark or to get a bite of wintergreen, even quitting the path, here and there, for a berry or a bunch of sweet wood grass.

“Stop a moment ! Here is a side path where the

briers have grown three inches since they were last cut off. This path must be cleared out at once," and the old rabbit falls to cutting down the briers. By the time he has finished the path a dozen other rabbits have assembled in the clover field. When he appears among them, there is a *thump*, and all look up; some one runs to greet the newcomer; they touch whiskers, and then return to their eating.

But now the feast is finished and the games are on. Four or five of the rabbits have come together for a turn at hop-skip-and-jump. And such hop-skip-and-jump! They are professionals at this sport, every one of them. There is not a rabbit in the game that cannot leap five times higher than he can reach on his tiptoes and hop a clean ten feet.

Over and over they go, bounding and bouncing, snapping from their marvelous hind legs as if shot from a spring trap. It is the greatest jumping exhibition that you will ever see. To have such legs as these is the next best thing to having wings.

They are chasing each other over the grass in a game of tag. There go two, round and round, tagging and retagging, first one being "it" and then the other. Their circle widens and draws nearer to the woods. This time round they will touch the bush behind which we are watching. Here they come — there they go; they will leap the log yonder.

Flash! Squeak! Scurry! Not a rabbit in the field! Yes; one rabbit — the limp, lifeless one hanging over the neck of that fox trotting off yonder in the shadows along the border of the woods!

The picnic is over for this night, and it will be a long time before the cottontails so far forget themselves as to play in this place again.

It is small wonder that animals do not laugh. From the day they are born, instinct and training are bent toward the circumvention of enemies. There is no time to play; no chance, no cause for laughter.

The little brown rabbit has least reason of all to be glad, and yet he is glad. He is utterly inoffensive, the enemy of none, but the victim of many. Before he knows his mother, he understands the meaning of *Be ready! Watch!* The winds whisper them; the birds call them; every leaf, every twig, every shadow and sound, says, "Be ready! Watch!" Life is but a series of escapes; little else than vigilance and flight. He must sleep with eyes open, feed with ears up, move with muffled feet, and at short stages he must stop, rise on his long hind legs, and listen and look. If he ever forgets, if he pauses one moment for a wordless, noiseless game with his fellows, he dies. For safety's sake he lives alone; but even a rabbit has fits of sociability and gives way at times to his feelings. The owl and the fox know

this, and they watch the open glades and field edges. They must surprise him.

The barred owl is quick at dodging, but Bunny is quicker. It is the owl's soft, shadow-silent wings that are dreaded. They spirit him through the dusk like a huge moth, wavering and aimless, with dangling dragon claws. But his drop is quick and certain, and the grip of those loosely hanging legs is the very grip of death. There is no terror like the ghost terror of the owl.

The fox is feared; but then, he is on legs, not wings, and there are telltale winds that fly before him, far ahead, whispering, "Fox, fox, fox!" Reynard is cunning. Bunny is foresighted, wide awake, and fleet of foot. Sometimes he is caught napping — so are we all; but if in wits he is not always Reynard's equal, in speed he holds his own very well with his enemy.

— DALLAS LORE SHARP.

THE SONG SPARROW

THERE is a bird I know so well,
 It seems as if he must have sung
 Beside my crib when I was young;
 Before I knew the way to spell
 The name of even the smallest bird,
 His gentle, joyful song I heard.

Now see if you can tell, my dear,
 What bird it is, that every year,
 Sings "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
 And snow returns to hide the earth ;
 But still he warms his head with mirth,
 And waits for May. He lingers long
 While flowers fade, and every day
 Repeats his sweet, contented lay ;
 As if to say we need not fear
 The seasons' change, if love is here,
 With "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
 Of many colors, smart and gay ;
 His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
 With darker patches at his throat.
 And yet of all the well-dressed throng,
 Not one can sing so brave a song.
 It makes the pride of looks appear
 A vain and foolish thing to hear
 His "Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer."

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

From "The Builders and other Poems."
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MY BRUTE NEIGHBORS

THE mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like the squirrel, which it resembled in its motions.

At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes and along my sleeve and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter closed, and dodged and played at bopeep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterwards cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge, which is so shy a bird, led her

brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs, that many a traveler has placed his foot in the midst of a brood and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off and her anxious calls and mewings, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood.



The parent will sometimes roll and spin around before you in such a dishabille that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still

their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling.

So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterwards. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such a gem. The traveler does not often look into such a limpid well.

The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods and still sustain

themselves in the neighborhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here ! He grows to be four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still hear their whinnering at night.



Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch and read a little by a spring, which was the source of a swamp and of a brook. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white pine, was yet a clean, firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear, gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest.

Thither, too, the woodcock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath ; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer, till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention and get off her young, who would have already taken up their march, with faint, wiry peep, single file through the swamp as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird.

There, too, the turtle doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white pines over my head ; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods, that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, and the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such com-

batants; that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*,—a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my woodyard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and the dying, both red and black.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbling on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was "Conquer or die."

In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother

had charged him to return *with* his shield or *upon* it. Or, perchance, he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus.

He saw this unequal combat afar — for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds — he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

Certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

— HENRY D. THOREAU.

From "Walden."

A LITTLE HEROINE

BLENTARN GILL is the name of a little narrow gorge in the Westmoreland mountains. At the foot of these mountains lie the lovely green vale and lake of Grasmere. The lake is fed by mountain streamlets, called, in the north, becks.

One of these becks comes down another beautiful valley called Easedale, sheltered by mountains and green with grass, as smooth and soft as on a lawn. At one end, Easedale opens on the village of Grasmere, at the other is a steep ascent, leading to a bare, stony ravine, shut in on all sides by high mountains.

At the upper end of this lonely ravine there formerly stood a cottage named Blentarn Gill. Gill means a cleft worn in the rock by water; and just above the cottage there is such a cleft, opening from a basin in the rock that must once have been a tarn, or mountain lakelet. But the pool is now dry, and for want of the living eye of sparkling water, it is termed Blentarn or Blind Pool.

The cottage was the dwelling of an honest old soldier named George Green, who had taken the little mountain farm, and married an active, bustling woman. She kept her home in great order, and regularly sent her children, tidily dressed, to school

at Grasmere whenever the weather did not make the long wild mountain walk impassable for them.

It was in the winter of the year 1807 that there was an auction of furniture at a farmhouse at Langdale Head. These sales are great occasions among the people of these hills. Every one attends them for a considerable distance round, and there is much friendly hospitality. Much business of all sorts is transacted at them, and there are many meetings of old friends.

To this gathering George and Sarah Green set off in the early forenoon of a bright winter day, leaving their cottage and six little ones in the charge of the eldest sister, a girl of nine years named Agnes. They had no servant, and there was no neighbor nearer than Grasmere.

Little Agnes was, however, a remarkably steady and careful child, and all went well through the day. But towards night the mist settled down heavily upon the hills, and the heavy sighing in the air told that a storm was working up. The children watched anxiously for their parents, but the fog cut off their view, flakes of snow began to fall, and darkness closed in early on them.

Agnes gave the others their supper of milk and oatmeal porridge, and they sat down waiting and watching, and fancying they heard sounds in the

hills. The clock struck one hour after another, and no step was on the threshold, no hand at the latch, no voice at the door, only the white silent flakes fell thicker and thicker. The snow began to close up the door, and came in white clinging wreaths through the crevices of the windows.

Agnes tried to cheer up the other children, but there was a dread on them all, and they could not bear to move away from the fire on the hearth, round which they were nestled. She put the two youngest, who were twins, to bed in their cradle, and sat with the others till the clock struck twelve. Then she heard them, one by one, say their prayers, and doing the same herself, lay down to rest, trusting to her Heavenly Father's care. .

The morning came, and no father and mother, — only the snow falling thicker than ever, and almost blocking them in; but still Agnes did not lose hope. She thought her father and mother might have taken shelter at night in some sheep-fold, or that the snow might have prevented them from setting out at all. She cheered herself up, and dressed the others, and gave them their breakfast, recollecting, as she saw the lessening stores, that her mother must know how little was provided for them, and be as anxious to get home as they were to see her there.

She longed to go down to Grasmere to inquire; but the communication was entirely cut off by the snow, for the beck was, in the winter, too wide for a child to leap, and too rapid to be waded. The crazy wooden bridge that crossed it had so large a hole in it, that, when concealed with snow, it was not safe to attempt the passage. She could not help being terrified at her lonely and desolate condition, but she set herself resolutely to comfort and help the lesser creatures who depended on her.

She thought over all that could be done for the present, and first wound up the clock, a friend that she could not allow to be silent. Next, she looked into the meal chest, and made some porridge for breakfast, but the store was so low that she was forced to put all except the babies upon short allowance. To reconcile the others to this, she made cakes of a small hoard of flour, and baked them on the hearth.

It was snowing so fast that she feared the way to the peat stack would be blocked up, and therefore her next work was, with the help of her two little brothers, to pull down as much fuel as would last for a week, and carry it indoors. She examined the potatoes, but fancying that if she brought them in, the warmth of the cottage would spoil them, she only took enough for a single meal.

Milking the cow was the next office performed by this orderly little maid, but the poor animal was half starved and had little milk to give. Agnes saw that more hay must be given to her, and calling the boys, scrambled with them into the loft, and began to pull down the hay. This was severe work for such young children, and darkness came on, frightening the two little fellows, so that it required all the sister's courage to finish supplying the poor cow with even that night's supper and bed.

Supper time came, and after it the motherly child undressed the twins and found voice to sing them to sleep, after which she joined the other three, nestled on the hearth. Hour after hour they listened for the dear voices, till they fancied they heard sounds on the howling blast, held their breath, and then as it died away, were conscious of the deep silence. So fierce was the snowdrift that Agnes had to guard the door and window from admitting long wreaths of it, and protect the fire from being put out as it came hissing down the chimney.

Again her watch lasted till midnight, and no parents, no help came. Again she went to bed, and awoke to find the snow falling thicker than ever, and hope failing within her. Her fond, active mother, her strong, brave father, a noted climber, would surely long ago have found the way home to their children

had all been well with them. Agnes got through this third lonely day by keeping her little flock together on the hearth, and making them say their prayers aloud by turns.

By the following morning the snow was over, and the wind had changed, sweeping away the drifts, so that a low stone wall had been exposed, which these little mountaineers knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere. It would be needful to push down some of the loose stones of the walls that divided the fields, and the little boys went with Agnes to help her in this as far as the ridge of the hill. But the way was long and unsafe for small children, and Agnes sent them back, while she made her way alone, a frail little being in the vast slopes of snow, to the house nearest in Grasmere.

She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome, but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay. In half an hour the news that George and Sarah Green were missing had spread through the valley, and sixty strong men had met to seek for them.

The last that was known of them was, that after the auction, some of their friends had advised them not to try the dangerous path so late; but when they had gone no one knew.

Day after day the search continued, but in vain. The neighbors patiently gave up their work to turn over the deep snow around the path from Langdale, but no trace of them was found. At last dogs were used, and they guided the seekers far away from the path, until a loud shout from the top of a steep precipice told that the lost were found. There lay Sarah Green, wrapped in her husband's greatcoat, of course dead, and at the foot of the rock his body was found, in a posture that seemed to show that he had been killed by a fall.

The neighbors thought that the mist and snow must have bewildered them till they had wandered thus far in the darkness, and that George had taken a few steps forward to make out the road when he fell from the rock. His wife, no doubt, had been unconscious of his fall, and stood still where he had left her, until at last she was benumbed by the sleep of cold.

The brave little girl keeping her patient watch and guard over the five younger ones, and setting out on her lonely way through the snow, must have had much of the spirit of her soldier father. Simple as her conduct was, we think it truly worthy to be counted among Golden Deeds.

— CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

From "A Book of Golden Deeds."

SOLOMON AND THE BEES

WHEN Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came
So in the Talmud you may read the story,
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone: much had her Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the Queen had heard — which piqued her
most —

How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the Queen had come — a royal guest —
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;

The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

“Which is the true, and which the false?” she said.

Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head;
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,



As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

“Which is the true?” once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;

“So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
 Most learnèd Liege, with such a trivial thing !”
 But still the sage was silent ; it was plain
 A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
 Hard by the casement, — so the story goes, —
 A little band of busy, bustling bees,
 Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
 The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head ;
 “Open the window !” — that was all he said.

The window opened at the King’s command ;
 Within the rooms the eager insects flew,
 And sought the flowers in Sheba’s dexter hand !
 And so the king and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature’s ; — and the baffled queen
 Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

My story teaches — every tale should bear
 A fitting moral — that the wise may find
 In trifles light as atoms in the air
 Some useful lesson to enrich the mind, —
 Some truth designed to profit or to please,
 As Israel’s king learned wisdom from the bees !

— JOHN G. SAXE.

THE SEA VOYAGE

I WAS born in the East Indies. I lost my father and mother when I was very young. At the age of five, my relations thought it proper that I should be sent to England for my education. I was to be intrusted to the care of a young woman, but just as I had taken leave of my friends and we were about to take our passage, she suddenly fell sick and could not go on board.

The ship was at the very point of sailing, and it was the last that was to sail for the season. At length the captain prevailed upon my friends to let me embark alone. There was no possibility of getting any other attendant for me in the short time allotted for our preparation, and the opportunity of going by that ship was thought too valuable to be lost. No ladies happened to be going, and so I was consigned to the care of the captain and his crew, — rough and unaccustomed attendants for a young creature delicately brought up as I had been.

The unpolished sailors were my nursery mates and my waiting women. Everything was done by the captain and the men to accommodate me and make me comfortable. I had a little room made out of the cabin, which was to be considered as my room, and nobody might enter it.

The first mate had a great character for bravery and all sailorlike accomplishments ; but with all this, he had a gentleness of manner, and a pale, feminine cast of face, from ill health and a weakly constitution, which subjected him to some ridicule from the officers, and caused him to be named Betsy. He did not much like the appellation ; but he submitted to it, saying that those who gave him a woman's name well knew that he had a man's heart, and that in the face of danger he would go as far as any man. To this young man, whose real name was Charles Atkinson, the care of me was especially intrusted.

Betsy was proud of his charge, and, to do him justice, acquitted himself with great diligence and adroitness through the whole voyage. This reconciled me, in some measure, to the want of a maid, which I had been used to. But I was a manageable girl at all times and gave nobody much trouble.

I have not knowledge enough to give an account of my voyage, or to remember the names of the seas we passed through, or the lands which we touched upon in our course. The chief thing I can remember was Atkinson taking me up on deck to see the whales playing about in the sea. There was one great whale that came bounding up out of the sea ; then he would dive into it again, and then he would come up at a distance where nobody expected him ; and

another whale was following after him. Atkinson said they were at play, and that the lesser whale kept the bigger whale company all through the wide seas. But I thought it frightful kind of play, for every minute I expected they would come up to our ship and toss it. But Atkinson said that a whale was a gentle creature, that it was a sort of sea elephant, and that the most powerful creatures in nature are always the least hurtful.

Many other things he used to show me when he was not on watch or doing some duty for the ship. No one was more attentive to his duty than he; but at such times as he had leisure he would show me all the pretty sea sights, — the dolphins and the porpoises that came before a storm, and all the colors which the sea changed to, — how sometimes it was a deep blue, and then a deep green, and sometimes it would seem all on fire. All these various appearances he would show me and attempt to explain the reason for them to me as well as my young capacity would admit of.

There were a lion and a tiger on board, going to England as a present to the king, and it was a great diversion for Atkinson and me to see the ways of these beasts in their dens, and how venturous the sailors were in putting their hands through the gates and patting their rough coats.

Some of the men had monkeys which ran loose about ; and the sport was for the men to lose them and find them again. The monkeys would run up the shrouds and pass from rope to rope with ten times greater alacrity than the most experienced sailor could follow them. Sometimes they would hide themselves in the most unthought-of places, and when they were found they would grin and make mouths. Atkinson described to me the ways of these little animals in their native woods, for he had seen them. Oh, how many ways he thought of to amuse me in that long voyage !

Sometimes he would describe to me the odd shapes and varieties of fishes that were in the sea ; and tell me tales of the sea monsters that lay hid at the bottom and were seldom seen by men ; and what a curious sight it would be if our eyes could be sharpened to behold all the inhabitants of the sea at once, swimming in the great deeps, as plain as we see the gold and silver fish in a bowl of glass. With such notions he enlarged my infant capacity to take in many things.

When, in foul weather, I was terrified at the motion of the vessel, as it rocked backwards and forwards, he would still my fears and tell me that I used to be rocked so once in a cradle ; and that the sea was God's bed and the ship our cradle, and we

were as safe in that greater motion as when we felt that lesser one in our little wooden sleeping places. When the wind was up and sang through the sails and disturbed me with its violent clamor, he would call it music, and bid me hark to the sea organ; and with that name he quieted my tender apprehensions.

When I looked around with a mournful face, he would enter into my thoughts and tell me pretty stories of his mother and sisters, and a cousin that he loved better than his sisters, whom he called Jenny. One time, and never but once, he told me that Jenny had promised to be his wife if ever he returned to England; but that he had his doubts whether he should live to get home. This made me cry bitterly.

The captain and all were singularly kind to me and strove to make up for my uneasy and unnatural situation. The boatswain would pipe for my diversion, and the sailor boy would climb the dangerous mast for my sport. The rough foremastman would never willingly appear before me till he had combed his long black hair smooth and sleek, so as not to terrify me. The officers got up a sort of play for my amusement; and Atkinson, or, as they called him, Betsy, acted the heroine of the piece. All ways that could be contrived were thought upon to reconcile me to my lot.

I was the universal favorite ; I do not know how deservedly, but I suppose it was because I was alone. Had I come over with relations or attendants, I should have excited no particular curiosity ; I should have required no uncommon attentions. I was one little woman among a crew of men ; and I believe the homage (which I have read) that men universally pay to women, was in this case directed to me in the absence of all other womankind. I do not know how that may be ; but I was a little princess among them, and I was not six years old.

I remember the first drawback which happened to my comfort was Atkinson's not appearing the whole of one day. The captain tried to reconcile me by saying that Mr. Atkinson was confined to his cabin ; that he was not quite well, but a day or two would restore him. I begged to be taken in to see him, but this was not granted.

At length, by the desire of Atkinson himself, as I have since learned, I was permitted to go into his cabin and see him. He was sitting up, apparently in a state of great exhaustion ; but his face lighted up when he saw me and he kissed me, and told me that he was going a great voyage far longer than that which we had passed together, and he never should come back. And though I was so young, I understood well enough that he meant this of his death ;

and I cried sadly. But he comforted me and told me that I must be his little executrix and perform his last will, and bear his last words to his mother and sisters and to his cousin Jenny, whom I should see in a short time. He gave me his blessing as a father would bless his child; and he sent a kiss by me to his mother and sisters; and he made me promise that I would go and see them when I got to England.

Soon after this, he died; but I was in another part of the ship and I was not told of his death till we got to shore a few days after. Oh, what a grief it was when I learned that I had lost an old shipmate who had made an irksome situation so bearable by his kind assiduities! And to think that he was gone, and I could never repay him for his kindness!

When I had been a year and a half in England, the captain, who had made another voyage to India and back, prevailed upon my friends to let him introduce me to Atkinson's mother and sisters. Jenny was no more: she had died in the interval, and I never saw her.

In the mother and sisters of this excellent young man I have found the most valuable friends I possess on this side of the great ocean. From them I have learned passages of his former life; and this, in particular, — that the illness of which he died was brought

on by a wound which he got in a desperate attempt, when he was quite a boy, to defend his captain against a superior force. By his premature valor in spiring the men, they finally succeeded in repulsing the enemy.

This was that Atkinson, who, from his pale and feminine appearance, was called Betsy; this was he who condescended to play the handmaid to a little, unaccompanied orphan that fortune had cast upon the care of a rough sea captain and his rougher crew.

—CHARLES LAMB.

From "Eliaana."

THE LESSON OF THE FERN

In a valley, centuries ago,
 Grew a little fern leaf green and slender —
 Veining delicate and fibers tender —
 Waving, when the wind crept down so low;
 Rushes tall and moss, and grass grew round it,
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
 Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
 Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,

Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;
 Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
 But the little fern was not of these,
 Did not number with the hills and trees ;
 Only grew and waved its sweet wild way —
 No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
 Heaved the rocks and hanged the mighty motion
 Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
 Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood ;
 Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
 Covered it, and hid it safe away ;
 O, the long, long centuries since that day !
 O, the agony ! O, life's bitter cost,
 Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ? Lost ? There came a thoughtful man,
 Searching nature's secrets, far and deep ;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
 Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
 Veinings, leafage, fibers, clear and fine,
 And the fern's life lay in every line !
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,
 Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

— MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

THE HIGH COURT OF INQUIRY

It must have been three weeks or a month after I entered the school that, on a rainy holiday, I was met by two boys who ordered me peremptorily to "halt." Both had staves in their hands, taller than themselves, and one of them addressed me with the words: "Arthur Bonnicastle, you are arrested in the name of the High Court of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal, to answer for your sins and misdemeanors. Right about face!"

The movement had so much the air of mystery and romance that I was about equally pleased and scared. Marching between the two officials, I was led directly to my own room, which I was surprised to find quite full of boys, all of whom were grave and silent.

"We have secured the offender," said one of my captors, "and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this honorable society."

"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me," said the presiding officer, in a tone of dignified severity.

I was accordingly marched into the middle of the room and left alone, where I stood with folded arms, as became the grand occasion.



“Arthur Bonnicastle,” said the officer before mentioned, “you are brought before the High Court of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?”

“I am not guilty. Who says I am?” I exclaimed indignantly.

“Henry Hulm, advance!” said the officer.

Henry rose, and walking by me, took a position near the officer at the head of the room.

“Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner and tell the Court whether you know him.”

"I know him well. He is my chum," replied Henry.

"What is his character?"

"He is bright and very amiable."

"Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?"

"I do not."

"Has he deceived you?" inquired the officer. "If he has, please to state the occasion and circumstances."

"No, your Honor. He has never deceived me. I always know whether he is speaking the truth or not."

"Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?"

"I have," replied Henry, "many times."

"Has he shown any disposition to mend?"

"None at all, your Honor."

"What is the character of his falsehood?"

"He tells," replied Henry, "stunning stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing wonderful deeds."

I now began, with great shame and confusion, to realize that I was exposed to ridicule. The tears came into my eyes and dropped from my cheeks, but I would not yield to the impulse either to cry or to attempt to fly.

“Will you give us some specimens of his stories?” said the officer.

“I will,” responded Henry, “but I can do it best by asking him some questions.”

“Very well,” said the officer, with a polite bow. “Pursue the course you think best.”

“Arthur,” said Henry, addressing me directly, “did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school, your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road, and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent that tail to one of your sisters to wear in her winter hat?”

“Yes, I did,” I responded with my face flaming and painful with shame.

“And did your said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road, and cut off said tail; and did you send home said tail to said sister to be worn in said hat?” inquired the judge, with a low gruff voice. “The prisoner will answer so that all can hear.”

“No,” I replied, and, looking for some justification of my story, I added: “But I did see a black fox, — a real black fox, as plain as day!”

“Oh! oh! oh!” ran around the room in chorus. “He did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day!”

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," said the officer.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you or did you not tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear and tossed it over the fence, and broke its leg?"

"I s'pose I did," I said, growing desperate.

"And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break said leg?" inquired the officer.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," I replied doggedly, "but he really did chase a calf."

"Oh! oh! oh!" chimed in the chorus. "He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!"

"Witness," said the officer, "you will pursue your inquiries." . . .

"Did you or did you not," said Henry, turning to me again, "tell me that one day, when dining at your aunt's, you saw a magic portrait of a boy upon the wall, that came and went, and came and went like a shadow or a ghost?"

As Henry asked this question he stood between two windows, while the lower portion of his person was hidden by a table behind which he had retired.

His face was lighted by a half smile, and I saw him literally in a frame, as I had first seen the picture to which he had alluded. In a moment I became oblivious to everything around me except Henry's face. The portrait was there again before my eyes. Every lineament and even the peculiar pose of the head were recalled to me.

"Did you or did you not tell me the story about the portrait, Arthur?"

"Yes," I responded, "and it looked just like you. Oh! it did, it did, it did! There — turn your head a little more that way — so! It was a perfect picture of you, Henry. You never could imagine such a likeness."

"You are a little blower, you are," volunteered Jack Linton, from a corner.

"Order! order! order!"

Looking around upon the boys, and realizing what had been done and what was in progress, I went into a fit of hearty crying, that distressed them quite as much as my previous mood had done. At this moment a strange silence seized the assembly. All eyes were directed toward the door upon which my back was turned. I wheeled around to find the cause of the interruption. There, in the doorway, towering above us all, and looking questioningly down upon the little assembly, stood Mr. Bird.

“What does this mean?” inquired the master.

I flew to his side and took his hand. The officer who had presided explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying and they were about to order him to report to the master for confession and correction.

Then Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story. Without a reproach further than saying that he thought me much too young for experiments of the kind they had instituted in the case, he explained to them and to me the nature of my misdemeanors.

“The boy has a great deal of imagination,” he said, “and a strong love of approbation. Somebody has flattered his power of invention, probably, and to secure admiration he has exercised it until he has acquired the habit of exaggeration. I am glad if he has learned, even by the severe means which have been used, that if he wishes to be loved and admired he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less. If you had come to me, I could have told you all about the lad, and instituted a better mode of dealing with him. But I venture to say that he is cured. Aren’t you, Arthur?” And he stooped and lifted me to his face and looked into my eyes.

“I don’t think I shall do it any more,” I said.

Bidding the boys disperse, he carried me downstairs into his own room, and charged me with kindly counsel. I went out from the interview humbled and without a revengeful thought in my heart toward the boys who had brought me to my trial. I saw that they were my friends, and I was determined to prove myself worthy of their friendship.

— J. G. HOLLAND.

*From "Arthur Bonnicastle," published by
Charles Scribner's Sons.*

MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife suggested that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last we agreed to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage. You know all

our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling-green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer. . . .

As it was now almost nightfall, I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your

sides with laughing — But as I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," said Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," replied Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again: "I have laid it all out in a bargain,—and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are,—a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you

listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."



"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," said I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife; "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I; "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"To bring me such stuff!" returned she; "if I had them, I would throw them into the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," said I; "for though they are copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value.

The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us." . . .

Our family had now made several vain attempts to be fine. "You see, my children," said I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world. Those that are poor and will associate with none but the rich are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow."

— OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Adapted from "The Vicar of Wakefield."

LIBERTY AND UNION

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and the honor of the whole country, and the preservation of the Federal Union. I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind; I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder.

I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below;

nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind !

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds or, drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured ; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth ?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards" ; but everywhere spread

all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

PATRIOTISM

RIGHT and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong!" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the customhouse, both of them chuckling, "My fortune, however acquired."

Thus, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land, — of mountains, rivers, and woods, — but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm, this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification

of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent ; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free.

So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall, — recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

— GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us;—that from these honored dead we take

increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
 Where the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead :—
 Under the sod, and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment day :—
 Under the one, the Blue ;
 Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
 Those, in the gloom of defeat,
 All, with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of Eternity meet :—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment day :—
 Under the laurel, the Blue ;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend, and the foe : —
 Under the sod, and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment day : —
 Under the roses, the Blue ;
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch, impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all : —
 Under the sod, and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment day : —
 Brodered with gold, the Blue ;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain : —
 Under the sod, and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment day : —
 Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done ;
 In the storms of the years that are fading
 No braver battle was won : —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment day : —
 Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red : —
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead ! —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment day : —
 Love and tears for the Blue ;
 Tears and love for the Gray.

— FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

THE BELLS

HEAR the sledges with the bells,
 Silver bells !
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night !
 While the stars, that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rime,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the riming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now — now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
 Of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

FINALE

THE play is done — the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;
 A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around to say farewell.
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That fate ere long shall bid you play ; —
 Good night ! With honest, gentle hearts
 And kindly greeting, go away !

—W. M. THACKERAY.

WORD LIST

Of the more difficult words of the lessons of this book not listed in the preceding books of the series.

The following key to the pronunciation of words is in accordance with Webster's New International Dictionary. The silent letters in the word list are printed in italics.

<i>ā</i> mâte	<i>ī</i> pīne	<i>ŭ</i> ŭs	<i>c</i> can
<i>ă</i> sen'âte	<i>î</i> pîn	<i>û</i> fûr	<i>ç</i> =s çent
<i>ǎ</i> măt		<i>ōō</i> mōōn	<i>ch</i> = sh maçhine
<i>â</i> âsk	<i>ō</i> nōte	<i>oo</i> fōot	<i>g</i> get
<i>ä</i> jär	<i>ô</i> ô bey'	<i>oi</i> oil	<i>ğ</i> =j ğem
<i>â</i> âir	<i>ö</i> nôt	<i>ou</i> out	<i>ñ</i> =ng <i>ink</i>
	<i>õ</i> sôft		<i>s</i> so
<i>ē</i> wē	<i>ô</i> lôrd	<i>oy</i> =oi toy	<i>ş</i> =z aş
<i>č</i> bě fore'		<i>ow</i> =ou cow	<i>th</i> thin
<i>ě</i> wět	<i>ū</i> ūse	<i>ee</i> =ē feet	<i>th</i> them
<i>ẽ</i> o'vēr	<i>û</i> û nite'	<i>ew</i> =ū few	<i>x</i> =gz <i>exist</i>

<i>a</i> = <i>ö</i> what	<i>ï</i> =ē po lice'	<i>o</i> = <i>oo</i> move	<i>dû</i> ver'dûre
<i>ã</i> = <i>ẽ</i> cel'lār	<i>ĩ</i> { = <i>ẽ</i> ta'pīr	<i>o</i> = <i>oo</i> wof	<i>tû</i> na'tûre
<i>ā</i> = <i>ô</i> call	<i>ĩ</i> { = <i>û</i> gīrl	<i>u</i> = <i>oo</i> rude	-tion =-shun
<i>ê</i> = <i>â</i> thêre	<i>õ</i> { = <i>ẽ</i> com'fôrt	<i>u</i> = <i>oo</i> full	-sion =-shun
<i>ẽ</i> = <i>û</i> hēr	<i>õ</i> { = <i>û</i> wôrk	<i>ÿ</i> = <i>ī</i> mÿ	-cial =-shal
<i>e</i> = <i>ā</i> they	<i>ô</i> = <i>ũ</i> sôn	<i>ÿ</i> = <i>ĩ</i> cit'ÿ	-tial =-shal

a bīl'ī tīeş	ās cēr tāin'	Bō'rê as	chār'ī ot
Ā'brā hām	ās'pēcts	Brāh'man	chēm'is trieş
ab rūpt'lŷ	āsp'en	Bra zīl'	Chēsh'īre
a căd'ê mŷ	āşth'ma	brēath'less	chīp'mūnk
ac cōr'dī ōn	a thwāt'	breech'ing	chīr'rup
A chīl'lēş	Āt'kīn sōn	brīd'al	chō'rus
ac quīred'	Āus trā'lī a	Brīt'ish	Chrīs'ten dōm
ād'mī ra ble	Āus trā'lī an	Bru'gēs	Chrīs'tô phēr
Æ nē'as (ê)	āv'a lānche	Bū çēph'a lus	çīt'ī zen
aē'rie	auk'wārd	būf'fa lō	çiv'īl lŷ
āft'ēr tīme	Āx'ēl	bull'fīnch	clās'sīc
āg'ī tāt ed	az'ūre (āzh'-)		clēr'gŷ
Āg'nēs		ca lām'ī tŷ	cōck a tōō'
āid'-dē-cāmp	bal'dric	cāl'ī cō	cōl'ŷe
A lād'dīn	ba nā'naş	cām'brīc	Cō lūm'bī a
Āl'ba	bānd'āged	Cām'brīdġe	cōm'pass
āl'bum	Bār bī zōn'	cān'vas	com pās'sion
Āl'frēd	Bau'çīs	ca reer'	cōm'pē tençe
ām brō'şī a	ba zāar'	Cār ō lī'na	cōm prē hēnd'
A mū'lī us	Bēn e dēt'tō	cāt'a rāct	cōn'fī dençe
Ān'gē lus	Bēn'ja mīn	ca thē'dral	cōn fī dēn'tial
An nāp'ō līs	Bēr'k'leŷ	cāv'al rŷ	Con nect'ī cut
A phīd'naī	bē siēged'	Cāx'tōn	con sīd'ēr a ble
A pōl'lō	bēv'īeş	çē lēs'tial (-chal)	con tīn'tū al lŷ
ap prēn'tīçe	Blān'cō	Çē'rēs	cōn'trā rŷ
Ār'a gōn	blēached	chaise (shāz)	cōn vēr sā'tion
Ārc'tīc	Blēn'tārn	chāl'lēnge	Cō rēt'tī
Ār'la	blithe	chān'tī cleer	Cōs'tēr
Ār'nōld	bois'tēr ous lŷ	chāşm	coun'tēr pānē
ār'tī şan	Bōn'nī cās tle	chār'cōal	cōūr'āge

Cow'pěņš	Děv'ón shīre	ěm'ĩ nençe	fĩ nă'le
cröc'ô dīle	děx'tēr ous lý	ěm'pha sīs	fīr'ma ment
Cröm'wěll	dī'al	ěn chânt'ed	Flăm'bôr ðugh
Cru'sõe	Dī ăn'a	ěn dėav'ör	fla mĩn'gō
crÿs'tal līne	dī'a rÿ	Ěn rĩ'cō	Flăn'dērş
Cū'ba	dil'ĩ ġent lý	é quā'tor	Flör'ençe
Cū'pīd	dīrġe	ēs pē'cial lý	för'äge
cū rĩ ös'ĩ tÿ	dīş'ăs'tēr	Ěs'thēr	för'çĩ blÿ
cûr'lew	dīs guīse'	é tēr'nĩ tÿ	för'eīgn
cûrt'sÿ ing	dīs ĥa bille'	Ěth'el wulf	fôr'tĩ fīed
Cūs'tīs	dīs pō şĩ'tion	é thē'rē al	Frăn'çīs
Çÿ'rus	dīs rēp'û ta ble	Ě tru'rĩ a	Frăn çois'
	dĩ vīne'	ěv'ĩ dent	(-swă')
Da kō'ta	drā'pēr ŷ	ěx'ēc'û trīx	frēs'cōeş
Dāneş	Dru'id	ěx'ēr'tion	fröl'iek ing
Dăn'iel	drÿ'ăd	ěx'quĩ şĩte	frut'ful
Dăn'ish	dūn'ġeôn	ěx trăv'a gant	fûr'nĩ tÿre
dăunt'lěss lý		ěx ũ'bēr ant	
Dă'vÿ	Ēaşe'dăle		Gă rōf'fĩ
děaf'en ing	ěd'ĩ fīçe	făc'ul tÿ	Găr rō'ne
dě çĩ'sion	Ě ġÿp'tian	făil'tÿre	găunt
	(-zhun)	(-shan)	fa mĩl'ĩ ăr'ĩ tÿ
dě fēat'ed	Ěl'ea nōr	făş'cĩ năt ing	ġěn'ēr ous
dě'ĩ tīeş	é lēc'tric	făşh'ion a ble	Ġěn'ô a
Děl'a wăre	é lēc trīç'ĩ tÿ	Faust (foust)	Ġěn'û ĩne
dēm'ôn strâte	ěl é mēn'ta rÿ	Făus'tū lūs	Ġeôr'ġĩ a
dě nĩ'al	ělf'ĩn	fěd'ēr al	Ġět'tÿş bûrg
dě plōr'a ble	Ě lĩz'a bēth	fēm'ĩ nĩne	Gĩll
dě şĩġn'	ēm broid'er	feūd	ġĩn'ġēr brēad
dēs'pēr âte	Ěm'ĩ lý	fīēnd'ish	Ġiō vān'nĩ

gĩrths	hũ mĩl'ĩ āte	Jĩm'ĩ nỹ	Ma drĩd'
Gõr'dòn	hũ'mõr	Jõhn'sòn	mā'gĩ
gõr'geous		Jõsh'ũ a	Mainz (<i>mĩnts</i>)
Gõth'ic	ĩl lũ'mĩ nāte	Jũ'nõ	ma jõl'ĩ ca
Grās'mēre	ĩm pēr'tĩ nençe	Jũ'pĩ tēr	Mā'jõr
grāte'ful	ĩn cāl'pa ble		mān'āge a ble
Grāy'pēr	ĩn'dĩ gõ	knẽll	mār'ĩ nēr
grĩ māç'ēs	ĩn ěv'ĩ ta ble	knĩek'knæck	mār'ma lāde
grõ tēsque'ly	ĩn'fĩ nĩte	knũck'le	mār'tỹr
Gũ'ten bērg	ĩn gēn'ious	Krĩs tĩne'	mār'vel ous
Gũth'rum	ĩn'ĩ'tial		mā'vĩs
gỹp'sỹ	ĩn of fēn'sĩve	lā'beled	Mēd ĩ ter rā'-
	ĩn quĩr'ỹ	Lāp'lānd	nē an
Hāar'lem	ĩn'stru ment	Lār'tius (-shus)	mēn'tion
Hāk'a dāl	ĩn truđ'ēr	Lāt'ĩn	Mēr'cũ rỹ
hānd'ĩ wõrk	ĩn vĩ tāl'tion	lāt'ĩ tũde	mē'tē or
hārp'sĩ chõrd	ĩr rēg'ũ lar	Lāu'rençe	Mē thũ'sē lah
Hās'tĩngs	ĩs a bēl'la	Lēx'ĩng tòn	miēn
hāunt'ed	ĩ sỏ lāl'tion	Lĩch'fiēld	Mĩl lēt'
hēath'ēr		Liēge	Mill'wõd
hēr'it āge	Jāck'a nāpes	lĩ'lac	mĩn'a rēt
Hēr mĩn'ĩ ũs	Jāik'ĩe	lĩm'pēt	Mĩ nēr'va
hõgs'hēad	Jāmes'town	Lĩs'bòn	mĩr'a ele
hõn'õr a ble	Jā nĩc'ũ lũm	lĩv'ēr ỹ	Mĩs sỏu'rĩ
Hỏ rā'ti us	jās'mĩne	Lĩv'ỹ	mỏc'ca sĩn
(-shĩ-)	Jā'va	Lõl'lõ	mỏd'eled
hõrde	Jēan	lõn'gĩ tũde	Mỏ'hawk
hõr'vĩ fied	Jēs'sa mĩne	Lỏu ĩ sĩ ẫn'a	mỏn'as tēr ỹ
hõs'pĩ ta ble	Jēs'us	Lủ'cả	mỏn'ỏ tõne
hõs'pĩ tāl'ĩ tỹ	jew'el ẽr	lũ'na tĩc	Mỏr'gan

mösque	Päl a tĩ'nus	Plu'tō	răp'tũre
mōurn'ful	pal'trỹ	Pō ca hōn'tas	Rās'sē las
Mũ'nich	păn ô rä'ma	Pōg'giō	rē ăl'ĩ tỹ
mũr'dēr ous	păr'a ble	pōn'dēr ous	rē'al ĩze
mũr'raĩn	Păr'lĩa ment	pōrt fō'li ō	rēc ol lēc'tion
mũs'sel	Păr'nēs	Pô'r'se na	reign
Mỹr'mĩ dōnș	păr'tial	Pōr'tũ gal	Rē'mus
	pă'thōs	pōs tĩ'ion	rē nowned'
nēc'tar	păth'wăy	Pō tō'mac	rēs ô lũ'tion
Nēls	pă'trĩ ot ĩșm	Pow ha tăn'	rē străin'
něph'ew	Pa trō'clũs	prăi'rie	rěv'el rỹ
Něp'tũne	pa trōon'	Prē cōs'sĩ	rē vēr'bēr āte
New'măr kět	pa vĩl'ion	prē ma tũre'	rěv'ēr ent lý
New'ton	Pěg'got tỹ	prĩn'gĩ pleș	rěv'ēr ĩe
Nōrr'lănd	pěn'ançe	prĩv'ĩ lěge	rē vērsed'
Nô'r'wăy	Pěn'nĩng tōn	Prō'cas	Rhĩne
Nũ'mĩ tor	Pěnn sỹl vā'-	Prō crũs'tēs	Rĩ'ō Ja neĩ'rō
	nĩ a	prō fēs'sion al	(zha-)
ob sērvēd'	pē'rĩ od	prōph'ē sīed	Rōlfe
oc cūrred'	pēr plēx'ĩ tỹ	Prōv'ĩ dençe	rōl'lick ing
ō'chre	Pē ru'	pũb'li can	Rō'mă
Ōl'ĩ vēr	Pe'tēr sēn	pỹre	Rōm'ũ lũs
Ō lỹm'pus	pew'tēr		Rōn dăine'
Ōs bũrg'ă	Phĩl'a dēl'-	quar'rel sōme	ruē'ful
ō'val	phĩ a	Quē bēc'	rũf'fĩ an
	Phĩ lē'mon	quĩv'ēr ing	Ru'nic
Pă gĩ'ĩ că	phĩ lōs'ô phēr		
păg'eant	phœ'bē (fē')	răc cōon'	Sa hă'ra
păl an quĩn'	pĩ'râte	Răm'nĩ an	Săl a măn'ca
Păl'a tĩne	plũm'ăge	Răph'ă ĩl	Sa măr'ĩ tan

săm'plěr	söl'ăçe	Thēbeș	vīg'ĩ lançe
Săm'tũ ěl	Söl'ỏ mỏn	Thē'seũs	vĩl'laĩn
Săn Săl và dỏr'	sỏr'rel	thỏr'ỏugh	
Săn'zĩ ỏ	spă'cious(-shus)	threát'en	wăĩst'cỏat
Săr a tỏ'ga	Spĩt'fẻre	Tĩ'tian (-shan)	Wạ tẻr lỏỏ'
săr cắs'tíc	Sprĩng'fẻeld	tỏm'a hằwk	wăy'fằr ẻr
Săv'ỉỏr	Spũ'rỉ ửs	trăi'tỏr	wẻap'ỏn
Săx'ỏn	Străss'burg	tra vaux' (-vỏ')	wẻll'a dằy
scẻne	strength'en	trẻ'ble	Wẻst'mỏn stẻr
Schỏf'fer (shẻf'-)	suc ẻs'sion	Trỏ'jan	Wẻst'mỏre-
scẻș'sỏrș	sũ'mắc	Tũs'ca nẻ	land
Scrip'tủr al	sủn'dỉ al	two'pence	whẻrl'ỉ gẻg
sẻn'tỉ nel	sủ pẻ'ỉ ỏr	(tủp'ens)	Wỏn'chẻs tẻr
sẻn'trẻș	Swẻde	tẻ rằn'ỉ cal	Win'kel ried
sẻp'a rằte	Swẻ'den	tẻ'rant	(vẻn'kel rẻt)
sẻ rẻne'ỉỷ	swỏỏped		wỏst'ful nẻss
Sẻx'tủs	Sẻyl'vỉ a	U mẻ'ả	With'am
sha green'	sẻm'bol	Un chee'dằh	Wỏlfe
Shẻ'ba	sẻm'pa thẻ	ủn ẻắș'ỉ lý	Wỏỏlș'thỏrpe
shew'eth (shỏ'-)		ủn ẻ'qual lý	wỏrẻn'kle
Shỏắlș	taẻ'ít lý	ủn spẻắk'a ble	wỏrẻthe
shẻrẻk	tắl'ent	Ủr bẻ'nỏ	wỏrỏth
sỉm pẻlẻ'ỉ tẻ	Tắl'mủd	ủ sủr pằ'tion	
Sioux	tắnk'ard	Ủt tỏx'ẻ tẻr	Yằr'mouth
sỉ'rẻn	Tằrẻ'tỏn		yẻield'ed
sỉr'up	Tằy'lỏr	vắ'iant lý	Yỏrk'shẻre
skill'ful	tẻl'ẻ scỏpe	vằ'ỉẻ gằt ed	Yỏrk'town
snẻv'el ing	tẻr rẻs'trỉ al	vắs'sal	Yủle
sỏ'cial	tẻr rỉf'ẻc	vẻ rằn'da	
sỏ ẻỉ'ẻ tẻ	Thames (tẻmẻz)	vẻt'ẻr an	Zẻa'land

NOTES—BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY

Page 11. "Learners." Minot J. Savage, the author of these verses, is an American clergyman and writer; born in Maine, 1841.

The selection entitled "An Italian Schoolboy" is a translation from the Italian of Edmondo de Amicis, the author of several very popular books of travel and of one boy's book, "Cuore," from which this was taken. De Amicis was born in Oneglia, Italy, in 1846, and died in 1908.

22. James Buckham, an American writer, was born in Vermont in 1858. He has written two or three volumes of poetry.

23. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the best known and best loved of American poets, was born in Maine, 1807; died, 1882.

24. John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, was born in Massachusetts, 1807; died, 1892.

26. Lyof N. Tolstoi, the celebrated Russian novelist and reformer, has written stories and articles on many subjects. He was born in Tula, Russia, 1828.

28. Gabriel Setoun is the pen name of Thomas N. Hepburn, a Scottish educator and writer of children's verses. He was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, 1861.

34. *sarcastic*: bitterly scornful. — *Druid*: one of an order of priests who lived in Britain in ancient times.

37. *curlew*: a wading bird, remarkable for its long, curved beak. — Celia Thaxter was born in New Hampshire, 1835; died, 1894. She was the writer of many poems and short stories, chiefly for young readers.

39. This is an extract from a book of the same title, written by Margaret Marshall Saunders. The story was awarded a prize of two hundred dollars by the American Humane Society. Miss Saunders was born in Nova Scotia in 1861.

47. Josiah Gilbert Holland, editor, poet, and novelist, was born in Massachusetts, 1819; died in New York, 1881. He was the first editor of the *Century Magazine*.

49. John B. Tabb, a Catholic clergyman and educator, was born in Maryland, 1845. He has written a number of beautiful short poems of which this is a fine example.

50. This story is abridged from a small volume of the same title. Juliana Horatia Ewing was an English writer of children's stories.

60. Jean Ingelow, a well-known English poet and novelist, was born in 1830; died, 1897. Her most famous poem is "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire."

67. See Word List for the pronunciation of the proper names in this story. — *moccasins*: loose shoes made of deerskin. — *Jamestown*: the first settlement made by the English in Virginia, on the James River.

73. *horde*: a disorderly crowd. — *pyre*: a combustible heap on which the victim was to be burned. — *mien*: appearance. — *avert*: turn aside. The poet does not follow any historical account of this incident, for there was, in fact, neither "pyre" nor "blade," neither "ax" nor "knife." — William Makepeace Thackeray was a celebrated English novelist; born, 1811; died, 1863.

74. *sampler*: a pattern of needle work to show the skill of the worker. — *harpsichord*: a musical instrument used before the invention of the piano. — *postilion*: one who rides and guides one of a pair of horses attached to a coach. — *aid-de-camp*: an officer who attends a general and assists him in various duties.

79. Benjamin Franklin was the first person to discover that lightning is an electrical phenomenon. — *Poor Richard*: the pen name under which Franklin published an almanac noted for its many wise maxims.

90. Robert Louis Stevenson was a famous Scottish writer; born, 1850; died, 1894. Observe that there are only two full stops in this entire poem.

92. The Saxons with other Teutonic tribes were the first Englishmen. They invaded England in the fifth century, and their kings ruled there until the Norman Conquest in 1066. — *Danes*: people from Denmark. — Charles Dickens, a celebrated English novelist, was born near Portsmouth, 1812; died, 1870.

106. Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, England, in 1709; died in London, 1784. "Rasselas," a philosophical romance once very popular, was published in 1759. "Lives of the English Poets," published in 1781, is still read with interest. "Irene" is the title of a tragedy which was first played in 1749, but never attained great success. Johnson's "English Dictionary," which appeared in 1755, was perhaps the most famous work of its kind ever published.

127. *Old Boreas*: the North Wind. — John Barlow is an American writer on outdoor subjects.

131. Edmund Clarence Stedman, a noted American poet, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, 1833.

132. This poem is an old favorite with school children. Hannah F. Gould was an American poet, born in Massachusetts, 1789; died, 1865.

134. For the meaning of the expression "good Samaritan," read Luke x. 30-38. William E. Curtis, an American journalist, was born in Ohio, 1850.

139. This is a selection from a very popular book of the same title written by Anna Sewell, an English author.

147. John Boyle O'Reilly, a noted Irish-American journalist and poet, was born at Dowth Castle, Ireland, 1844; died at Hull, Massachusetts, 1890.

149. This is an extract from the famous book entitled "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," first published in 1865. Lewis Carroll is the pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English clergyman and writer; born, 1832; died, 1898.

157. Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most gifted of American authors, was born in Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864. This selection is adapted from his volume entitled "Biographical Stories." — *Quaker*: a member of the religious Society of Friends.

167. Samuel Woodworth was an American poet; born in Massachusetts, 1785; died in New York, 1842.

168. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a famous American author, was born in Massachusetts, 1809; died, 1894. His greatest work is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," published in 1858.

171. Frank R. Stockton, an American humorist and writer for young people, was born in Philadelphia in 1834; died, 1902.

193. Urbino is a city of Italy, once celebrated as a center of art and literature.— *Madonna*: a picture of the Virgin Mary. Louise de la Ramée, commonly known by her pen name of "Ouida," a noted English novelist, was born at Bury St. Edmunds, 1840; died, 1908. She wrote several pleasing stories for children.

207. This is a portion of Macaulay's famous poem, "Horatius." The story is founded upon one of the numerous legends of ancient Rome, and the action is supposed to have occurred about 500 B.C. Thomas Babington Macaulay, a celebrated English historian and essayist, was born in 1800; died, 1859.

218. Charles Kingsley, an English clergyman and author, was born in Devonshire, England, 1819; died, 1875.

230. Samuel Rutherford Crockett, a popular English novelist, was born in Ireland, 1860.

236. John Burroughs, a well-known American essayist and writer on nature and natural history, was born in New York, 1837.

241. Henry Timrod, an American poet, was born in South Carolina, 1829; died, 1867.

243. James Whitcomb Riley, an American poet and humorist, was born in Indiana, 1853.

244. Henry Cuyler Bunner, an American writer and editor, was born in New York, 1855; died, 1896.

245. Dinah Mulock Craik was an English novelist and the author of numerous children's books and fairy tales; born, 1826; died, 1887. Her most famous work is the novel entitled, "John Halifax, Gentleman."

254. Addison's hymn is a poetical paraphrase of the psalm which here precedes it. It will be an interesting exercise to compare each with the other. Joseph Addison was a famous English essayist and poet; born, 1672; died, 1719.

256. William Cullen Bryant, a famous American poet and journalist, was born in Massachusetts, 1794; died in New York, 1878.

257. Thomas Carlyle, a celebrated essayist and historian, was born in Scotland, 1795; died in London, England, 1881.

B. L. Farjeon was an English novelist whose works, once popular, are now but seldom read.

268. Barry Cornwall is the pen name of Bryan Waller Procter, an English poet; born, 1787; died, 1874.

271. *Brahman*: a Hindoo of the highest rank or caste. — *buffalo*: in India a domestic animal often used to do the work of an ox. — *waterwheel*: a wheel with buckets attached for raising water. Joseph Jacobs, an English writer and journalist, was born in Australia, 1854.

280. Eugene Field was an American journalist and author; born in Missouri, 1850; died, 1895.

285. This is Charles Reade's version of a very old story which loses nothing by repetition. Charles Reade was a noted English novelist; born, 1814; died, 1884. His most famous work is "The Cloister and the Hearth."

297. Dr. Charles A. Eastman, or Ohiyesa (ō hi yē'sä), an Indian physician, was born in Minnesota, 1858. He was educated at Dartmouth College and Boston University, and has written several books on Indian life and history.

307. John Esten Cooke was a well-known writer on Virginian and Southern historical subjects; born in Virginia, 1830; died, 1886.

320. This poem on the American flag, written in 1819, is one of the most famous of our patriotic lyrics. Joseph Rodman Drake, an American poet, was born in New York, 1795; died, 1820.

322. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, an American essayist and historian, was born in Massachusetts, 1823. This selection is adapted from his "Young Folks' History of the United States," published in 1875.

324. This famous speech was delivered in the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1775, just before the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Patrick Henry, a celebrated American patriot and orator, was born in Virginia, 1736; died, 1799.

329. Thomas Buchanan Read, an American poet, was born in Pennsylvania, 1822; died, 1872. This selection is an extract from a longer poem entitled "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."

339. Bayard Taylor, a noted American traveler and writer, was born in Pennsylvania, 1825; died in Germany, 1878.

364. James Russell Lowell, a celebrated American author and statesman, was born in Massachusetts, 1819; died, 1891.

365. Washington Irving, a famous American author, was born in New York, 1783; died, 1859. This is an extract from "The Sketch Book," a collection of essays and short stories, published in 1820. — *Bucephalus*: the famous horse of Alexander the Great.

370. Alfred Tennyson, a celebrated English poet, was born in 1809; died, 1892. This selection is from "In Memoriam," published in 1850.

386. Henry Van Dyke, an American educator and author, was born in Pennsylvania, 1852. He has written many excellent books on a variety of subjects.

388. Henry D. Thoreau, a famous American essayist and writer on nature, was born in Massachusetts, 1817; died, 1862.

395. The Westmoreland mountains are in the northwestern part of England. Grasmere is the name of a lake and also of a village situated at the foot of these mountains. Charlotte Mary Yonge was an English novelist and miscellaneous writer; born, 1823; died, 1901.

402. For the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, see 2 Chronicles ix. 1-12. — *Talmud*: a book of Jewish laws, traditions, etc. — John G. Saxe was an American poet, born in Vermont, 1816; died, 1887.

405. Charles Lamb was a famous essayist and humorist; born in London, England, 1775; died, 1834.

421. Oliver Goldsmith was a noted English novelist and poet; born in Ireland, 1728; died in London, England, 1774. This selection is from "The Vicar of Wakefield," his most famous work.

426. Daniel Webster, a celebrated American statesman and orator, was born in New Hampshire, 1782; died in Massachusetts, 1852.

428. George William Curtis, an American author and orator, was born in Rhode Island, 1824; died in New York, 1892.

430. This is the oration delivered by Mr. Lincoln at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery in 1863. Gettysburg is a borough in southern Pennsylvania, where, in July, 1863, the most decisive battle of the Civil War was fought. Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Kentucky, 1809; died at Washington, D.C., 1865.

433. Edgar Allan Poe, a famous American poet and prose writer, was born in Massachusetts, 1809; died in Maryland, 1849.

